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HARNESSING THE NILE.

BY FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD. Former United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General in Egypt.

WITH PICTURES BY R. TALBOT KELLY.

tier, and pond back into Nubia a body of water a hundred and forty miles long, crossing the tropic of Cancer, and extending southward nearly to Korosko, -a goodly step on the journey to Abu-Simbel and Wady-Halfa,—by means of a great dam across the Nile at Assuan. The Pyramids and the Sphinx have borne testimony through the centuries to the grandeur and power of execution which dwelt within the Nile valley; and what more fitting now than that the same valley be the theater of a gigantic engineering exploit, audacious perhaps, but certain of success, and ministering to man's necessities, rather than to his vanity?

As a building achievement the scheme is on a scale worthy of a Rameses or a Pharaoh. To create in the heart of the African desert a lake having from two to three times the superficial area of Lake Geneva, in Switzerland, and control it with scientific precision,

ENGINEERING skill is to rearrange ume of water that will be imprisoned, and nature's surface on the Egyptian fron- figured the necessary resistance to be provided at every point of the masonry. In Cairo, the experts of the ministries of public works and finance, likewise, have calculated to a nicety the sum from taxation that will come into the public treasury through the country's augmented productiveness.

Subordinate to the great dam, a smaller one, not unlike the barrage at the apex of the delta, ten miles to the north of Cairo, is to be made at Assiut. Its function will be to give a sufficient head to the river to force the water into the system of irrigation canals that vein hundreds of thousands of acres between Assiut and Cairo. The completion of the Cairo barrage (it was begun by Mehemet Ali Pasha, from the plans of a French engineer, but not made effective until England took the country in hand) so developed cotton-culture as to add to the public revenue of the country so that the impounded flood may be turned at least \$10,000,000 annually. It may safely into distant channels at will, is a stupendous be concluded that the Assuan reservoir is undertaking. But the engineers claim that but one of a series which will in time be contheir plans can be carried out to the letter; structed southward to the Victoria Nyanza. they have estimated the exact cost of the dam, computed almost to the gallon the volational Khartum will determine this.

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GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIRST CATARACT FROM ELEPHANTINE ISLAND.

chiefly benefited by the Assuan reservoir and the tributary weir at Assiut is caneculture. With Cuba's productiveness destroyed for several years, the time is considered propitious, doubtless, for doubling or trebling Egypt's output of raw sugar. The Nile cane is of such exceptional quality that much European capital has been invested in recent years in its cultivation, while crushing-factories have gone up on the river's banks as if by magic.

No subject is receiving wider attention at this time than that of territorial expansion. Great Britain, as well as France, Germany, and Russia, is yearly pressing forward its domain in Africa and Asia, preceded by the soldier or the explorer; and the fortunes of war have carried the Stars and Stripes oversea, and brought an Asiatic archipelago under administrative guidance from Washington.

But the triumph of a practical science, such as irrigation, which bears no relation to the sword or diplomacy, and turns a single acre of desert sand into a productive field, must be a thousandfold more valuable to the world than the victory of arms that merely changes a frontier or deprives a defeated nation of sovereignty and territory: it is the victory of peace; it is creation.

Old Egypt is now so fairly in step with the march of progress as to be attracting the attention of the civilized world. Irrigation is the lever of this progress-the irrigation of definite science, rather than of chance or guesswork; and the move to harness the Nile and compel it to surrender its magical richness to the soil is a project that will be watched by millions of students of utilitarianism. Stated simply, it means the increase of the country's productive capacity by twentyfive per cent., bringing, as it will, considerable stretches of desert soil within the limits of cultivation, while vast tracts of land already arable will be rendered capable of producing two, if not three, crops in the year, by having "summer water" supplied to the thirsting ground.

The Egypt of the map shows more than 400,000 square miles, an expanse nearly seven times as great as New England; but the practical Egypt-that which produces crops and sustains life-is barely as large as the States of Vermont and Rhode Island taken together. This is the ribbon-like strip of alluvial land bordering the Nile, a few miles wide on each side, and measuring not more than 10,500 square miles. The extension

The agricultural industry that will be six or eight years, wholly by irrigation, is no less magnificent in conception than the rescuing from the Libyan and Arabian deserts of 2500 square miles, or twice the area of Rhode Island. This will be exploitation in its truest sense, and its accomplishment will be a verification of the ancient saying that "Egypt is the Nile, and the Nile is Egypt."

As an object-lesson, this Egyptian enterprise should have no more interested observers than in America, especially in Colorado. Nevada, California, and other States of the West, where the irrigation expert is succeeding the railway-builder as a developer.

British contractors have agreed that the dam that is to "hold up" the historic river on which Cleopatra floated in her gilded barge, and on which Moses was cradled, will be completed by July 1, 1903. It will be built of granite ashler, much of which will be quarried from the Assuan side of the river, coming from the ledges that furnished the obelisks that now stand in Central Park in New York, on London's Thames Embankment, and in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. It will be seventy-six feet high in places, and, with its approaches, nearly a mile and a quarter long. The difference in water-level above and below the dam will be forty-six feet; and the top of the structure, thirty or forty feet in width, will give bridge facilities to pedestrians, camel-trains, and other traffic of the region. It may interest arithmeticians to know that it is estimated that two hundred and fifty billion gallons can be stored in the reservoir.

The contractors present what looks like a moderate bill. They are to receive \$800,000 a year for thirty years, aggregating about \$24,000,000. As an incentive for them to live up to their agreement, the first payment by the Egyptian government is not to be made until the work is completed and accepted. The credit is a long one, certainly, and its present actuarial value cannot be much in excess of \$10,000,000. The ability of Egypt to make such a favorable contract, by which she apparently takes little risk, and is to pay away each year only a portion of the sum the reservoir brings to her exchequer, reflects the enviable position of her national credit. The transaction may further be taken as an earnest of Great Britain's intention to retain indefinitely her grasp upon the land of the Pharaohs. English engineers and surveyors and a horde of native laborers are already at work at planned, and to be completed in the next Assuan, and a single order for three million



THE NILE AND NORTHEASTERN AFRICA.

delivery.

For years Sir William Garstin, Mr. Willcocks, and other English engineers in the khedival service have strenuously advocated the creation of one or more reservoirs that would give perennial irrigation to Egypt. Experts of other nations have been called into consultation, and all have admitted the feasibility of the project, though they were not at first in accord as to the location of the principal dam. They were agreed that the natural advantages of the Assuan site, with its bed of syenite granite beneath the river, the conformation of the surrounding country, and the inexhaustible supply of stone near by, offered advantages approached by no other location.

A situation thirty miles south, at Kalab-

barrels of European cement is in process of she, was favored by some; but the structure proposed, necessarily resting on a foundation of crumbly sandstone, could not be regarded as permanent or as safe as if it rested on a foundation of granite. The Silsila Gate, fifty miles north of Assuan, having the same underlying sandstone, was rejected as a site on the ground of insecurity. A dam there, besides, would submerge the temple at Kom-Ombos, as well as a good part of the town of Assuan. Hence all the engineers in the end favored damming the Nile at the first cataract, at a point about four miles south of Assuan, and not far from the island of Philæ. There nature has been lavish in providing hills of solid rock on each side of the river that will stand the ravages of the elements as long as the world

officials having the matter in charge, intent could be devised. only on the utilitarian aspect of the problem, brought about their heads, four years ago, a wide-spread outburst of indignation, when it was announced that the treasured ruins of Philæ would be submerged for months at a time, were their recommendations carried societies everywhere to protest against any safe accomplishment. Another gravely pro-

Little time was wasted in the preparation a modified project, conciliating archæologiof the original plans for the dam. But the cal interests with engineering necessities,

To silence their critics, if possible, the engineers proposed many makeshift plans, some of which displayed surprising ingenuity. Sir Benjamin Baker, of Manchester Canal fame, favored the raising of the island, as a whole, some twelve feet, and offered to do into effect. Meetings were held by learned it for a million dollars, guaranteeing its



LOG-SWIMMING DOWN THE CATARACT.

months. From every country in Europe, centers of learning in the East, antiquarians, Egyptologists, archæologists, and protest. The late Sir Frederick Leighton, president of England's Royal Academy, did Philæ would be a lasting blot on the British lish engineers to be held in abeyance until would bring to the doors of the tourists'

desecration of Philæ, and their memorials posed that the temple of Isis, pylons, and poured in to the Egyptian government for all, be moved to a neighboring and higher island and erected anew, and submitted a profrom the United States, and from the posal for the contract. Still another recommended building a caisson of masonry around the island, that would protect it literary people generally, joined in vigorous from flood, but make it necessary to descend a flight of stairs to view the buildings.

The proposal to remove Philæ stone by not hesitate to say that "any tampering with stone was too fantastic even for the pen of a Jules Verne. An American writer sugoccupation of Egypt." This stinging remark gested that if Philæ's great structures were brought the subject into the realm of British to be disturbed at all, they should be floated politics, and did as much as all the protests six hundred miles down the Nile and reto cause the too practical plans of the Eng- built in Cairo. This, the writer urged,



PHILÆ AS IT IS.

hotels one of Egypt's greatest attractions, and carry business enterprise to its utmost extent. This bit of sarcasm had its effect.

The publicity given to these absurd proposals caused scholarly Europe and America again to protest against the threatened vandalism, and a torrent of newspaper invective was hurled against Britain's rule of Egyptian affairs, which threatened to destroy one of the world's most precious gems in order that European holders of Egyptian bonds might be more certain of their interest and security. The reservoir project was now in danger of drifting into European politics, and it was wisely concluded in Cairo and London to let the matter drop for a few years from public notice.

"What is a useless temple," asked engineers, "in comparison with a work involving the welfare of millions of human beings?" "Are sordid commercial motives," replied archæologists, "to override everything artistic in the world, and is a priceless monument of antiquity to be lost to civilization that a few more fellaheen, already prosperous, may grow more cotton and sugar and grain?" "Why must the Philistine come to Philæ at all?" inquired sentimentalists everywhere.

With these conflicting claims to reconcile, the engineers were compelled to weigh the pros and cons of their project in every aspect before again testing public opinion. That they succeeded in their task is shown by the general approval expressed relative to their modified scheme, by which the dam is to be only two-thirds as high as first proposed, and which was recently sanctioned by decree of Khedive Abbas. A head of forty-six feet of water satisfies the engineers, and does not alarm the archæologists; for, although submerging unimportant portions of the island, it leaves the temple, pylons, and prized sculptures above water-level.

When the builders have finished their labors, nearly five years hence, visitors to Upper Egypt will be unable to realize the present beauty of Philæ. The Isis temple, the chapel of Hathor, the Diocletian portal, one of the legendary graves of Osiris, the well-preserved pavilion called "Pharaoh's Bed,"—the designer of which was no stranger to Greek art, and within whose walls thousands of tourists have partaken of their midday luncheon,—will all be there, like jewels wrenched from glorious settings. The structures will rise from a placid lake, deprived of the graceful elevation and artistic symmetry that add much to their fame.

Standing without meaning upon a wide stretch of mirroring water, Philæ will completely lose its character, and will no longer be the stately sentinel guarding the natural boundary between Nubia and Egypt. The artist's dahabiyeh, drawn well up on the

again give a touch of color to the scene. shadoof and creaking sakieh. Nor can the patriarchal sheik of the catathe island with tourists sufficiently courageous to "shoot the rapids" on the way back to their steamers or hotel at Assuan. The making of the dam will force the nude population of the region to prosecute their amphibious pursuits elsewhere-most likely in eddying rapids farther down-stream. But the daring soul who has "shot" what will remain of the cataract will, as of old, be landed on the bank at Assuan to the resounding "Heep, heep, hooray! Zank you, zank you!" of his crew of black rowers, whom he will liberally bakshish while yet believing himself a hero.

The American sun-seeker or English milord, making the voyage to Wady-Halfa by his own dahabiyeh, will no longer have his craft hauled up the Assuan cataract by a hundred shrieking Arabs and Berberins, for most likely it will be taken up the rapids and through the locks by electricity generated by the rushing Nile itself. Indeed, a practical Britisher is in the field for utilizing the cataract's force for electrically lighting Assuan and propelling irrigating sive. The locks for steamers and other craft

strand beneath Pharaoh's Bed, will never down-stream, to the relief of the familiar

The Assuan dam will differ in several ract load his clumsy boats at the point of respects from any great dam hitherto constructed. In the first place, none for impounding water has ever been made on any river approaching the size of the Nile; and, in the second place, it is to be both a dam and a waterway, a conjunction exceedingly difficult to effect. To confine Father Nile in flood-time would be hopeless, and therefore the river must be allowed to run unimpeded through the dam during several months of the year. As soon as the flood subsides, but while the discharge is still greater than can be at once used for irrigation, the water will be retained for use during the parching summer months. For this purpose the structure will be divided into a large number of piers, with openings that can be closed at will by gates.

Each pier must be capable of supporting its own weight and the pressure of water against the adjoining sluice-gates, and the piers must be able to pass the torrent without damage. At times the velocity of the escaping flood-water will be very great; consequently the piers will be enormously masmachinery for a hundred miles or more navigating the Nile will be on the west side.



PROBABLE APPEARANCE OF THE CATARACT ON THE COMPLETION OF THE DAM. Vol. LVII. -63.



TOURIST-BOAT LEAVING SHELAL FOR THE CATARACT.

It being the particles of soil contributed to the river by the wash of the mountains and hills in Abyssinia that enrich the fields, the dam will be so designed that the water released daily, during low Nile, will be drawn from near the bottom of the reservoir. Egyptian farmers prize the "red water," which is vastly richer in fertilizing value than clear water can be. In the autumn, after the siltladen water has passed off, the sluice-gates will be closed gradually until the reservoir is full, which, with normal conditions, will be in January and February. From April to the end of August, when the Nile runs low, and the demand for water for the crops is at its highest, the gates will be systematically opened, and the summer supply of the river supplemented by the water which, had it not been stored, would have flowed uselessly into the Mediterranean. Thus Middle Egypt and the delta will secure more or less perennial irrigation.

The added irrigation resulting from the big reservoir, it has been computed, will permanently benefit Egypt to the value of \$100,000,000. A direct annual return to the revenue of \$2,000,000—more than twice the sum to be paid each year to the firm building the dam—from sale of water and taxation on lands that will be rendered fruitful is promised. The government will further real-

ize considerable sums from the sale of reclaimed public lands, and indirect revenues traceable to the country's augmented producing capacity. The customs and railways are certain to showlarge increases, and the reservoir will thus add considerably to the security behind Egyptian bonds of all classes, now amounting to a trifle over \$500,000,000, and which for several years have commanded a fair premium.

The British diplomatic agent in Egypt, Lord Cromer, has recently had something to say on the financial aspects of the reservoir measure, fearing that at first sight it may appear a somewhat hazardous undertaking to increase the liabilities of the Egyptian treasury while the Sudan expedition is in the midst of its work. It is Lord Cromer's belief that the expenditure of capital to improve the water-supply, thereby increasing the revenue, affords the best and most certain way out of the pecuniary difficulties which may be impending by the reoccupation of the Sudan. As regards the views of the native population, he has informed his government that he has never before known a measure to be received with such unanimous approbation; and Lord Cromer knows, for the new Egypt is largely his creation.

There is a legend that the yearly flooding of

desert to the southwest of the Fayum, creat- the Assuan dam. ing thereby the Lake Mœris of ancient history.

the Nile is caused by the tears shed by Isis known as the Wady-Rayan-by utilizing the over the tomb of Osiris, and the question canal of Joseph, which leaves the Nile at has for uncounted centuries been asked as a Assiut and conveys the water of life to the type of impossibility, "Can man arrest the Fayum But the Englishmen guiding the tears of Isis as they flow?" Joseph of Israel Egyptian chariot of state having no wish to did it, at Pharaoh's command, by construct- divide honors with Joseph, however worthy ing a reservoir and canals, which fertilized as an irrigationist, nor with Mr. Whitehouse, the Fayum province, and gave to the Nile the latter was formally thanked for his scholan equable flow. It was Joseph who con- arly suggestion, given a high decoration by ceived the idea of turning the surplus waters the khedive-and the Englishmen proof high Nile into that vast depression in the ceeded with their studies preliminary to

To comprehend the importance of pres-A delving American, Mr. Cope White- ent-day irrigation in Egypt, it must be borne



NATIVES HAULING A BOAT UP THE "GREAT GATE."

house, capable of intelligently exploring in mind that the country owes its fertility both the desert and moldy manuscripts solely to the Nile. Its agriculture, even the and maps in Italian libraries, showed the country's existence, depends on irrigation, khedive's engineers a few years ago how for Egypt is virtually rainless. Wherever again to store the flood of the Nile in the the Nile water can be regularly supplied to same desert depression-or that part of it the soil, the most bountiful crops follow,

which, like cotton and sugar, command high shows that it has risen to 9,750,000, as the prices because of their excellence. Indeed, result of caring for child life, and teaching with a reliable supply of water, farming in the Nile country can be pursued with more certainty of success than in any other country of which I have knowledge. The Egyptian farmer can rely on getting four or five hundredweight of long-staple cotton from an acre, which is readily marketed for two cents a pound more than American cotton sells for-American cotton that does not average two hundredweight to the acre. The Nile cane, likewise, is sufficiently rich to give its cultivators decided market advantages.

Successful in an unexpected degree in augmenting the population of the ancient land of the Pharaohs by enforcing hygienic measures, the British administrators at Cairo are recognizing the necessity for proportionately increasing the area of what on another page I have termed the practical Egypt. When the British occupation began, sixteen years ago, Egypt's population was about 7,000,000. An official census just completed people of Egypt and their European creditors.

the common people to observe rational rules of cleanliness and order.

The present census gives to the practical Egypt a population of 928 to the square mile, a density far in excess of any European country, even Belgium, and not to be equaled outside of Asiatic communities.

It will no doubt surprise most readers to be told that a fair estimate of the value of Egypt's 10,500 square miles of cultivable territory is \$115 an acre. It is a fact, as well, that the foreign bonded indebtedness -naturally based upon the intrinsic value of the country-averages \$75.74 per acre, while the per capita proportion of the external debt burden is no less than \$52.20. The average land tax of Egypt is something in excess of \$4 per acre.

These vital statistics are mentioned to reflect in its fullest importance what the building of the great dam at Assuan means to the

A FAIRY GRAVE.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

ET a little grave be made, Half in shadow, half in shade, In a quiet, kindly place, Friendly as her face.

Let the passing fairy bird From his airy height be heard; Ever, ever for that ground Only gentle sound.

Let the singing winds, which be Wingèd dream and melody, Singing softly, by her lie, Softly singing, die.

Let the bee has sucked the bloom Homeward journey by her tomb, And his tithe of sweet be paid To her sweeter shade.

Let the low clouds, red and gold, Mourn her on the mountains old; Beauty, aye her guardian be, You and Melody.

Spirits of sound and souls of flowers, All you dearest griefless powers, You with whom she went away, Tend her night and day.



WHAT CHARLES DICKENS DID FOR CHILDHOOD.

HIS WORK IN EDUCATION.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES. Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto.

PROEBEL and Dickens are the best inter-preters of Christ's ideals of childhead without having a definite conception of the The philosophy of Froebel and the stories of Dickens are in perfect harmony. The two great reformers protested vigorously against the interference of intermeddling adults with the full development of the individuality of the child. They recognized the divinity in each child so fully that they objected to all "stamping and molding" processes by which its selfhood was dwarfed or warped. Other educators and reformers had considered the problems of human evolution from the standpoint of the adult, and had asked, "What can we do to fit the child for its work?" Froebel and Dickens asked, "How can we help the child to grow by its own self-activity?" They were the great apostles of childhood. They began the struggle for the freedom of childhood from the restrictive interference of adulthood.

Dickens is commonly regarded merely as an educational critic. This is a narrow and unfair view. He was a great critic. He aroused the indignation of the civilized world against those who treated childhood inhumanly, and the hatred of adult tyranny which he awakened developed a loving sympathy for children. But he could not have so clearly exposed the wrong in education

preters of Christ's ideals of childhood. right. He was the greatest destructive educational critic, but he was also a most advanced, positive, constructive educator. There is no great ideal of the "new education" which is not revealed by Dickens in his novels or his miscellaneous writings.

> Dickens was the first Englishman of note to advocate the kindergarten. In July, 1855, he published an article of eleven columns in "Household Words," which would take a leading place if compared with the papers read at a meeting of the International Kindergarten Union to-day. The following extracts from this article, written forty-three years ago, would not be unworthy of Dr. Harris, Mme. Kraus-Boelté, or Miss Blow:

> There would be fewer sullen, quarrelsome, dullwitted men or women if there were fewer children starved or fed improperly in heart and brain. To improve society—to make men and women bet-ter—it is requisite to begin quite at the beginning, and to secure for them a wholesome education during infancy and childhood.

> His boys came to him [Froebel] with many a twist in mind or temper, caught by wriggling up through the bewilderments of a neglected infancy. The first sproutings of a human mind need thoughtful culture; there is no period of life, indeed, in which culture is so essential. And yet, in nine out of ten cases, it is precisely while the little



DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

WACKFORD SQUEERS, ESQ.

blades of thought and buds of love are frail and tender that no heed is taken to maintain the soil about them wholesome, and the air about them free from blight. . . .

Childhood should be made as happy as God in his wisdom designed it should be, and full play should be given to its energies and powers. . . .

The whole principle of Froebel's teaching is based on a perfect love for children and a full and generous recognition of their nature, a determination that their hearts shall not be starved for want of sympathy, that since they are, by infinite wisdom, so created as to find happiness in the active exercise and development of all their faculties, we who have children round about us shall no longer repress their energies, tie up their bodies, shut their mouths, and declare that they worry us by the incessant putting of the questions which the Father of us all has placed in their mouths.

The frolic of childhood is not pure exuberance and waste. "There is often a high meaning in childish play," said Froebel. Let us study it, and act upon hints—or more than hints—that nature gives. They fall into a fatal error who despise all that a child does as frivolous. Nothing is trifling that forms part of a child's life. . . .

The cardinal point of his doctrine is: take care that you do not exercise a part only of the child's mind or body; but take thorough pains to see that you encourage the development of its whole nature

Only the mother should, if possible, be the child's chief companion and teacher during at least the first three years of its life, and she should have thought it worth while to prepare herself for the right fulfilment of her duties.

Dickens in his admirable article not only explained the general principles of Froebel's educational philosophy, but gave a detailed analysis of the "gifts" and "occupations" used in the kindergarten, and an exposition of their influence on mind-development that would be suitable for a lecturer in a kindergarten training-school of the present day.

The third gift enables the child to begin the work of construction in accordance with its own ideas, and insensibly brings the ideas into the control of a sense of harmony and fitness. The child learns the charm of symmetry, exercises taste in the preferences of this or that among the hundred combinations of which its eight cubes are susceptible.

Speaking of the other building gifts he says:

Without strain on the mind, in sheer play, the elements of arithmetic are made clear to the children. . . . As a child has instilled into him the principles of arithmetic, so he acquires insensibly the groundwork of geometry, the sister science.

Modeling in wet clay is one of the most important occupations of the children who have reached about the sixth year, and is used as much as possible, not merely to encourage imitation, but to give some play to the creative power. . . .

We have been perfectly amazed at the work we have seen done by children of six or seven, bright, merry creatures, who have all the spirit of their childhood active in them, repressed by no parents' selfish love of ease and silence, cowed by no dull-witted teacher of the a-b-c and pothooks.

Every element of purity and strength in the new education is revealed in these quotations. The reverent sympathy for child-hood; the spirit of true motherhood; the full recognition of selfhood; the influence of nature in revealing conceptions of life, evolution, and God; the development of body, mind, and spirit through play; the need of training the entire being as a unity; the culture of originative and executive power; the necessity for perfect freedom in order to attain full growth; and the fundamental process of creative self-activity—all were clear to the great absorptive and reproductive mind of Dickens.

It was a part of the life-work he planned for himself to change the spirit and revolutionize the attitude of adulthood toward childhood. He aimed to clear away the barriers that prevented the free growth of the child toward God, to save it from cruel treatment, and to fill its life with brightness, hope, and love. All his child characters were created to make humanity aware of the gross wrongs inflicted on defenseless childhood, or of the possibility of guiding the race by wise, reverent, loving training of children.

Dickens adopted two plans for arousing the world: he pictured both the bad and the good methods of training. He was no more effective in describing the evil than in unfolding the good. He deliberately planned to be destructive more frequently than constructive. Men generally have to be prepared for an advance toward a higher stage of evolution by making clear to them the errors or weaknesses of their condition. Dickens had exquisite skill in picturing the inconsistencies, the injustice, the blundering, and the selfishness of weak or wicked men and women; but he had power to reveal the true as well as to unmask and expose the false.

He made schoolmasters prominent characters in six of his books—"Nicholas Nickleby," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Our Mutual Friend," and "Hard Times." The coarse brutality of Squeers was offset by the loving sympathy of the dear old schoolmaster who



DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY M. HAIDER.

LITTLE NELL AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.

sheltered Little Nell. Dr. Blimber and Mr. Creakle, each in his way a perfect type of wrong methods of dealing with children, were more than counterbalanced by Dr. Strong. There is no page in any language that treats of more fundamental educational principles than the page describing Dr. Strong's school. In "Hard Times" the dwarfing of Louisa and Tom Gradgrind by their father's false educational ideal was brought into perfect relief by the unfolding of wisdom and sweetness in Sissy Jupe, who was not robbed of a real childhood.

Squeers's school was described to arouse the indignation of the public against badly managed private schools, conducted by ignorant, sordid, brutal men who "traded in the avarice, indifference, or imbecility of parents and the helplessness of children." In the preface to "Nicholas Nickleby," Dickens, speaking of private schools, said:

Of the monstrous neglect of education in England, and the disregard of it by the State as a means of forming good or bad citizens, and miserable or happy men, this class of schools long afforded a notable example. . . . The Author's object in calling public attention to the system would be very imperfectly fulfilled, if he did not state now, in his own person, emphatically and earnestly, that Mr. Squeers and his school are faint and feeble pictures of an existing reality, purposely subdued and kept down, lest they should

be deemed impossible.

He had a wider aim, however, than the overthrow of an evil system of private schools. He caught the spirit of Henry Barnard and Horace Mann, and was one of the first Englishmen to see the advantages of a national system of education, and the urgent need of well-trained teachers by whom young minds might be guided in the first stages of their growth. In the same preface he denounced the carelessness by which "any man who had proved his unfitness for any other occupation in life, was free, without examination or qualification, to open a school anywhere; although preparation for the functions he undertook, was required in the surgeon who assisted to bring a boy into the world, or might one day assist, perhaps, to send him out of it, -in the chemist, the attorney, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, - the whole round of crafts and trades, the schoolmaster excepted." He showed true sympathy with childhood, and a clear conception of responsibility for its proper development, in this preface. "We

damages against the unqualified medical practitioner, who has deformed a broken limb in pretending to heal it. But, what about the hundreds of thousands of minds that have been deformed for ever by the incapable pettifoggers who have pretended to form them!"

Dickens concentrated in his delineation of the character of Squeers the chief elements of evil that existed in the schools of his day. and revealed the terrible effects of unnatural and inhuman treatment of children. Human hearts everywhere were appalled by the picture of the boys in Dotheboys Hall as they appeared to Nicholas when he was first introduced to them.

There were little faces which should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen, dogged suffering; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, and its helplessness alone remaining; there were viciousfaced boys, brooding, with leaden eyes, like male-factors in a jail; and there were young creatures on whom the sins of their frail parents had descended, weeping even for the mercenary nurses they had known, and lonesome even in their loneliness. With every kindly sympathy and affection blasted in its birth, with every young and healthy feeling flogged and starved down, with every revengeful passion that can fester in swollen hearts, eating its evil way to their core in silence, what an incipient Hell was breeding here!

The publication of "Nicholas Nickleby" freed England from the low class of private schools, aroused a wide-spread interest in national education and the better training of teachers, and helped to reveal the fundamental principle of true discipline in home or school, that all coercion is dwarfing in its effect on character-growth. There are many teachers and parents who still need to learn that even the most refined methods of coercion cripple the individuality of the child and prevent the development of its true selfhood, the divinity of its nature. For them "Nicholas Nickleby" is one of the best of all books. They should read it once a year.

It takes only a few minutes to read the description of the single day's experience of the schoolmaster in "The Old Curiosity Shop," but few characters are better known or better loved than he. We get only a glimpse at a simple man in passing, but that glimpse reveals his unselfishness and his tenderness so perfectly that he becomes one of our dearest friends. The school is very old-fashioned, the seating is bad, the hear sometimes," said he, "of an action for appliances are defective, the methods of

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teaching poor; but the greatest power in the world to stimulate soul-growth is there -- sensitive, responsive, reverent, loving sympathy with childhood. The schoolmaster's joyous pride in the accomplishments of his sick favorite, his care in erasing the drop of ink from the boy's writing, his sadness because of his absence, his yearning hope that he would be better on the morrow, his request to Little Nell for her child-prayer for his recovery, his absent-mindedness while his little school was in session, his granting of a halfholiday on condition that the boys would not be noisy, his expression of satisfaction that the happy boys had forgotten his injunction, his waving of the dying boy's handkerchief at the window to show his kindly thought for his companions on the green, his gracious assurance to the child that the flowers in the garden were less gay because they missed him, and the pathetic tenderness with which he stroked the child's hand after he had fallen asleep forever-these are overwhelming evidences that Dickens possessed the true spirit of reverent child-love, and recognized the mother spirit as the most essential element in the character of a teacher, either man or woman. He intended the dear old schoolmaster to be a perfect positive for the negative of Squeers, and the humanity of the one was appreciated more fully in contrast with the brutality of the other.

Paul Dombey's life was sketched with the noble purpose of overthrowing another of the greedy school giants that were blighting the lives of the innocents. The giant evil of cram was crippled by Dickens, and his memory should be cherished forever for this service to humanity. Dr. Blimber was the ideal cramming monster.

Whenever a young gentleman was taken in hand by Dr. Blimber, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The doctor only undertook the charge of ten young gentlemen, but he had always ready a supply of learning for a hundred, on the lowest estimate; and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge the unhappy ten with it. . . .

Miss Blimber, too, although a slim and graceful maid, did no soft violence to the gravity of the house. There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. She kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead,—stone dead,—and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a ghoul. . . .

As to Mr. Feeder, B. A., Dr. Blimber's assistant, he was a kind of human barrel-organ, with a little list of tunes at which he was continually working, over and over again, without any variation. He gave the boys no rest from the pursuit of stony-hearted verbs, savage noun-substantives, inflexible syntactic passages, and ghosts of exercises that appeared to them in their dreams. Under the forcing system, a young gentleman usually took leave of his spirits in three weeks. He had all the cares of the world on his head in three months, and at the end of the first twelvemonth had arrived at the conclusion, from which he never afterward departed, that all the fancies of the poets, and lessons of the sages, were a mere collection of words and grammar, and had no other meaning in the world. . . .

To Dr. Blimber Mr. Dombey brought his sickly little son, with the simple instruction that he was "to learn everything." This brief phrase makes the parent's ambition one of the motives that urge the ignorant teacher to cram. Parents nearly always deserve their share of blame when children's

lives are blighted by cramming.

Paul was given over to the tender mercies of Miss Blimber, with the solemn injunction: "Bring him on, Cordelia! Bring him on!" There are places even yet where "Bring them on" is the educational watchword of thoughtless parents and ignorant teachers; where the development of selfhood, of originative, directive, and executive power, is sacrificed on the altar of examination results. Cordelia began to "bring him on" before breakfast the first morning he was in school, by giving him so many books to study that he was unable to carry them to his room.

They comprised a little English and a deal of Latin,—names of things, declensions of articles and substantives, exercises thereon, and preliminary rules,—a trifle of orthography, a glance at ancient history, a wink or two at modern ditto, a few tables, two or three weights and measures, and a little general information. When poor Paul had spelled out number two, he found he had no idea of number one; and when Miss Cordelia took him in hand after breakfast, whether twenty Romuluses made a Remus, or hic, haec, hoc was troy weight, or a verb always agrees with an ancient Briton, or three times four was Taurus, a bull, were open questions with him.

So through the dreary days and nights the grinding went on, till Paul's feeble body yielded to the strain, and he was taken home to die. No other educational writer saw the evils of cramming more clearly than Dickens, and these evils are described in no other book so forcefully as in "Dombey and Son."

Paul's life and death were intended to reveal to the world the vital importance of

systematic physical training, especially in the case of children who are physically weak or defective. Paul might have lived, should have lived. He was killed by his father and Dr. Blimber. They were saved from criminality only by their ignorance. Paul's brain was too strong for his body, yet instead of giving special attention to the development of his body, he was taken to Dr. Blimber's school that he might "learn everything." fully learned the lessons directly and incidentally taught by the pathetic story of Paul Dombey.

In "David Copperfield" the extremes of bad and good schools are outlined. David attended two schools, one conducted by Mr. Creakle, a selfish wretch of the Squeers type, the other taught by Dr. Strong. The first was a type of evil in brutal coercion, in disregard of the rights of childhood, and in the dwarfing of individuality; the second was a type of every high modern ideal of education. The more perfectly a man comprehends the philosophy of the new education, the more definitely will be recognize the fact that Dickens includes in the halfpage describing Dr. Strong's school every element of the best modern ideals of teaching, management, and training.

David's reception into the school is suggestive. He was presented by Dr. Strong to the head boy, and by him introduced to the rest of the school individually. Politeness, courtesy, consideration, recognition of brotherhood, are all involved in this suggestion.

"We had noble games out of hours." Dickens saw not only that physical culture is an important element in education, but also that games constitute by far the best kind of physical culture—the only kind that develops the child as a unity, physically, intellectually, and morally. The world is now beginning to learn what Dickens saw so clearly in 1850. Prussia recently sent sixty educators to England to study English games, with the view of introducing them into Prussia.

The doctor himself was the idol of the whole school." This recognizes the positive side of the personal influence of the teacher. Dr. Strong was described, not as a restraining influence, but as inspiring and stimulating.

"He was the kindest of men, with a simple faith that might have touched the stone hearts of the very urns upon the wall." The mightiest force in education is human sympathy and love, the spirit of true motherhood in man or woman. Blessed are the chil- of nature, and all those elements of culture

dren whose teachers have "a simple faith" in them. It is easy to love the good: the bad most need love. "Oh, if Tom McGuire would leave school," says the discouraged teacher, "how happy I should be!" Love him with a true unselfish love, and the demon in him will leave, and into its place will come two angels, one to shine in Tom's life, and the other in your own.

"We had plenty of liberty." Liberty is The educational leaders of to-day have not the central principle in true development. Christ's greatest work is the emancipation of the human soul. "The perfect law of liberty" recognizes independent self-activity as the basis of all real growth, physically, intellectually, and spiritually; as the source of the natural evolution of a strong, self-reliant,

self-directing individuality.

"We all felt that we had a part in the management of the place, and in sustaining its character and dignity." Individuality is not the highest ideal in education. Community, interdependence, the unity of the race, the relationship of the individual to humanity, this is the supreme element in education. There is perfect harmony between individualism and socialism, when they are fully understood. Dickens made the every-day life in Dr. Strong's school reveal this greatest truth in philosophy.

"There was an appeal in everything to the honor and good faith of the boys, and an avowed intention to rely on their possession of those qualities unless they proved themselves unworthy of it, which worked wonders." Children deserve our faith, and even if they do not, we can make them worthy of trust by trusting them. Let a boy understand that you expect him to do wrong, and he will usually fulfil your expectations. The freeing of the minds of teachers from the blighting doctrine of the total depravity of the child made it possible for them to study the child with interest and with faith in its evolution toward the divine. Dr. Strong looked for the divinity in the child, and made it the dominant element in its development.

In "Hard Times," one of the least appreciated of Dickens's books, he deals in a masterly way with the broad question of the true function of education, and proves the folly of the utilitarianism which would degrade education to a mere economic question; which elevates a so-called practical education above the spiritual evolution of the race; which confines the child to the elements that will enable it to make a living, and excludes from its life music, art, literature, the appreciation

that give true grace and dignity to man, and qualify him for the transformation of his material environment, for progressive advancement toward a higher civilization, and for a conscious growth toward the divine.

Mr. Gradgrind believed in facts.

"Now, what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!"

To the Gradgrinds everywhere, and to the large class who are narrower and meaner than Mr. Gradgrind, who object to what they call "educational frills for the children of the working-classes" in order to reduce their tax bills, Dickens gave direct reply:

Utilitarian Gradgrinds, skeletons of schoolmasters, Commissioners of Facts, genteel and used-up infidels, gabblers of many little dog'seared creeds, the poor you have always with you. Cultivate in them, while there is yet time, the utmost graces of the fancies and affections, to adorn their lives, so much in need of ornament; or, in the day of your triumph, when romance is utterly driven out of their souls, and they and a bare existence stand face to face, Reality will take a wolfish turn and make an end of you. . Beautify their lives of machinery and reality with those imaginative graces and delights without which the heart of infancy will wither up, the sturdiest physical manhood will be morally stark death, and the plainest national prosperity figures can show will be the Writing on the Wall.

But the events of the story give a clearer answer to the practical utilitarians. Robbed of their childhood, Mr. Gradgrind's children, Louisa and Tom, had no true foundation for womanhood and manhood. Their wrecked lives revealed too late to their regretful father the folly of his system of training.

The interview between Louisa and her father, when she fled from the coarse husband he had chosen for her, is full of suggestiveness and warning for all who either deliberately or carelessly blight childhood by the interference of intermeddling adulthood.

"How could you give me life, and take from me all the inappreciable things that raise it from a state of conscious death? Where are the graces of my soul? Where are the sentiments of my heart? What have you done, O father, what have you done, with the garden that should have bloomed once in this great wilderness here?"

"If it had ever been here, its ashes alone would save me from the void in which my whole life sinks. . . I don't reproach you, father. What you have never nurtured in me, you have never nurtured in yourself; but oh, if you had only done so long ago, or if you had only neglected me, what a much better and much happier creature I should have been this day! . . . Would you have doomed me, at any time, to the frost and blight that have hardened and spoiled me? Would you have robbed me . . . of the immaterial part of my life, the spring and summer of my belief, my refuge from what is sordid and bad in the real things around me, my school in which I should have learned to be more humble and more trusting with them, and to hope in my little sphere to make them better?"

"Oh, no, no! No, Louisa."

This scene proves that Dickens is worthy of a foremost place of honor with Montaigne, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel as a pleader for a reverent recognition of the rights of childhood. It proves also that he understood the fundamental law of evolution by stages as taught by Froebel, which is now the dominating law of psychology, and saw clearly the two errors still made in so many homes and schools: first, by neglecting or preventing the development appropriate to childhood; and, second, by attempting to force upon childhood the intellectual or ethical culture belonging to a later stage of development.

"Hard Times" ridiculed with deserved mercilessness the absurdity of giving mere verbal descriptions of things as a substitute for actual knowledge of the things themselves, and of their powers, their processes of growth and modes of action. Nothing could be finer than the incident at the examination of the school established by Mr. Gradgrind, when he asked Sissy Jupe ("girl number twenty") to define a horse. She was the daughter of a circus-rider, and had lived with horses from her babyhood, and played with them as an ordinary child does with kittens or dogs, but she had never defined a horse, and she failed to answer.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind, "your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Gramnivorous. Forty teeth, namely, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth." This (and much more) by Bitzer.

"Now, girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, "you know what a horse is."

There can be no doubt that the scathing criticism in "Hard Times" of the stupid perversions of Pestalozzi's object-teaching, which resulted in such teaching as Bitzer had received, and was recommended even in the training-schools of England, did much to lead to the prohibition of "object-lessons" by the British government for twenty years.

The natural curiosity of children in relation to the great world into which they are born is their mightiest intellectual stimulus. It is the source of all true interest, and should develop rapidly throughout the whole life of each individual. This natural wonderpower is the basis of all investigation that leads to new discoveries in the material, the intellectual, and the spiritual world. Dickens saw in the school processes of his time methods that dwarfed this wonder-power, by the substitution of the teacher's interests for those of the child. Even yet the schools reverse God's plan of developing the child from within, by its own self-activity, in response to the promptings of its own interests; and wonder-power is lost through lack of opportunity for exercise, and by the substitution of the teacher's interests for the child's interests. Before the child goes to school it finds its own problems; as soon as it goes to school the problems are brought to it by the teacher. Dickens exposed the stupidity of the school processes by the methods of Mr. M'Choakumchild, Mr. Gradgrind's teacher. There is a world of suggestiveness even in the name, M'Choakumchild.

"Bring to me," said Mr. M'Choakumchild, "yonder baby just able to walk, and I will engage that it shall never wonder."

Dickens in this remarkable book shows that he recognized definitely what so many educators since have been slow to understand, that character-development should be the great end of all education. How clearly he reveals the blindness of Mr. M'Choakumchild and Mr. Gradgrind in their treatment of Sissy Jupe!

Mr. Gradgrind was a kind man at heart, and he had adopted Sissy Jupe when she was left fatherless. He was very much disheartened to find that she had read poetry, and about the fairies and the hunchback and the genii. He hoped, however, that right training would undo the evil he supposed must follow such reading.

Mr. M'Choakumchild gave her up in When he is thoroughly understood he widespair, however. He could not fill her be recognized as the Froebel of England.

mind with bare facts, and she "would burst into tears on being required (by the mental process) immediately to name the cost of two hundred and forty-seven muslin caps at fourteen pence halfpenny." Mr. Gradgrind reluctantly told her it was no use for her to continue longer at school. She cried, because she was really sorry at her failure to please her benefactor.

"Don't shed tears," said Mr. Gradgrind; "don't shed tears. I don't complain of you. You are an affectionate, earnest, good young woman, and—and we must make that do."

"Affectionate, earnest, good," these were the characteristics resulting from a system regarded as a failure by Mr. Gradgrind. The real failure was revealed to him later, when he saw the shipwrecked lives of Louisa and Tom.

Tom expressed his opinion of his father's system of training to Louisa confidentially, one evening, when they were accidentally left for a few minutes alone in their study den.

"I am a Donkey, that 's what I am. I am as obstinate as one, I am more stupid than one, I get as much pleasure as one, and I should like to kick like one."

He was not far astray in his opinion. He was the natural product of a false system of training, that dwarfs true childhood by preventing its happy, free development, and blights it by forcing upon it prematurely the experiences, the feelings, and the thoughts rightfully belonging to maturity.

No man could have written "Hard Times" who was not an advanced and thoughtful educator.

Did Dickens deliberately aim to improve educational systems and reveal the principles of educational philosophy? The answer is easily found.

He was the first great English student of Froebel. He deals with nineteen different schools in his books. He gives more attention to the training of childhood than any other novelist, or any other educator except Froebel. He was one of the first Englishmen to demand national control of education. even in private schools, and the thorough training of all teachers. He exposed fourteen types of coercion, and did more than any one else to lead Christian men and women to treat children humanely. Every book he wrote except two is rich in educational thought. He took the most advanced position on every phase of modern educational thought, except manual training. When he is thoroughly understood he will



BAPTISM RECORD OF FRANKLIN FROM RECORDS OF THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON.

FRANKLIN'S RELIGION.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN.

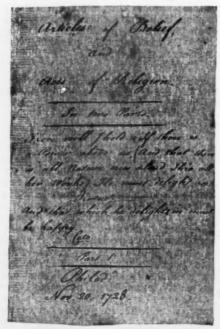
BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

Author of "The True George Washington," "The Honorable Peter Stirling," etc.

ON January 6, 1706, the very day Franklin ical danger of either matricide or infantiwas born, he was baptized in the Old South Church in Boston. If trustworthy tradition be given credence, he was carried thither through the deep snow by his mother, and this act, which now would be held little short of murder, was no less perilous then, as is proved by the fearful death-rate among the mothers and children of New England. But the Calvinistic faith of the Puritans maintained that the phys-

cide was as nothing compared with the spiritual risk of the babe dying unbaptized, and so convention decreed that both parent and offspring should be exposed without loss of time, rather than doom the little one to eternal damnation.

The strain of religious austerity that such a proceeding implied was a heritage of the Franklin stock. "This obscure family of ours," Franklin writes of his English progenitors, "was early in the Reformation, and continued Protestants through the reign of Queen Mary, when they were sometimes in danger of trouble on account of their zeal against popery. They had got an English Bible, and to conceal and secure it, it was fastened open with tapes under and within the cover of a joint-stool. When my great-great-grandfather read it to his family, he turned up the joint-stool upon his knees, turning over the leaves then under the tapes. One of the children stood at the door to give notice if he saw the apparitor coming, who was an officer of the spiritual court. In that case the stool was turned down again upon its feet, when the Bible remained concealed under it as be-fore." The family continued Church of England folk with the exception of Franklin's father and uncle, who were led to change their faith during the reign of King Charles II, by the obvious tendency of the court toward Romanism, and the severity of the parliamentary laws against the inde-"When some of the pendent sectaries. ministers that had been outed for non-conformity holding conventicles in Northamptonshire, Benjamin and Josiah adhered to them, and so continued all their lives." Just prior to the death of Charles, or immediately after the accession of James, when affairs looked so hopeless for the



TITLE-PAGE OF FRANKLIN'S PRIVATE DEVOTIONAL BOOK. IN THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON.

Josiah Franklin's acquaintance planned a pos of the test act of Massachusetts: removal to New England, "and he was prevailed with to accompany them thither, where they expected to enjoy their mode of

religion with freedom."

Josiah Franklin, shortly after his arrival in America, became a member of the Old South Church, and his chief distinction appears to have been in the affairs of this church. Sewall states that upon occasion he "moved prayer at Meeting," or "pitched" the tune, and the son records in his autobiography that he "was skilled a little in music, and had a clear, pleasing voice, so that when he played psalm tunes on his violin and sung withal, as he sometimes did in an evening after the business of the day was over, it was extremely agreeable to hear." Nor did the two services on Sunday and the "Thursday lecture" satisfy the religious side of his nature, for he held devotional meetings in his own home.

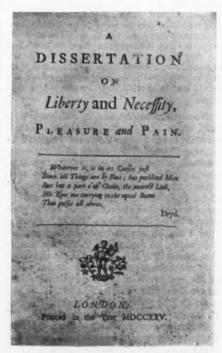
The ambition of every self-respecting New England family at that time was to produce at least one clergyman, and Josiah planned to devote Benjamin, "as the tithe of his sons, to the service of the Church," an intention stimulated by Franklin's early bookishness. "My Uncle Benjamin, too, approved of it," and "having been a great attender of sermons of the best preachers, which he took down," he "proposed to give me all his shorthand volumes of sermons, I suppose as a stock to set up with, if I would learn his character." But, as already mentioned, the expense and the probable "mean living" finally led the parent to change his

determination.

Yet clearly the "mean living" was not the absolute deterrent, for at sixteen years of age, in his description of Harvard College, the boy, recounting the shifts of the graduates for a livelihood, described how the greater "Crowd went along a large beaten Path which led to a Temple at the further End of the Plain, call'd, The Temple of Theology. The Business of those who were employ'd in this Temple being laborious and painful, I wonder'd exceedingly to see so many go towards it; but while I was pondering this Matter in my Mind, I spy'd Pecunia behind a Curtain, beckoning to them with her Hand, which Sight immediately satisfy'd me for whose Sake it was, that a great Part of them (I will not say all) travel'd that Road." Apparently, too, Franklin later in life did not approve of even the "mean living" of the ought to aim at a mitre."

Puritans, "some considerable men" of New England clergy, for he declared, apro-

If Christian preachers had continued to teach as Christ and his Apostles did, without salaries, and as the Quakers now do, I imagine tests would never have existed; for I think they were invented not so much to secure religion itself as the emoluments of it. When a religion is good, I conceive that it will support itself; and when it cannot support itself, and God does not take care



TITLE-PAGE OF FRANKLIN'S "WICKED TRACT." IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

to support it, so that its professors are obliged to call for the help of the civil power, it is a sign, I apprehend, of its being a bad one.

He did not, however, believe in his theory strongly enough to apply it within the family circle; for Franklin wrote to the father of the boy he had selected for his son-in-law: "Tell me whether George is to be a Church or Presbyterian parson? I know you are a Presbyterian yourself; but then I think you have more sense than to stick him into a priesthood that admits of no promotion If he was a dull lad it might not be amiss, but George has parts, and

The story of Franklin's objecting to his father's long prayers, and suggesting that he make a wholesale grace over the porkbarrel, shows how early the lad revolted from the faith of his father:

My parents had early given me religious impressions [he states], and brought me through my childhood piously in the Dissenting way. But I was scarce fifteen, when, after doubting by turns of several points, as I found them disputed in the different books I read, I began to doubt of Revelation itself. Some books against Deism fell into my hands; they were said to be the substance of sermons preached at Boyle's Lectures. It happened they wrought an effect on me quite contrary to what was intended by them; for the arguments of the Deists which were quoted to be refuted, appeared to be much stronger than the refutation; in short, I soon became a thorough Deist.

No sooner was the boy, by his apprenticeship, made free from his parents' direct control than he devoted his Sundays to reading, "evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship, which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care." This, and "my indiscrete disputations about religion, began to make me pointed at with horror by the good people as an infidel and atheist." Such a view Franklin always resented, and showed indignation at the lack of public discrimination concerning the words, "because I think they are diametrically opposite, and not near of kin, as Mr. Whitefield seems to suppose, where (in his Journal) he tells us: 'M. B. was a deist: I had almost said an atheist'-that is, chalk: I had almost said charcoal."

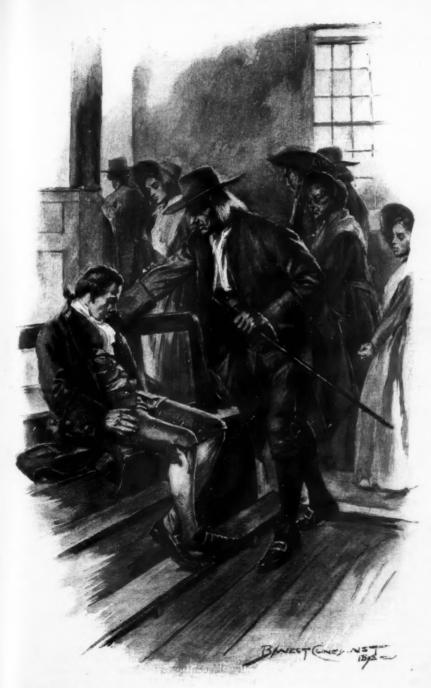
Suspicion of atheism and failure to attend church were enough to destroy the reputation of any one in New England in 1720, but Franklin did worse. The Mathers, who then dominated Massachusetts intellectually, though firm believers in witches, had, with curious contradiction, come out in favor of the palliative for the smallpox which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had brought to England from Turkey. Those opposed to inoculation found in James Franklin's "New England Courant" a ready mouthpiece for all their views, and as the controversy grew it took on a personal quality. The Mathers were attacked, were ridiculed, and even their ungainly writings were burlesqued. The reverend gentlemen, unused to such irreverent treatment, lost their dignity and replied in kind. The "Courant," according to Cotton Mather, was a "notorious, scandalous" newspaper, "full freighted with nonsense,

unmannerliness, raillery, profaneness, immorality, arrogance, calumnies, lies, contradictions, and what not, all tending to quarrels and divisions, and to debauch and corrupt the minds and manners of New England." This was echoed in no minor key by Increase Mather, who declared the paper a "wicked libel," because the printer, in one of his "Vile Courants,"

Insinuates, that if the Ministers of God approve of a thing, it is a Sign it is of the Devil; which is a horrid thing to be related! And he doth frequently abuse the Ministers of Religion and many other worthy Persons in a manner which is intolerable. For these and such like Reasons, I signified to the Printer, that I would have no more of their Wicked Courants. I who have known what New England was from the Beginning, cannot but be troubled to see the Degeneracy of this Place. I can well remember when the Civil Government would have taken a severe Course to repress such a Cursed Libel! which, if not taken, I am afraid some Awful Judgment will come upon this Land, and the Wrath of God will arise, and there will be no Remedy. I cannot but pity poor Franklin who tho' but a Young Man it may be Speedily he must appear before the Judgment Seat of God, and what answer will he give for printing things so evil and abominable?

Thus whipped by the clergy, the civil government took action against the "Courant," and eventually issued an order that James Franklin should cease to print it. True to the letter of the order, and disobedient to the spirit, the printer continued to issue the paper, but with the name of his brother Benjamin as the publisher, in place of his own. The paper, too, continued the attacks on the clergy and "religious knaves," though in a mock letter of reproof to itself it was warned not to "cast injurious Reflections on the Reverend and Faithful Ministers of the Gospel." If frowned upon by church and state, the paper prospered, soon came to exceed in circulation and advertising patronage its rivals, and dared even to raise its price.

Fortunately for Franklin, his quarrels with his brother presently terminated his connection with the "Courant" and drove him from Boston, where the bad reputation he had acquired would probably henceforth have prevented his advancement. In tolerant Philadelphia he was free to think and act as he pleased, and one incident during the first day he passed in the city seemed to typify the difference between voluntary and enforced religion; for, having avoided church-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY JOHN W. EVANS.

FRANKLIN ASLEEP IN THE QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE.

Vol. LVII.-65.

going in Boston, on his arrival in the City Pleasure and Pain" has since been known as of Brotherly Love he relates that:

I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meetinghouse of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy thro' labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continu'd so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

During his first brief visit to London, Franklin made friends of a number of deists such as Lyon and Mandeville, both of whom had written books then thought highly irreligious. Franklin himself followed their example. While working as a journeyman printer he "was employed in composing for the second edition of Wollaston's 'Religion of Nature." The book was an absolutely inoffensive one, and the six editions and ten make us Presbyterians than good citizens." thousand copies sold of it probably did as falsehood, pleasure and pain. So in spare to the public assemblies."

his "wicked tract," and Franklin lived to term it "an erratum," and to destroy almost all of the hundred copies he had printed.

Upon his return to Philadelphia, Franklin "regularly paid my subscription for the support of the only Presbyterian minister or meeting" in that city; yet, while "I had still an opinion of its propriety, and its utility, I seldom attended any public worship." For this conduct his clergyman reproved him. and urged Franklin to attend "his administrations, and I was now and then prevail'd on to do so, once for five Sundays successively. Had he been in my opinion a good preacher, perhaps I might have continued, notwithstanding the occasion I had for the Sunday's leisure in my course of study; but his discourses were chiefly either polemical arguments or explications of the peculiar doctrines of our sect, and were all to me very dry. uninteresting, and unedifying, since not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforc'd. Their aim seemed to be rather to Finally, a special sermon so "disgusted" little harm as any book ever printed; but to Franklin that he "attended his preaching the young doubter, fresh from his contro-versies with the Boston ministers, it was an pos'd a little Liturgy or form of prayer for irritation to leave unanswered the a priori my own private use (viz., in 1728), entitled propositions, and circular reasonings based 'Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion.' I thereon, concerning good and evil, truth and return'd to the use of this and went no more



OLD QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, SOUTHWEST CORNER OF SECOND AND MARKET STREETS. COURT-HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET. AFTER AN OLD LITHOGRAPH.

hours he wrote and put into type a little This dissertation on "Liberty and Necessity, with a good voice, apparently extempore,

So long as this clergyman was the sole tractate, animadverting on some of the minister of the sect in Philadelphia, Frankclerical author's arguments, and practically lin continued to absent himself from church; denying a future life or rewards, the ex- but, "about the year 1734, there arrived istence of natural religion, and of the theo- among us from Ireland a young Presbyterian logical distinction between man and beast. preacher, named Hemphill, who delivered



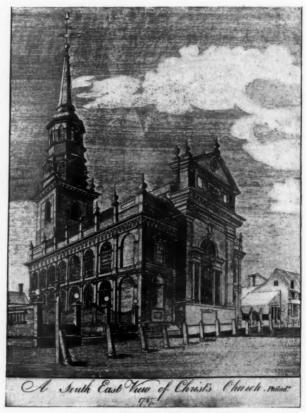
WILLIAM WOLLASTON. FROM AN ENGRAVING BY VERTUE AFTER A PORTRAIT ATTRIBUTED TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

ing first taken Mr. Hemphill as his assistant, who had become a "zealous partisan comer was arraigned for heterodoxy before and wrote for him two or three pamphlets,

most excellent discourses, which drew to- a synod, and "never was there such a trial gether considerable numbers of different known in the American World." Mr. Hemppersuasions, who join'd in admiring him. hill had preached that "the Gospel was a Among the rest, I became one of his con-revival of the laws of nature"; that "the stant hearers, his sermons pleasing me, as Lord's Supper promoted a good life, but was they had little of the dogmatical kind, but not a communion with Christ"; had prayed inculcated strongly the practice of virtue, or for mankind, and not for the church; and, what in the religious style are called 'good perhaps worst of all, in the eyes of his acworks." The Rev. Jedediah Andrews, the old cuser, had preached sermons in which he had clergyman, did not agree with Franklin; hav- made no mention of original sin. Franklin, as his popularity grew he came to believe it contributed all I could to raise a party in his nothing but a "dreadful plot laid by Satan favour, and we combated for him awhile with to root Christianity out of the world," and some hopes of success. There was much charged that the eloquent preacher drew scribbling pro and con upon the occasion; about him only "Free thinkers, Deists and and finding that, tho' an eloquent preacher, nothings." Through his influence the new- he was but a poor writer, I lent him my pen,

and one piece in the Gazette." These de- others than bad ones of his own manufacfended Hemphill, "because in all his discourses he enforced Christian charity and the necessity of a good life"; but how little in accord Franklin was with his own church is shown by his assertions that "good works tion, never joining it after, tho' I continued put men in God's way and reconcile God to many years my subscriptions for the support them," and that "original sin was as ridicu- of its minister." His disgust may have been lous as imputed righteousness." A reply was the direct cause of Poor Richard's remark

ture, tho' the latter was the practice of our common preachers. He afterwards acknowledged to me that none of those he preached were his own, and I quitted the congrega-



FROM A PRINT IN THE "COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE."

pamphleteer's "false and abusive Crimina- that never practised it." Franklin's opinion tions, his outrageous Billingsgate Language, and horrid Profaneness." As was foreordained, the eloquent clergyman was brought in guilty, and silenced, but he continued to preach as an independent until he was caught using another man's sermons. "This detection gave many of our party disgust, who accordingly abandoned his cause. . . . I stuck by him, however, as I rather approv'd

quickly forthcoming, which dwelt on the that, "Many have quarrel'd about Religion, of church disputes is given in no uncertain kev:

Each party abuses the other; the profane and the infidel believe both sides, and enjoy the fray: the reputation of religion in general suffers, and its enemies are ready to say, not what was said in the primitive times, Behold how these Christians love one another, - but, Mark how these Christians hate one another! Indeed, when his giving us good sermons compos'd by religious people quarrel about religion, or hungry

had not much of either among them.

Thoroughly out of humor with the faith of his father, Franklin now took a pew in the Episcopalian Christ Church, and there his family henceforth worshiped, there a son and daughter were baptized, and there he and his wife, with two of their children, were eventually buried. And though Franklin rarely attended the service, he concerned cerely profess faith in God the Father, and

himself in the material interests of the church. 1737 he subscribed to a fund for finishing the new building, in 1751 to one to build a steeple and purchase a chime of bells, and twice he was appointed by the vestry one of the managers of lotteries for raising a fund for this purpose. Probably the most amusing relic of his relations with this church was an advertisement in his own paper, anent his wife's Prayerbook:

Taken out of a Pew in the Church some Months since,

a Common-Prayer Book, bound in Red, gilt, and letter'd D F on each Corner. The Person who took it, is desir'd to open it and read the Eighth Commandment, and afterwards return it into the same Pew again; upon which no further Notice will be taken.

However Franklin, the private citizen of tolerant Pennsylvania, might be left free to think and act as he chose, when he became an office-holder of the colony his freedom was curtailed, for he was called upon to sign an oath, or test, before he was allowed to serve the public. By this he was required to "Solemnly promise and declare that . . . our hearts abhor, detest and renounce as impious and heretical that damnable doctrine and position that princes excommunicated and deprived by the Pope, or any other authority of the see of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects"; to solemnly and sincerely profess and testify

people about their victuals, it looks as if they that in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is no transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ"; that "the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint, or the sacrifice of the mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous"; and that "each of us for himself do solemnly and sin-

> in Jesus Christ his Eternal Son, the true God, and in the Holy Spirit, one God, blessed for evermore. And do acknowledge the Holy Scriptures to be by divine inspiration."

> Although office-holder subscribed over and over again to this oath, it was clearly from necessity, and not from choice. and time did not lessen his dislike of it. This was shown in 1776. when the colonial charter was abrogated and a convention set about the framing of a

new government. Of this body Franklin was president, and he threw all his influence in favor of doing away with every test, and in theory succeeded, for the Declaration of Rights

adopted declared: That all men have a natural and unalienable right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences and understanding: And that no man ought or of right can be compelled to attend any religious worship, or erect or support any place of worship, or maintain any Ministry, contrary to, or against, his own free will and consent: Nor can any man, who acknowledges the being of a God, be justly deprived or abridged of any civil right as a citizen, on account of his religious sentiments or peculiar mode of religious worship: And that no authority can or ought to be vested in, or assumed by, any power whatever, that shall in any case interfere with, or in any manner controul, the right of conscience in the free exercise of religious worship.



FROM AN ENGRAVING BY TROTTER OF A PORTRAIT BY RUSSELL

But when it came to reducing this theory to practice, Franklin could not bring the convention to make its liberality concrete, and it decreed that, however free its citizens might be in their belief, before they could serve as lawmakers they must swear: "I DO believe in one God, the Creator and Governor of the Universe, the rewarder of the good and punisher of the wicked. And I do acknowledge the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be given by Divine Inspiration." Concerning this, Franklin wrote to the Rev. Dr. Price:

I agreed with you in sentiments concerning the Old Testament, and thought the clause in our Constitution, which required the members of Assembly to declare their belief that the whole of it was given by divine inspiration, had better have been omitted; that I had opposed the clause, but being overpowered by numbers, and fearing more might in future times be grafted on it, I prevailed to have the additional clause "that no further or more extended profession of faith should ever be exacted." I observed to you, too, that the evil of it was the less, as no inhabitant, nor any officer of government, except the members of Assembly, was obliged to make that declaration.

So much for that letter; to which I may now add that there are several things in the Old Testament impossible to be given by divine inspiration, such as the approbation ascribed to the angel of the Lord of that abominably wicked and detestable action of Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite. If the rest of the book were like that, I should rather suppose it given by inspiration from another quarter, and renounce the whole.

In leaving the Presbyterian and allying himself with the Episcopalian Church, it is not to be inferred that Franklin became in any sense of the word a sectarian, and this fact was so well recognized by his fellow-townsmen that, in a dispute over a vacancy in a board of trustees constituted of one from each sect, the mutual jealousy of the differing religions was finally ended by the nomination of Franklin, "with the observation that I was merely an honest man, and of no sect at all, which prevailed with them to chuse me." His actual attitude toward churches he described as follows:

I had been religiously educated as a Presbyterian; and tho' some of the dogmas of that persuasion, such as the eternal decrees of God, election, reprobation, etc., appeared to me unintelligible, others doubtful, and I early absented myself from the public assemblies of the sect, Sunday being my studying day, I never was without some religious principles. I never doubted, for instance, the existence of the Deity; that he made the world, and govern'd it by his Providence; that

the most acceptable service of God was the doing good to man; that our souls are immortal; and that all crime will be punished, and virtue rewarded, either here or hereafter. These I esteem'd the essentials of every religion; and, being to be found in all the religions we had in our country, I respected them all, tho' with different degrees of respect, as I found them more or less mix'd with other articles, which, without any tendency to inspire, promote, or confirm morality. serv'd principally to divide us, and make us unfriendly to one another. This respect to all, with an opinion that the worst had some good effects. induc'd me to avoid all discourse that might tend to lessen the good opinion another might have of his own religion; and as our province increas'd in people, and new places of worship were continually wanted, and generally erected by voluntary contribution, my mite for such purpose, whatever might be the sect, was never refused.

So, too, writing of a particular sect, Franklin said: "I do not desire it to be diminished. nor would I endeavour to lessen it in any man. But I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen it. I mean real good works, works of kindness, charity, mercy, and publick spirit; not holiday-keeping, sermon reading or hearing, performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments,-despis'd even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity. The worship of God is a duty, the hearing and reading of sermons may be useful; but if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself in being water'd and putting forth leaves, tho' it never produc'd any fruit."

As already indicated, Franklin was no sabbatarian, and during his early life set apart that day for study and writing. Later, when in France, he adopted the custom of the country and observed it as a fête-day, on which he entertained friends, went to the play or opera, played chess or cards, and made merry in other ways, to the no small scandalizing of the more puritanical Americans who saw or heard of the conduct of their commissioner and minister. He himself had no sympathy with the New England Sunday, and long before he went to France he had written to a Connecticut friend:

When I travelled in Flanders, I thought of your excessively strict observation of Sunday; and that a man could hardly travel on that day among you upon his lawful occasions without hazard of punishment; while, where I was, every one travelled, if he pleased, or diverted himself in any other way; and in the afternoon both high and low went to the play or the opera, where



ENGRAVED BY W. SHARP AFTER A PORTRAIT BY ROMNEY. FROM A PRINT IN THE POSSESSION OF E. G. KENNEDY.

there was plenty of singing, fiddling, and dancing. I looked around for God's judgments, but saw no signs of them. The cities were well built and full of inhabitants, the markets filled with plenty, the people well favored and well clothed, the fields well tilled, the cattle fat and strong, the fences, houses, and windows all in repair, and no Old Tenor [i. e., paper money] anywhere in the country; which would almost make one suspect that the Deity is not so angry at that offence as a New England Justice.

As can readily be conceived, Franklin's non-attendance at church and his general disrespect for doctrinal religion were a sore trial to his Puritan family, and several of them argued and remonstrated with him

on the error of his ways. To his father and mother he replied:

You both seem concerned lest I have imbibed some erroneous opinions. Doubtless I have my share; and when the natural weakness and imperfection of human understanding is considered, the unavoidable influence of education, custom, books, and company upon our ways of thinking, I imagine a man must have a good deal of vanity who believes, and a good deal of boldness who affirms, that all the doctrines he holds are true, and all he rejects are false. And perhaps the same may be justly said of every sect, church, and society of men, when they assume to themselves that infallibility which they deny to the Pope and councils.

I think opinions should be judged of by their

influences and effects; and if a man holds none that tend to make him less virtuous or more vicious, it may be concluded he holds none that are or an Arian is, I cannot say that I very well know dangerous; which I hope is the case with me.

my account; and if it were a thing possible for suffered when orthodoxy is more regarded than

My mother grieves that one of her sons is an Arian, another an Arminian. What an Arminian The truth is I make such distinctions very little I am sorry you should have any uneasiness on my study. I think vital religion has always



LORD LE DESPENSER. FROM A PRINT IN THE POSSESSION OF PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

one to alter his opinions in order to please another, I know none whom I ought more willingly to oblige in that respect than yourselves. But since it is no more in a man's power to think than to look like another, methinks all that should be expected from me is to keep my mind open to conviction, to hear patiently and examine attentively whatever is offered me for that end; and, if after all I continue in the same errors, I believe your usual charity will induce you to rather pity and excuse, than blame me. In the mean time your care and concern for me is what I am very thankful for.

virtue; and the Scriptures assure me that at the last day we shall not be examined what we thought, but what we did; and our recommendation will not be that we said, Lord! Lord! but that we did good to our fellow creatures. See Matt. xxv.

In much the same vein he answered a chiding letter from his favorite sister. "There are some things in your New England doctrine and worship," he told her, "which I do not agree with; but I do not therefore condemn them, or desire to shake your belief or

would only have you make me the same allowance, and have a better opinion both of morality and your brother. . . . When you judge of others, if you can perceive the fruit to be good, don't terrify yourself that the tree may be evil; but be assured it is not so, for you know who has said, 'Men do not gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles.

All through life Franklin preached this religion of works, and not of doctrine. In one of his letters he imagines a man at the gates of heaven, and applying for entrance on the ground that he was a Presbyterian. "What is that?" demands St. Peter, and when he is told, says, "We don't have any here." So in succession the applicant mentions different religions, but each time is rebuffed with the information that there are none of that persuasion in heaven. Finally, the man sees his wife through the gate, and claims that if she is there, so he should be, for they were of the same religion on earth. "Oh," said St. Peter, "why did n't you say that you were a Christian, to begin with?" Another tale which Franklin wrote for a French abbé, though an apparent contradiction, in truth had the same moral:

An officer named Montresor, a worthy man, was very ill. The curate of his parish, thinking him likely to die, advised him to make his peace with God, that he might be received into Paradise. "I have not much uneasiness on the subject, Montresor, "for I had a vision last night which has perfectly tranquillized my mind." "What vision have you had?" said the good priest. "I was," replied Montresor, "at the gate of Paradise, with a crowd of people who wished to enter, and St. Peter inquired of every one what religion he was of. One answered, 'I am a Roman Catholic.' 'Well,' said St. Peter, 'enter, and take your place there among the Catholics.' Another your place there among the Catholics.' Another said he was of the Church of England. 'Well,' said the Saint, 'enter, and place yourself there among the Anglicans.' A third said he was a Quaker. 'Enter,' said St. Peter, 'and take your place among the Quakers.' At length my turn being come, he asked me of what religion I was. 'Alas!' said I, 'poor Jacques Montresor has none.' "T is a pity,' said the Saint; 'I know not where to place you; but enter nevertheless, and place yourself where you can.'

As this would indicate, Franklin had that rarest kind of tolerance which tolerates the opinions of others, and though he laughingly asserted that "Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is your doxy," his whole life was one contradiction of the epigram, for

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practice of them. We may dislike things the faith or lack of faith of his circle of that are nevertheless right in themselves. I friends ranged from the most doctrinal of ministers to the most radical of free-thinkers. For such rigid Puritans as the Rev. Drs. Cooper and Mather of Boston, for the enthusiast Whitefield, for the Anglican Bishop of St. Asaph, and for the Abbés de La Roche and Morellet he showed as much affection and respect as he did for Hume, Lord Le Despenser, Thomas Paine, and others closer in accord with his own views. Nor was it ever a one-sided regard. No man in Pennsylvania exercised such influence over the Quakers. Massachusetts made him her agent in Great Britain, and he served her faithfully, even to the defending of her religious intolerance against English criticism. In France the papal nuncio consulted him frequently and followed his advice in the changes the Revolutionary War made possible or necessary in the Catholic Church in America. Absolutely unsectarian as he was, Franklin apparently was trusted by all sects, and he seems never to have refused a service that he could render any one of them. Some few special incidents are worth noting as throwing light on the attitude of the man.

In 1739 the Rev. George Whitefield, the itinerant, came to America, and "was at first permitted to preach in some of the churches; but the clergy taking a dislike to him soon refus'd him their pulpits, and he was oblig'd to preach in the fields. . . . It being found inconvenient to assemble in the open air, subject to its inclemencies, the building of a house to meet in was no sooner propos'd and persons appointed to receive contributions but sufficient sums were soon receiv'd to procure the ground and erect the building, which was one hundred feet long and seventy broad, about the size of Westminster Hall." Of this building Franklin was made a trustee, and undoubtedly he was largely responsible for the liberality which dedicated it to

The use of any preacher of any religious per-suasion who might desire to say something to the people of Philadelphia; the design . . . not being to accommodate any particular sect, but the inhabitants in general; so that even if the Mufti of Constantinople were to send a missionary to preach Mohammedanism to us, he would find a pulpit at his service.

Franklin relates that Whitefield "us'd, indeed, sometimes to pray for my conversion, but he never had the satisfaction of believing that his prayers were heard. Ours was a mere civil friendship, sincere on both sides,

and lasting to his death." He adds an incident which "will show something of the terms on which we stood." Having asked Whitefield to make his home with him while in Philadelphia, "he reply'd that if I made that kind offer for Christ's sake I should not miss of a reward. And I returned: 'Don't let me be mistaken; it was not for Christ's sake, but for your own sake.' One of our common acquaintance jocosely remark'd, that, knowing it to be the custom of the saints, when they

received any favour. to shift the burden of the obligation from off their own shoulders, and place it in heaven, I had contriv'd to fix it on

earth."

A would-be service on behalf of episcopacy had, if anything, even less religious feeling in it. In 1770 Lord Le Despenser, one of King George's privy councilors, was made ioint Postmaster-General of Great Despite Britain. these public offices. he was best known to his own generation as "the Abbot" the famous " Monks of Medmenham," a club the purposes and meetings of which, modeled upon those of the ancients, were at once the most libertine and the most impious known to modern times, no immorality or blas-

a task, undertook the reformation of the Book of Common Prayer. As Postmaster-General for America, Franklin was thrown into close relations with his chief, and, becoming a friend as well, visited Lord Le Despenser at his country house. His host begged his aid in the revision of the Prayer-book, asking Franklin to take as his share

The Catechism and the reading and singing Psalms. These I abridged by retaining of the Catechism only the two questions: What is your duty to God? What is your duty to your neighbor? with answers. The Psalms were much contracted by leaving out the repetitions (of which I found more than I could have imagined) and the imprecations, which appeared not to suit well the Christian doctrine of forgiveness of injuries and doing good to enemies. The book was printed for Wilkie, in St. Paul's Churchyard, but never much noticed. Some were given away, very few sold,

and I suppose the bulk became waste paper.

DEFENCE Of the Rev. Mr. Hampbill's OBSERVATIONS: OR, AN NSW TO'THE VINDICATION of the Reverend COMMISSION. cu. I. q. and iv. 7. Noich Genealigies, which minister g. which is in Fateb. PHILADELPHIA

TITLE-PAGE OF ONE OF FRANKLIN'S PAMPHLETS ON THE HEMPHILL CONTROVERSY. IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

TheAnglicanChurch did not take kindly to an improvement from such a source: but in America. where the book was known as "Franklin's Praver-book." it attracted attention, and when, after the separation, the Episcopal Church in this country set to work to frame a ritual, the clergymen who prepared the proposed Prayerbook studied this abridgment care, and adopted certain ideas from it.

A traveling companion in Franklin's journey to Canada in 1776 was the Rev. John Carroll of Maryland, the Continental Congress requested having him to go with their commissioners, the hope that, as a Roman Catholic

phemy being too gross for their orgies. priest, he would exercise particular influ-The baron, apparently thinking his own ence with the French Canadians. No such reformation either impossible or too great result was attained, but he and Franklin formed a warm friendship, which was made the more lasting by Carroll's attention when the exposure and fatigue of the trip broke down Franklin's health. The service in time was rewarded, for when Franklin was applied to by the papal nuncio at Paris to name the man best fitted to be the first Roman Catholic bishop of America, he named Carroll, who received the appointment.

With this same nuncio was partly transacted an affair which well illustrates not merely how little value Franklin placed upon forms and creeds, but how little he appreciated the value set upon them by others. Two young American clergymen wrote to him in 1784 that the Archbishop of Canterbury had refused to ordain them ministers of the Episcopal Church unless they would first take the oath of allegiance to Great Britain, and besought his assis-

tance. Franklin then asked the nuncio if he would not ordain them, but was told "the thing is impossible unless the gentlemen become Catholics." Franklin therefore advised them, first, that they become Presbyterians, and next, if that did not suit them. they ordain that themselves; and, as usual, he ends his advice with an argument and a story to illustrate the absurdof Americans looking Great Britain for ordination:

If the British Islands were sunk in the sea (and the surface of this globe has suffered greater changes), you would probably take some such method as this; and, if they persist in denying you ordination, it is the same thing. A hundred

years hence, when people are more enlightened, it will be wondered at that men in America, qualified by their learning and piety to pray for and instruct their neighbors, should not be permitted to do it till they had made a voyage of six thousand miles out and home, to ask leave of a cross old gentleman at Canterbury, who seems, by your account, to have as little regard for the souls of the people of Maryland as King William's Attorney-General, Seymour, had for those of Virginia. The Reverend Commissary Blair, who projected the college of that province, and was in England to solicit benefactions and a charter, relates that the queen, in the king's absence, having ordered Seymour to draw up the charter, which was to

be given, with two thousand pounds in money, he opposed the grant, saying that the nation was engaged in an expensive war, that the money was wanted for better purposes, and he did not see the least occasion for a college in Virginia. Blair represented to him that its intention was to educate and qualify young men to be ministers of the Gospel, much wanted there, and begged Mr. Attorney would consider that the people of Virginia had souls to be saved, as well as the people of England. "Souls!" said he, "damn your souls! Make tobacco!"

A friendship begun in London was that with Thomas Paine, and when the vet unknown man emigrated to America, he carried letters of recommendation from Franklin to various Philadelphians. Their relations, upon Franklin's return to America in 1775, were intimate enough to have the public believe for a time "Common that Sense" was really from Franklin's pen, and only pretendedly written by Paine; and though the crude style of the pamphlet should have prevented the rumor from gaining currency. Franklin was in a manner concerned. for he had read over the manuscript and had suggested changes in it. Ten years later Paine also submitted to

ABRIDGEMENT

THE BOOK OF

COMMON PLAYER,

And Administration of the

SACRAMENTS,

AND OTHER

Rites and Ceremonics

OR TORK

CHURCH,

FROM CHUR

TITLE-PAGE OF LE DESPENSER'S AND FRANKLIN'S ABRIDGMENT OF THE PRAYER-BOOK. FROM THE COPY IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

him the first draft of the "Age of Reason," and the advice Franklin gave him is worthy of full quotation:

I have read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundations of all religion. For, without the belief of a Providence that takes cognisance of, guards, and guides, and may favor particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear his displeasure, or to pray for his protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present I shall only give you my

opinion that, though your reasons are subtile, and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject, and the consequence of printing this piece will be, a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you, and no benefit to others. He that spits

against the wind spits in his own face.

But were you to succeed, do you imagine any good would be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life, without the assistance afforded by religion; you having a clear perception of the advantage of virtue, and the disadvantages of vice, and possessing a strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and of inexperienced, inconsiderate youth of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes habitual, which is the great point for its security. And perhaps you are indebted to her originally, that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother.

I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person, whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification by the enemies it may raise against you, and perhaps a great deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked with religion, what would

they be if without it?

Certainly Paine later had good reason to appreciate the shrewdness and good sense of this advice, for, as Poor Richard had long before declared, "Talking against religion is unchaining the Tyger; the Beast let loose

may worry his Deliverer."

Franklin, however, drew a great distinction between a man who attacked the religion of others and a man who merely declared his own honest convictions. "Remember me affectionately to good Dr. Price and the honest heretic Dr. Priestley," he once requested of a correspondent, adding:

I do not call him honest by way of distinction, for I think all the heretics I have known have been virtuous men. They have the virtue of fortitude, or they would not venture to own their heresy; and they cannot afford to be deficient in any of the other virtues, as that would give advantage to their enemies; and they have not, like orthodox sinners, such a number of friends to

excuse or justify them. Do not, however, mistake me. It is not to my good friend's heresy that I impute his honesty. On the contrary, it is his honesty that has brought upon him the character of heretic.

Franklin's belief in the value of religion was illustrated in the Federal Convention of 1787. At a certain stage of the discussion, the differences of opinion which had developed were apparently irreconcilable and threatened to put an end to the gathering. He thereupon made his famous motion for prayers, and when it was voted down, he indorsed on the manuscript, in either surprise or indignation: "The Convention, except three or four Persons, thought Prayers un-

necessary!!" As already mentioned, Franklin as early as 1728 had composed his own prayer-book, and in his "scheme of employment for the twentyfour hours of a natural day" he began his day: "Rise, wash, and address Powerful Goodness!" Poor Richard, too, told his readers they ought to "Work as if you were to live 100 years, pray as if you were to die to-morrow." Less seriously, Franklin wrote, apropos of a New England clergyman's prayer against a French garrison: "Father Moody's prayers look tolerably modest. You have a fast and prayer day for that purpose; in which I compute five hundred thousand petitions were offered up to the same effect in New England, which, added to the petitions of every family morning and evening, multiplied by the number of days since January 25th, make forty-five millions of prayers; which, set against the prayers of a few priests in the garrison, to the Virgin Mary, give a vast balance in your favor." Some advice, too, that he gave the chaplain of his regiment, in his brief command on the frontier, and which he thought worthy to embody in his autobiography, is even more humorous:

We had for our chaplain a zealous Presbyterian minister, Mr. Beatty, who complained to me that the men did not generally attend his prayers and exhortations. When they enlisted, they were promised, besides pay and provisions, a gill of rum a day, which was punctually serv'd out to them, half in the morning, and the other half in the evening; and I observ'd they were as punctual in attending to receive it; upon which I said to Mr. Beatty: "It is, perhaps, below the dignity of your profession to act as steward of the rum, but if you were to deal it out and only just after prayers, you would have them all about you." He liked the tho't, undertook the office, and, with the help of a few hands to measure out the liquor, executed it to satisfaction, and never were prayers

more generally and more punctually attended; so self as conferring favours, but as paying debts. attendance on divine service.

A PAGE FROM FRANKLIN'S MOTION FOR PRAYERS IN THE FEDERAL CON-VENTION. IN THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON.

Franklin was able to joke thus because he himself placed works far above worship, and he made Poor Richard remark: "Serving God is doing good to Man, but praying is thought an easier serving, and therefore most generally chosen." Yet he did not think that the most altruistic life entitled one to immortality.

For my own part [he wrote], when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon my-

that I thought this method preferable to the pun- In my travels and since my settlement I have ishment inflicted by some military laws for non-received much kindness from men, to whom I shall never have any opportunity of making the

least direct return, and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. These kindnesses from men I can therefore only return on their fellow-men; and I can only show my gratitude for those mercies from God, by a readiness to help his other children and my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and compliments tho' repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less those to our Creator.

You will see in this my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting (as you suppose) that I shall ever merit heaven by them. By heaven we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree and eternal in duration. I can do nothing to deserve such reward. He that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed, imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world are rather from God's goodness than our merit; how much more such happiness in heaven. For my own part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, nor the ambition to desire it; but content myself in submitting to the will and disposal of that God who made me, who hitherto preserv'd and bless'd me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well confide, that he

will never make me miserable, and that even the afflictions I may at any time suffer shall tend to my benefit.

This conviction is constantly reiterated in his writings. When Whitefield expressed a hope for his "eternal" as well as his tem-poral happiness, Franklin wrote back: "I have myself no doubt, that I shall enjoy as much of both as is proper for me. That Being, who gave me existence, and through

almost three-score years has been continually showering his favors upon me, whose very chastisements have been blessings to me; can I doubt that he loves me? And if he loves me, can I doubt that he will go on to take care of me, not only here but hereafter? This to some may seem presumption; to me it appears the best grounded hope; hope of the future built on experience of the past." He even found in the evil of the world further reason for his faith:

I find in this life there are many troubles. But it appears to me also that there are many more pleasures. This is why I love to live. One must not blame Providence inconsiderately. Reflect on how many of our duties even she has made to be pleasures naturally; and has had the further kindness to give the name of sin to several so that we may enjoy them with more relish!

Franklin expressed this same opinion with some bitterness in a letter which touched upon the Revolutionary War, and the power by which a "single man [George III] in England who happens to love blood and to hate Americans" should have been permitted to destroy "near one hundred thousand human creatures." "I wonder at this, but I cannot therefore part with the comfortable belief of a Divine Providence; and the more I see the impossibility, from the number and extent of his crimes, of giving equivalent punishment to a wicked man in this life, the more I am convinced of a future state, in which all that here appears to be wrong shall be set right, all that is crooked made straight. In this faith let you and me, my dear friend, comfort ourselves; it is the only comfort, in the present dark scene of things, that is allowed us." But he was too much of a scientist to base his belief solely on such abstractions, and his chief argument has a touch of modernity that is very striking:

You see I have some reason to wish that, in a future state, I may not only be as well as I was, but a little better. And I hope it; for I, too, with your poet, trust in God. And when I observe that there is great frugality as well as wisdom in his works, since he has been evidently sparing both of labor and materials, for by the various inventions of propagation he has provided for the continual peopling his world with plants and animals, without being at the trouble of repeated new creations; and by the natural reduction of compound substances to their original elements, capable of being employed in new compositions, he has prevented the necessity of creating new matter; so that the earth, water, air, and perhaps fire, which, being compounded from wood, do, when the wood is dissolved, return, and again become air, earth,

fire, and water;—I say that when I see nothing annihilated, and not even a drop of water wasted, I cannot suspect the annihilation of souls, or believe that he will suffer the daily waste of millions of minds ready made that now exist, and put himself to the continual trouble of making new ones. Thus finding myself to exist in the world, I believe I shall, in some shape or other, always exist; and, with all the inconveniences human life is liable to, I shall not object to a new edition of mine; hoping, however, that the errata of the last may be corrected.

Thus convinced of unending life, Franklin. who in his early years had, through Poor Richard, so enforced the wickedness of squandering time, "for that 's the stuff life is made of," became less saving of his hours. "I have indeed now and then," he says, late in life, of card-playing, "a little compunction in reflecting that I spend time so idly; but another reflection comes to relieve me, whispering: 'You know that the soul is immortal; why then should you be such a niggard of a little time, when you have a whole eternity before you?' So, being easily convinced, and, like other reasonable creatures, satisfied with a small reason, when it is in favor of doing what I have a mind to, I shuffle the cards again, and begin another game.

Not quite six weeks before his death, at the request of a friend, he wrote out what he had come to believe:

You desire to know something of my religion. It is the first time I have been questioned upon it, but I cannot take your curiosity amiss and shall endeavor in a few words to gratify it. Here is my creed. I believe in one God, the Creator of the Universe. That he governs it by his Providence. That he ought to be worshipped. The most acceptable service we render to him is doing good to his other children. The soul of man is immortal and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion, and I regard them, as you do, in whatever sect I meet with them.

As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think his system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw, or is like to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his divinity; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making his doctrines more

respected and more observed; especially as I do not perceive that the Supreme takes it amiss, by distinguishing the unbelievers in his government of the world with any peculiar mark of displeasure.

I shall only add, respecting myself, that, having experienced the goodness of that Being in conducting me prosperously through a long life, I have no doubt of its continuance in the next, though without the smallest conceit of meriting such goodness.

This was written while Franklin was suffering almost constant physical torture, which he endured, so an eye-witness tells us, "with that calm fortitude which characterised him through life. No repining, no peevish expression, ever escaped him during a confinement of two years, in which, I believe, if every moment of ease could be added together, would not amount to two whole months. . . . Even when the intervals from pain were so short that his words were frequently interrupted, I have known him to hold a discourse in a sublime strain of piety. . . . It is natural for us to wish that an attention to some ceremonies had accompanied that religion of the heart which I am convinced Dr. Franklin always possessed; but let us who feel the benefit of them, continue to practise them, without thinking lightly of that piety, which could support pain without a murmur, and meet death without terror." In a letter of con- Adieu.

dolence which Franklin wrote to a relative on the death of his brother, he said:

It is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he be dead. Why then should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals, a

new member added to their society?

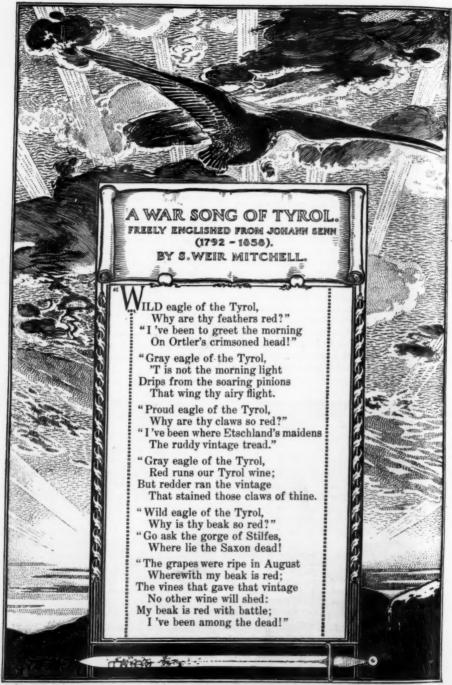
We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled painful limb which cannot be restored we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body, parts at once with all pains and possibilities of pains and diseases which it was liable to or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure, which is to last for ever. His chair was ready first, and he is gone before us. We could not all conveniently start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are so soon to follow, and know where to find him?

(To be continued.)



Mereworth Castle in Kent, the Seat of Lord Despenser FROM "A NEW DISPLAY OF THE BEAUTIES OF ENGLAND" (1776).



VIA CRUCIS.1

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

IX.

GILBERT lodged at the sign of the Lion, over against the tower of Nona, by the bridge of Sant' Angelo. The inn was as old as the times of Charlemagne, when it had been named in honor of Pope Leo, who had crowned him emperor. But the quarter was at that time in the hands of the great Jewish race of Pierleoni, whose first antipope, Anacletus, had not been dead many years, and who, though they still held the castle and many towers and fortresses in Rome, had not succeeded in imposing the antipope Victor upon the Roman people, against the will of Bernard of Clairvaux.

Rome lay along the river in those days, like wreckage and scum thrown up on the shore of a wintry sea. Some twenty thousand human beings were huddled together in smoky huts, most of which were built against the outer walls and towers of the nobles' strongholds-a miserable population, living squalidly in terrible times, starving while the nobles fought with one another, rising now and ther like a vision of famine and sword to take back by force the right of life which force had almost taken from them. Gilbert wandered through the crooked, unpaved streets, in and out of gloomy courts and over desolate wastes and open places, the haunts of ravenous dogs and homeless cats that kept themselves alive on the choice pickings of the city's garbage. He went armed and followed by his men, as he saw that other gentlemen of his condition did. and when he knelt in a church to hear mass or to say a prayer, he was careful to kneel with his back to the wall or to a pillar, lest some light-handed worshiper should set a razor to his wallet-strings or his sword-belt.

At his inn, too, he lived in a state of armed defense against every one, including the host and the other guests; and the weekly settlement was a weekly battle between Dunstan, who paid his master's scores,

the little Tuscan interpreter, and Ser Clemente, the innkeeper, in which the Tuscan had the most uncomfortable position, finding himself placed buffer-like between the honest man and the thief, and exposed to equally hard hitting from both. Rome was poor and dirty, and a den of thieves, murderers, and all malefactors, dominated alternately by a family of half-converted Jews, who terrorized the city from strong points of vantage, and then on other days by the mob that followed Arnold of Brescia when he appeared in the city, and who would have torn down stone walls with their bare hands at his merest words, as they would have faced the barons steel with naked breast. At such times men left their tasks-the shoemaker his last, the smith his anvil, the crooked tailor his bench-to follow the Northern monk to the Capitol, or to some church where he was to speak to them; and after the men came the women, and after the women the children, all drawn along by the mysterious attraction which they could neither understand nor resist. The tramping of many feet made a dull bass to the sound of many human voices, high and low, crying out lustily for "Arnold, a senate, and the Roman republic," and then taking up the song of the day, which was a ballad of liberty, in a long minor chant that broke into a jubilant major in the burden-the sort of song the Romans have always made in time of change, the kind of ballad that goes before the end of a kingdom, like a warning voice of fate.

On such days, when the mob went howling and singing after the idol, southward to the Capitol or even to the far Lateran, where Marcus Aurelius sat upon his bronze horse watching the ages go by, then Gilbert loved to wander in the opposite direction, across the castle bridge and under the haunted battlements of Sant' Angelo, where evil Theodora's ghost walked on autumn nights when the south wind blew, and through the

long wreck of the fair portico that had once led from the bridge to the basilica, till he came to the broad flight of steps leading to the walled garden court of old St. Peter's. There he loved to sit musing among the cypresses, wondering at the vast bronze pine-cone and the great brass peacocks which Symmachus had brought thither from the ruins of Agrippa's baths, wherein the terrible Crescenzi had fortified themselves during more than a hundred years. Sitting there alone, while Dunstan puzzled his scanty learning over deep-cut inscriptions of long ago, and Alric, the groom, threw his dagger at a mark on one of the cypress-trees, hundreds of times in succession, and rarely missing his aim, then, in the silence which he loved, he felt that the soul of Rome had taken hold of his soul, and that in Rome it was good to live for the sake of dreaming, and that dreaming itself was life. The past, with his mother's sins, his own sorrows, the friendship of the boy Henry, the love of Queen Eleanor, were all infinitely far removed and dim. The future. once the magic mirror in which he had seen displayed the glory of knightly deeds which he was to do, was taken up like a departing vision into the blue Roman sky. Only the present remained, the idle, thoughtful, halfnarcotic present, with a mazy charm no man. could explain, seeing that, so far as any bodily good was concerned, there was less comfort to be got from money, more fever to be taken for nothing, and a larger element of danger in every-day life in Rome than in any city Gilbert had traversed in his wanderings. Yet he lingered, and loved it rather for what it denied him than for what it gave him, for the thoughts it called up rather than for the sights it offered, for that in it which was unknown, and therefore dear to dwell upon, rather than for the sadness and the darkness and the evil that all men might

But through all he felt, and in all he saw, welding and joining the whole together, there was the still fervor of that something which he had at first known in Sheering Abbey—something to which everyfiber of his nature responded, and which, indeed, was the mainspring of the world in that age. For devotion was then more needful than bread, and it profited a man more to fight against unbelievers for his soul's sake than to wear hollows in altar-steps with his knees, or to forget his own name and put off his own proper character and being, as a nameless unit in a great religious order.

At first the enormous disappointment of Rome had saddened and hurt him. He had fancied that where there was no head there could be no house, that where the leader was gone the army must scatter and be hewn in pieces. But as he stayed on, from week to week and from month to month, he learned to understand that the church had never been more alive, more growing, and more militant than at that very time when the true and rightful pontiffs were made outcasts one after the other, while their places, earthly and spiritual, were given to instruments of feud and party. For the church was the world, while Rome meant seven or eight thousand half-starved and turbulent ruffians, with their wives and chirdren, eager always for change, because it seemed that no change could be for the worse.

But in the ancient basilica of St. Peter there was peace: there the white-haired priests solemnly officiated in the morning and at noon, and toward evening more than a hundred rich voices of boys and men sang the vesper psalms in the Gregorian tones: there slim youths in velvet and white swung silver censers before the high altar, and the incense floated in rich clouds upon the sunbeams that fell slanting to the ancient floor; there, as in many a minster and cloister of the world, the church was still herself, as she was, and is, and always will be; there words were spoken and solemn prayers intoned which had been familiar to the lips of the apostles, which are familiar to our lips and ears to-day, and of which we are sure that lips unborn will repeat them to centuries of generations. Gilbert, type of Christian layman in the days when the church was all one, knelt in the old cathedral, and chanted softly after the choir, and breathed the incense-laden air that seemed as natural to him as ever the hay-scented breeze of summer had been, and he was infinitely refreshed in soul and body. But then again, alone in his room at the Lion Inn, late in the night, when he had been poring over the beautifully written copy of Boethius given him by the Abbot of Sheering, he often opened wide the wooden shutters of his window and looked out at the castle and at the flowing river that eddied and gleamed in the moonlight. Then life rose before him in a mystery for him to solve by deeds, and he knew that he was not to dream out his years in the shadowy city, and the strong old instinct of his race bade him go forth and cut his fortune out of the world's flank alive.

Then his blood rose in his throat, and his hands hardened one upon the other, as he leaned over the stone sill and drew the night air sharply between his closed teeth; and he resolved then to leave Rome and to go on in search of strange lands and masterful deeds. On such nights, when the wind blew down the river in the spring, it brought to him all the hosts of fancy, spirit armies, ghost knights, and fairy maidens, and the forecast shadows of things to come. There was a tragic note also; for on his right, as he looked, there rose the dark tower of Nona, and from the highest turret he could clearly see in the moonlight how the long, rain-bleached rope hung down and swayed in the breeze, and the noose at the end of it softly knocked upon the tower wall; but more than once, when he had looked out in the morning, he had seen a corpse hanging there by the neck, stiff and grim.

When the spring day dawned and the birds sang at his window, and when, looking out, he felt the breath of the sweet South and saw that Rome smiled again, then his resolutions failed, and instead of bidding Dunstan pack his armor and his fine clothes for a journey, he made his men mount and ride with him to the far regions of the city. Often he loitered away the afternoon in the desolate regions of the Aventine, riding slowly from one lonely church to another, and sometimes spending an hour in conversation with a solitary priest who, by living much alone and among inscriptions and old carvings, had gathered a little more learning than was common among the unlettered

He met with no adventures: for though the highways in the country swarmed with robbers always on the watch for a merchant's train or for a rich traveler, yet within the city's limits, small as was the authority of the senate and of the sheriff, thieves dared not band together in numbers, and no two or three of them would have cared to come to blows with Gilbert and his men.

Romans.

Nor did he make friends in Rome. His first intention had been to present himself to the principal baron in the city, as a traveler of good birth, and to request the advantages of friendship and protection; and so he would have done in any other European city. But he had soon learned that Rome was far behind the rest of the world in the social practices of chivalry, and that in placing himself under a Roman baron's protection he would, to all intents and purposes, be taking service instead of accepting he argued; instead of joining Arnold in his

hospitality. Even so, he might have been willing to take such a position for the sake of adventure; yet he could by no means make up his mind to a choice between the half-Jewish Pierleoni and the rough-mannered Frangipani. To the red-handed Crescenzi he would not go; the Colonna of that time were established on the heights of Tusculum, and the Orsini, friends to the pope, had withdrawn to distant Galera, in the fever-haunted marsh northwest of Rome.

But here and there he made the acquaintance of a priest or a monk whose learned conversation harmonized with his thoughts and helped the grave illusion in whichperhaps out of sheer idleness-he loved to think himself back in the abbey in England. So he led a life unlike the lives around him, and many of the people in the quarter learned to know him by sight, and called him and his men "the English"; and as most of the people of Rome were very much occupied with their own affairs, chiefly evil, Gilbert was allowed to live as he pleased. But for the fact that even his well-filled purse must in the course of time be exhausted, he might have chosen to spend the remainder of his life in the Lion Inn, by the bridge, carelessly meditative and simply happy. But forces were at work to guide his life into other channels, and he had reckoned ill when he had fancied, being himself unmoved, that the love of such a woman as Queen Eleanor was a mere incident without consequence, forgotten like a flower of last year's blossoming.

Several times during the winter and in the spring that followed, the friar Arnold came to see him in his lodgings, and talked of the great things that were coming, of the redemption of man by the tearing down of all sovereign power, whether of pope or emperor or king or prince, to make way for the millennium of a universal republic. Then the man's burning eyes flashed like beacons, his long arms made sudden and wild gestures, his soft brown hair stood from his head as though lifted by a passing breeze, and his whole being was transfigured in the flash of his own eloquence. When he spoke to the Romans with that voice and with that look, they rose quickly to a tumult, as the sea under a Southern gale, and he could guide them, in their storming, to ends of destruction and terror. But there was no drop of Southern blood in Gilbert's veins, nor anything to which the passionate Italian's eloquence appealed. Instead of catching fire,

attempt to turn the world into a republic. he was more and more persuaded of the excellence of all that he had left behind him in the North. He incarnated that aristocratic temper which has in all times, since Duke William crossed the water, leavened the strong mass of the Anglo-Saxon character, balancing its rude democratic strength with the keenness of a higher physical organization and the nobility of a more disinterested daring, and again and again rousing the English-speaking races to life and conquest, when they were deep-sunk in the sordid interests of trade and money-making. So when Arnold talked of laws and institutions which should again make Rome the mistress of the world, Gilbert answered him by talking of men who had the strength to take the world and be its masters and make it obey whatsoever laws they saw fit to impose. Between the two there was the everlasting difference between theory and action; and though it chanced that just then Arnold, the dreamer, was in the lead of change and revolution, while Gilbert, the fighter, was idling away weeks and months in a dream. yet the fact was the same, and in manly strength and inward simplicity of thought Gilbert Warde, the Norman, was far nearer to the man who made Rome imperial than was the eloquent Italian who built the mistress city of his thoughts out of ideas and theories, carved and hewn into shapes of beauty by the tremendous tools of his wit and his words. At the root of the great difference between the two there was the Norman's centralization of the world in himself, as being for himself, on the one hand, and, on the other, the Latin's power and readiness to forget himself in the imaginations of an ideal state.

"Men are talking of a second crusade," said Arnold, one day, when he and Gilbert had chanced to meet in the garden court of

Gilbert was standing with his back against one of the cypress-trees, watching the fiery monk with thoughtful eyes.

"They talk of crusades," said Arnold, stopping to face the young man. "They talk of sending hundreds of thousands of Christian men to die every death under God's sun in Palestine—for what? To save men? To lift up a race? To plant good, that good may grow? They go for none of those things. The sign on their breasts is the cross; the word on their lips is Christ; the thought in their hearts is the thought of

all your ruthless race—to take from others

and add to your own store; to take land, wealth, humanity, life, everything that can be taken from conquered man before he is left naked to die."

Gilbert did not smile, for he was wondering whether there were not some truth in the monk's accusation.

"Do you say this because Norman men hold half of your Italy?" he asked gravely. "Have they held it well or ill?"

"Ill," answered Arnold, fixing his eyes sharply on Gilbert's face. "But that is not the matter; some of them have helped me, too. There are good men and bad among Normans, as among Saracens."

"I thank you," said Gilbert, smiling now, in spite of himself.

"The devils also believe, and tremble," retorted Arnold, grimly quoting. "The taking of the South proves my words; it is not half my meaning. Men take the cross and give their lives for a name, a tradition, the sacred memories of a holy place. They will not give a week of their lives, a drop of their blood, for their fellow-men, nor for the beliefs that alone can save the world."

"And what are those beliefs?" asked Gil-

Arnold paused before he replied, and as he lifted his face it was full of light.

"Faith, hope, charity," he answered, and then, as his head drooped with a sudden look of hopelessness, he turned away with slow steps toward the great gate.

Gilbert did not change his position as he looked after him rather sadly. The man's perfect simplicity, his eagerness for the most lofty ideals, the spotless purity of his life, commanded Gilbert's most true admiration. Yet, to the Norman, Arnold of Brescia was but a dreamer, a visionary, and a madman. Gilbert could listen to him for a while, but then the terrible tension of the friar's thought and speech wearied him. Just now he was almost glad that his companion should depart so suddenly; but as he watched him he saw him stop, as if he had forgotten something, and then turn back, searching for some object in the bosom of his frock.

"I had forgotten what brought me here," said the friar, producing a small roll of parchment tied and bound together with thin leathern laces, and tied again with a string of scarlet silk to which was fastened a heavy leaden seal. "I have here a letter for you."

"A letter!" Gilbert showed a not unnatural surprise. He had never received a letter nary importance rarely sent or received mes-

sages except by word of mouth.

"I went to your lodging," replied the monk, handing Gilbert the parchment. "I guessed that I might find you here, where we have met before."

"I thank you," said Gilbert, turning the roll over in his hands as if hardly knowing what to do. "How came you by this?"

"Last night there came messengers from France," answered Arnold, "bringing letters for the senate and for me, and with them was this, which the messenger said had been delivered into his hand by the Queen of France, who had commanded him to find out the person to whom it was addressed, and had promised him a reward if he should succeed. I therefore told him that I would give it to you.'

Gilbert was looking at the seal. The heavy disk of lead through which the silken strings had been drawn was as large as the bottom of a drinking-cup and was stamped with the device of Aquitaine; doubtless the very one used by Duke William, for it bore the figures of St. George and the dragon. which Eleanor was afterward to hand down to English kings to this day. Gilbert tried to pull the silk cords through the lead, but the blow that had struck the die had crushed and jammed them firmly.

"Cut it," suggested the friar, and his

ascetic face relaxed in a smile.

Gilbert drew his dagger, which was a serviceable blade, half an ell long, as broad as a man's three fingers under the straight crosshilt, and as sharp as a razor on both edges, for Dunstan was a master at whetting. Gilbert cut the string and then the laces, and slipped the seal into his wallet, unrolling the stiff sheet till he found a short writing, some six or eight lines, not covering half the page, and signed "Eleonora R."

But when he had found the screed he saw that it was not to be read easily. Nevertheless, his eye lighted almost at once upon the name which of all others he should not have expected to find there-"Beatrix." There was no mistaking the letters, and presently he found them once again, and soon after

that the sense was clear to him.

"If this reach you," it said in moderately fair Latin, "greeting. I would that you make haste and come again to our castle in Paris. both because you shall at all times be welcome, and more especially now, and quickly, because the noble maiden Beatrix de Curboil is now at this court among my ladies, and is

in his life, and in those days persons of ordi- in great hope of seeing you, since she has left her father to be under my protection. Moreover, Bernard, the abbot, is preaching the cross in Chartres and other places, and is coming here before long, and to Vézelay. Beatrix greets you."

> "Can you tell me where I can find the messenger who brought you this?" asked Gilbert, looking up when he had at last

deciphered every word.

But Arnold was gone. The idea that an acquaintance whom he had been endeavoring to convert to republican doctrines should be in correspondence with one of those sovereigns against whom he so bitterly inveighed had finally disgusted him, and he had gone his way, if not in wrath, at least in displeasure. Seeing himself alone, Gilbert shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and began to walk up and down, reading the letter over and over. It was very short, but yet it contained so much information that he found some difficulty in adjusting his thoughts to what was an entirely new situation, and one which no amount of thinking could fully explain. He was far too simple to suppose that Eleanor had brought Beatrix to her court solely for the sake of luring him back to Paris. He therefore imagined the most complicated and absurd reasons for Queen Eleanor's letter. He told himself that he must have been mistaken from beginning to end; that the queen had never felt anything except friendship for him, but a friendship far deeper and more sincere than he had realized; and he was suddenly immensely grateful to her for her wish to build up happiness in his life. But then, again, she knew as well as he-or as well as he thought he knew-that the church would not easily consent to his union with Beatrix, and as he closed his eyes and recalled scenes of which the memories were still vivid and clear, the shadow that had chilled his heart in Paris rose again between him and Eleanor's face. and he distrusted her, and her kiss, and her letter, and her motives. Then, too, it seemed very strange to him that Beatrix should have left her father's house; for Arnold de Curboil had always loved her, and it did not occur to Gilbert that his own mother had made the girl's life intolerable. He was to learn that later, and when he knew it, he tasted the last and bitterest dregs of all. Nevertheless, he could not reasonably doubt the queen's word; he was positively certain that he should find Beatrix at the French court, and from the first he had not really hesitated about leaving at once. It seemed

diametrically opposed to all the good resolutions which had of late flitted through his ineffectual dreams like summer moths.

On the next day but one, early in the morning, Gilbert and his men rode slowly down the desolate Via Lata, and under Aurelian's arch, and past the gloomy tomb of Augustus on the left, held by the Count of Tusculum, and out at last upon the rolling Campagna, northward, by the old Flaminian Way.

JUNE was upon Italy, as a gossamer veil and a garland on the brow of a girl bride. The first sweet hay was drying in Tuscan valleys; the fig-leaves were spreading, and shadowing the watery fruit that begins to grow upon the crooked twigs before the leaves themselves, and which the people call "fig-blossoms," because the real figs come later; the fresh and silvery olive shoots had shed a snow-flurry of small white stars; the yellow holy thorn still blossomed in the rough places of the hills, and the blending of many wild flowers was like a maiden blush on the earth's soft bosom.

At early morning Gilbert rode along the crest of a low grassy hill that was still sheltered from the sun by the high mountains to eastward, and he drank in the cool and scented air as if it had been water of paradise, and he a man saved out of death to life by the draft. There was much peace in his heart, and a still security that he had not felt yet since he had seen his father lying dead before him. He knew not how it was, but he was suddenly sure that Beatrix loved him then the branches of nut-trees almost joined and had escaped to the court of France in the hope of finding him, and was waiting for him day by day. He was also sure that the church would not cut him off from her in the end, let the churchmen say what they would. Was not the Queen of France his friend? She would plead his case, and the pope would understand and take away the bar. He thought of these things, and he felt his hopes rising bright, like the steady sun.

He reached the end of the crest and drew rein before descending, and he looked down into the broad valley and the river winding in and out among trees, gleaming like silver out there in the sun beyond the narrowing shadow, where it was dark blue, and then, in places, as black as ink. The white road, broad and dusty, winding on to Florence, followed the changing river. Gilbert took his cap from his head and felt the coolness

to be the only possible course, though it was of the morning on his forehead and the gentle breath of the early summer in his fair hair; and then, sitting there in the deep silence, bareheaded, it seemed to him that he was in the very holy place of God's cathedral.

"'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding," he repeated softly and

almost involuntarily.

"'Now the God of peace be with you all.

Amen," answered Dunstan.

But there was a tone in his voice that made Gilbert look at him, and he saw on the man's face a quiet smile, as if something amused him, while the black eyes were fixed on a sight far away. Dunstan was pointing to what he saw; so Gilbert looked, too, and he perceived a gleaming, very far off, that moved slowly on the white road beside the shining river.

"They are expecting a fight to-day," said Gilbert, "for they are in mail, and their mule-

train is behind them."

"Shall we turn aside and ride up the mountain, to let them pass?" asked Dunstan. who could fight like a wildcat, but had also the cat's instinctive caution.

"It would be a pity not to see the fight," answered Gilbert, and he began to ride for-

ward down the descent.

The track was worn down to the depth of a man's height by the hoofs of the beasts that had trodden it for ages; and in places it was very narrow, so that two laden mules could hardly pass each other. Young chestnut shoots of three or four years' growth sprang up in thick green masses from the top of the bank on each side, and now and their broad leaves across the way, making a deep shade that was cool and smelled of fresh mold and green things. A little way down the hill a spring of water trickled into a small pool hollowed out by travelers, and the water overflowed and made thick black mud of the earth churned up with last year's dead leaves.

Gilbert let his horse stop to drink, and his men waited in single file to take their turn.

"Psst!" The peculiar hiss which Italians make to attract attention came sharp and distinct from among the low growth of the chestnut shoots.

Gilbert turned his head quickly in the direction of the sound. A swarthy face appeared, framed in a close leathern cap on which small rings of rusty iron were sewed strongly but not very regularly. Then a long left arm, clad in the same sort of mail,

pushed the lower boughs aside and made a a very old woman and a ragged little boy gesture in the direction whence Gilbert had come, which was meant to warn him back-a gesture of the flat hand, held across the breast with thumb hidden, just moving a little up and down.

"Why should I go back?" asked Gilbert,

in his natural voice.

Because yes," answered the dark man, in the common Italian idiom, and in a low tone. "Because we are waiting for the Florentines, certain of us of Pistoja, and we want no travelers in the way. And then-because,

if you will not-"

The right arm suddenly appeared, and in the hand was a spear, and the act was to run Gilbert through, unmailed as he was, and just below his adversary. But as Gilbert laid his hand upon his sword, looking straight at the man's eye, he very suddenly saw a strange sight; for there was a long arrow sticking through the head, the point out on one side and the feathers on the other. For a moment the man still looked out at him with eyes open; then, standing as he was, his body slowly bent forward upon itself as if curling up, and with a crash of steel it rolled down the bank into the pool of water, where the lance snapped under it.

quietly slipped to the ground and had strung his bow, suspecting trouble, and had laid an arrow to the string, waiting; and little Alric's aim was very sure; it was also the first time that he had shot a man, and he came of men who had been bowmen since Alfred's day, and before that, and had killed many, for generations, so that it was an instinct with them to slay with the bow.

"Well done, boy!" said Gilbert.

But his horse reared back, as the dead body fell splashing into the pool, and Alric quietly unstrung his bow again, and remounted to be ready. Then Gilbert would have ridden on, but Dunstan hindered him.

This fellow was but a sentinel," he said. "A little farther on you will find these woods filled with armed men waiting to surprise the riders we saw from above. Surely, I will die with you, sir; but we need not die like rats in a corn-bin. Let us ride up a little way again, and then skirt the woods and take the road where it joins the river, down in the valley."

"And warn those men of Florence that they are riding into an ambush," added Gil-

bert, turning his horse.

crept out of the bushes, with knives, and began to rob the dead man of his rusty mail

and his poor clothes.

Gilbert reached the road a long stone's throw beyond the last chestnut shoots, and galloped forward to meet the advancing knights and men-at-arms. He drew rein suddenly, a dozen lengths before them, and threw up his open right hand. They were riding leisurely, but all in mail, some having surcoats with devices embroidered thereon, and most of them with their heads uncovered, their steel caps and hoods of mail hanging at their saddle-bows.

"Sirs," cried Gilbert, in a loud, clear voice, "you ride to an ambush! The chestnut woods

are full of the men of Pistoja."

A knight who rode in front, and was the leader, came close to Gilbert. He was a man not young, with a dark, smooth face, as finely cut as the relief upon a shell, and his hair was short and iron-gray.

Gilbert told him what had happened in the woods, and the elderly knight listened quietly and thoughtfully, while examining Gilbert's face with half-unconscious keen-

ness.

"If you please," said the young man, "I For little Alric, the Saxon groom, had will lead you by the way I have ridden, and you may enter the bushes from above, and

fight at better advantage."

But the Florentine smiled at such simple tactics. To feel the breeze, he held up his right hand, which issued from a slit in the wrist of his mail, so that the iron mitten hung down loose; and the wind was blowing toward the woods. He called to his squire.

"Take ten men, light torches, and set

fire to those young trees."

The men got a cook's earthenware pot of coals, fed all day long with charcoal on the march, lest there should be no fire for the camp at night; and they lighted torches of pitched hemp rope, and presently there was a great smoke and a crackling of green branches. But the leader of the Florentines put on his steel cap and drew the mail hood down over his shoulders, while all the others who were bareheaded did the

"Sir." said the knight to Gilbert, "you should withdraw behind us, now that you have done us this great service. For presently there will be fighting here, and you are

unmailed."

"The weather is over warm for an iron So they rode up the hill; and scarcely coat," answered Gilbert, with a laugh. "But were they out of sight of the spring when if I shall not trespass upon the courtesies of

your country by thrusting my company upon rode side by side, the inscrutable black eves you, I will ride at your left hand, that you may the more safely slay with your right."

'Sir," answered the other, "you are a very courteous man. Of what country may you

"An Englishman, sir, and of Norman blood." He also told his name.

"Gino Buondelmonte, at your service," replied the knight, naming himself.

"Nay, sir," laughed Gilbert; "a knight cannot serve a simple squire."

"It is never shame for gentle-born to serve gentle-born," answered the other.

But now the smoke was driving the men of Pistoja out of the wood, and the hillside down which Gilbert had ridden was covered with men in mail, on horseback, and with footmen in leather and such poor armor as had been worn by the dead sentinel. Buondelmonte thrust his feet home in his wide stirrups, settled himself in the saddle, shortened his reins, and drew his sword, while watching all the time the movements of the enemy. Gilbert sat quietly watching them, too. As yet he had never ridden at a foe, though he had fought on foot, and he unconsciously smiled with pleasure at the prospect, trying to pick out the man likely to fall by his sword. In England, or in France, he would certainly have put on the good mail which was packed on the sumptermule's back; but here in the sweet Italian spring, in the morning breeze full of the scent of wild flowers and the humming of bees and the twittering of little birds, even fighting had a look of harmless play, and he felt as sure and secure in his cloth tunic as if it had been of woven steel.

The position of the Florentines was the better, for they had the broad homeward road behind them, in case of defeat; but the men of Pistoja, driven from the woods by the thick smoke and the burning of undergrowth, were obliged to scramble down a descent so steep that many of them were forced to dismount, and they then found themselves huddled together in a narrow strip of irregular meadow between the road and the foot of the stony hill. Buondelmonte saw his advantage. His sword shot up at arm'slength over his head, and his high, clear voice rang out in a single word of command.

In a moment the peace of nature was rent by the scream of war. Hoofs thundered, swords flashed, men yelled, and arrows shot through the great cloud of dust that rose suddenly as from an explosion. In the front of the charge the Italian and the Norman and the calm olive features beside the Norman's terrible young figure, with its white, glowing face and fair hair streaming on the wind, and wide, deep eyes like blue steel, and the quivering nostrils of the man

born for fight.

Short was the strife, and sharp, as the Florentines spread to right and left of their leader and pressed the foe back against the steep hill in the narrow meadow. Then Buondelmonte thrust out straight and sure. in the Italian fashion, and once the mortal wound was in the face, and once in the throat, and many times men felt it in their breasts through mail and gambeson and bone. But Gilbert's great strokes flashed like lightning from his pliant wrist, and behind the wrist was the Norman arm, and behind the arm the relentless pale face and the even lips, that just tightened upon each other as the death-blows went out, one by one, each to its place in a life. The Italian destroyed men skilfully and quickly, yet as if it were distasteful to him. The Norman slew like a bright destroying angel, breathing the swift and silent wrath of God upon mankind.

Blow upon blow with clash of steel, thrust after thrust as the darting of the serpents, till the dead lay in heaps, and the horses' hoofs churned blood and grass to a green-red foam, till the sword-arm waited high and then sank slowly, because there was none for it to strike, and the point rested among the close-sewn rings of mail on Buondelmonte's foot, and the thin streams of blood trickled down the dimmed blade.

'Sir," said Buondelmonte, courteously, "you are a marvelous fine swordsman, though you fence not in our manner, with the point. I am your debtor for the safety of my left side. Are you hurt, sir?'

"Not I!" laughed Gilbert, wiping his broad blade slowly on his horse's mane for lack of

anything better.

Then Buondelmonte looked at him again and smiled.

"You have won yourself a fair crest," he laughed, as he gazed at Gilbert's cap.

A crest?" Gilbert put up his hand, and uttered an exclamation as it struck against

a sharp steel point.

A half-spent arrow had pierced the top of his red cloth cap and was sticking there, like a woman's long hair-pin. He thought that if it had struck two inches lower, with a little more force, he should have looked as the man in the woods did, whom Alric had



OUL-TONE PLATE ENGAGED BY HENEY DEVIDEDS.

""THE WORD ON THEIR LIPS IS CHRIST."

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killed. He plucked the shaft from the stiff gave Dunstan a small purse of gold, and cloth with some difficulty, and, barely glaneing at it, tossed it away. But little Alric, who had left the guide to take care of the mules and had followed the charge on foot, picked up the arrow, marked it with his knife, and put it carefully into his leathern quiver, which he filled with the arrows he picked up on the grass till it would hold no more. Dunstan, who had ridden in the press with the rest, was looking among the dead for a good sword to take, his own being broken.

"Florence owes you a debt, sir," said Buondelmonte, an hour later, when they were riding back from the pursuit. "But for your warning, many of us would be lying dead in that wood. I pray you, take from the spoil, such as it is, whatsoever you desire. And if it please you to stay with us, the archbishop shall make a knight of you, for you

have won knighthood to-day."

But Gilbert shook his head, smiling

"Praised be God, I need nothing, sir," he answered. "I thank you for your courteous hospitality, but I cannot stay, seeing that I ride upon a lady's bidding. And as for a debt, sir, Florence has paid hers largely in giving me your acquaintance."

"My friendship, sir," replied Buondelmonte, not yielding in compliment to the

knightly youth.

a draft, and parted. But Buondelmonte the priest pray for me also."

a handful of silver to little Alric and the muleteer, and Gilbert rode away with his

men, and all were well pleased.

Yet when he was alone in the evening, a sadness and a horror of what he had done came over him; for he had taken life that day as a man mows down grass, in swaths. and he could not tell why he had slain, for he knew not the men who fought on the two sides, nor their difference. He had charged because he saw men charging, he had struck for the love of strife, and had killed because it was his nature to kill. But now that the blood was shed, and the sun, which had risen on life, was going down on death, Gilbert Warde was sorry for what he had done, and his brave charge seemed only a senseless deed of slaughter, for which he should rather have done penance than received knighthood.

"I am no better than a wild beast," he said, when he had told Dunstan what he felt. "Go and find out a priest to pray for those I have killed to-day." And he covered his brow with his hand as he sat at the sup-

"I go," answered the young man. "Yet it is a pleasant sight to see the lion weeping for pity over the calf he has killed."

"The lion kills that he may eat, and himself live," answered Gilbert, "and the men who fought to-day fought for a cause. But I smote for the wanton love of smiting that So they broke bread together and drank is in all our blood, and I am ashamed. Bid

(To be continued.)

SUNSETS.

BY IDA AHLBORN WEEKS.

MARKED the sunsets all the summer through, And in their flames of glory bathed my soul, As bathes the flower itself at night in dew, At morn with fragrance sweeter to unroll. Responsive to the sunset's splendor, I, Who in that vision asked for nothing more, Dreamed not that gracious nature, standing by, A human gift reserved for me in store, That, when my soul was level to its height, She would reveal, and, smiling down on me, Entreat me to accept the greater boon, As one who, faithful to the dying light, Is worthy of the dawn eye cannot see, A light beyond the sun and stars and moon.

ON THE WAY TO THE NORTH POLE.

THE WELLMAN POLAR EXPEDITION.

BY WALTER WELLMAN.

FRANZ-JOSEF-LAND, AUGUST 2, 1898.



HARMSWORTH HOUSE, CAPE TEGETTHOFF.

ERE at Cape Tegetthoff, Franz-Josef- far Northern habitations, such as the Greely Land, latitude 80.06° N. and longitude house at Lady Franklin Bay, Grinnell Land; 85° E. from Greenwich, the Wellman polar Lieutenant Peary's Anniversary Lodge in expedition has built-as these words are Greenland; the Pike house at Danes' Island, written, is living in-the most northerly the Nordenskjöld house at Mossel Bay, and inhabited house in the world. "Harmsworth the Wellman house at Walden Island, Spitz-House," as our hut is called, stands just five bergen. In Franz-Josef-Land are the Leigh hundred and ninety-four geographical miles Smith house at Bell Island and the Jackson from the pole. There are a number of other house at Cape Flora. Of all these houses of



IN THE CABIN OF THE "FRITHJOF."

man has pushed far within the polar zone, only two-those at Lady Franklin Bay and Walden Island, if, indeed, they are not now in ruins—are as near the pole as the modest little structure which we Americans have erected at what might be termed the southeast corner of the unknown region.

Every one of these rude structures has a history involved in the long, ever-continuing story of the fascination which arctic exploration has for man, and of the sacrifices and tragedies which attend its pursuit. From the Lady Franklin Bay house General Greely made his heroic but disastrous retreat to Cape Sabine, where official blundering at Washington and cowardice aboard reliefships sacrificed two thirds of his party. From Anniversary Lodge Lieutenant Peary led his gallant party to indescribable suffering and eventual defeat upon the Greenland ice-cap. At Walden Island the Wellman expedition of 1894 built the house from the timbers of the crushed Ragnvald Jarl. At Cape Flora, Leigh Smith, a cultivated Englishman who has done much for arctic exploration, saw his ship go to pieces in the ice, and being unable to reach his house at Bell Island, only twelve miles away, was compelled to winter in a rude hut of stones and

refuge or habitation which the energy of also, through the generosity of Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth of London, was established the splendid station at which Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen had their dramatic meeting with Mr. Jackson as they were retreating from their lair farther north. At the Pike house in Spitzbergen, Andrée and his two companions inflated their balloon in July, 1897, and sailed away northward on the most picturesque and sensational voyage of modern times.

When we came to Franz-Josef-Land in the good ship Frithjof, it was with a strong hope that Andrée and his comrades might be found here. If tidings of the aëronaut have been received from any other part of the world we are in ignorance thereof, and keen indeed was our disappointment when we failed to find him at Cape Flora. Andrée made his ascent July 11, and the last news of him was secured when a carrier-pigeon was shot near Walden Island, Spitzbergen, some days later. That pigeon had been despatched from the balloon July 13, and Andrée was then flying eastward along the eighty-second parallel of latitude, directly toward Franz-Josef-Land. Meteorologists explained that the balloon's failure to approach nearer the pole in the strong wind in which the ascent was made must be ascribed to the fact that earth, the ruins of which still remain. There, it was caught in a cyclonic or rotary storm.

remain affoat more than from eight to twelve days, and that the brave voyagers would be pretty sure to descend when they saw the black headlands of this region beneath them. Arctic men concurred in the opinion that. having once made a safe descent in or near this land, it would be a comparatively easy matter for the three men to make their way to Cape Flora, where they knew there was a house well stocked with provisions.

At three o'clock in the morning of July 28, we were steaming across the twelve miles of bay which separate Eira Harbor from Cape Flora. Our eagerness to reach this latter point and determine the fate of Andrée had led us to offer our skipper a goodly prize for beating all other ships, if there were others bent on the same errand. It led us now to urge him forward through the fog, which gathered thicker and thicker every moment. till it became so dense that it was impossible to see more than a ship's length ahead, and prompted the remark by Captain Kjeldsen, the veteran arctic navigator, that he could not understand why the walruses which we heard bellowing about us did not swim up in the fog to the skies. Every few moments, as we groped along, a white mass rose out of the gloom dead ahead, and we were compelled to run the propeller full speed astern

Aëronauts agreed that the air-ship could not in order to avert collision with one of the massive, flat-topped bergs for which this region is noted-great marble tables rising twenty feet out of water, with an area as great as that of Madison Square. Prudence finally compelled us to lie to and go to bed with the Andrée problem unsolved, and its solution, as we believed, only two or three miles away.

> A few hours later the fog lifted, and as I scrambled to the crow's-nest, eager with hope, the black mountain of Cape Flora, its high plateau occupied by a log house and several smaller structures, was before me, bathed in sunlight. In an instant my heart sank. There was the house, but its door was barred, its window-boards were up. There was the flagstaff, but the union jack at its top was furled and tightly lashed. When we had dug away the ice, and opened the door, and walked within the double doors of the Jackson house, damp and mold were rife upon furniture, books, walls, utensils, everything. It was like opening a grave.

> In sadness we four Americans, who had come three thousand miles northward and nearly half-way around the globe, sat down to our breakfast. For a time no one spoke, and when silence was broken these were the words.

"Poor Andrée! poor, brave, dead Andrée!"



MIDNIGHT SLUMBER ON DECK.

AP-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY AL. P. BASTLE.

with our own house. Only a few miles to the south, across Wilczek Island, is the spot where the Austria-Hungarian expedition ship Tegetthoff was abandoned fast in the ice nearly a quarter of a century ago, after drifting helplessly for more than a year, but luckily enough to enable her people to discover Franz-Josef-Land. There, too, we saw, as we passed in the Frithjof, a cairn which

marks the spot where one of the crew of the Tegetthoff was buried in a snowy cleft of rocks, in the darkness of an arctic winter. Payer and Weyprecht, the Austrians, are the only visitors these shores have had before us, but they did not discover all that was to be discovered, as is witnessed by the fact that we have already added a number of new islands to the map, and made many corrections in the coastline as depicted thereon.

It is not so easy to reach this almost unknown corner of the unexplored region. The Frithjof, with the Wellman expedition aboard, left Tromsö, Norway, July 26. The eight members of the party, besides the leader, were: Evelyn B. Baldwin, observer United States Weather Bureau, second in command and meteorologist; Quirof Harlan of Columbian University, physicist and photographer; Dr. Edward Hofma photographer; Dr. Edward Hofma CRAWN BY M. J. BOURDS. Way. Heavy pieces, screwed to-of Grand Haven, Michigan, medi- in the CROW's-NEST. gether by the force of billions of cal officer; and five hardy Nor-

Bernt Bentzen, who was with Dr. Nansen in the Fram; Daniel Johansen, and the Ellefsen brothers, Emil and Olaf. Of the nine men all but three had had previous experience in the arctics. At Archangel, in the White Sea, were taken aboard eighty-three draft-dogs which had been brought overland from the interior of Siberia, across mountains, tundras, morasses, and swollen rivers, by the Russian Trontheim. July 11, the Frithjof met the ice in latitude 77.5° N., and finding no open way, returned to Vardö, Norway, for a new supply of coal. July 26, the ice was met again in latitude 79.3° N., and for ten days there was a battle royal between a stanch ship and her skilful skipper, who knows when to be bold and when to be careful, and the allied guardians of the North, ice and fog. Ice alone is a formidable foe enough, but if one can only see about him, the weak

As yet no tragedy is directly connected points in the enemy's columns may be distinct our own house. Only a few miles to the cerned and charged. Then the fog comes, like the thick smoke of a battle-field, and it hangs low and dripping and opaque and stubborn, and one cannot see anything at all; and at such times the ice may go its way rejoicing, with roars of thunder as the sea beats under its edges, and dancing and crashing and roaring in its joy at the invaders' rebuff.

But in the arctics everything comes to him who waits-and works. At last the hour is here when the fog has business elsewhere, the ice is caught off its guard, and the alert skipper prepares for the attack. He has a cool head and a brave heart. He climbs to the crow'snest, a big barrel lashed to the top of the mainmast, eighty-five feet above the water. There, glass in hand, he surveys the ice-fields spread

out beneath him, decides upon the plan of campaign, and gives order to start the engine. From that moment he needs all his faculties. The nervous tension is like

that which the commander of a battle-ship undergoes when he takes his vessel into action. The Frithjof is steaming up a narrow channel between immense fields of ice. But there are barriers in the

tons of arctic marble moving bewegians-Pau' Bjoervig, a noted ice-pilot; hind, with the winds as propelling power, lie athwart the lead. The uninitiated observer is sure no craft can be driven through such obstacles, and fears the Frithjof is to be dashed to pieces against the wall. He catches his breath and wonders if in the next moment he will not hear the rush of water into the doomed, disrupted hull.

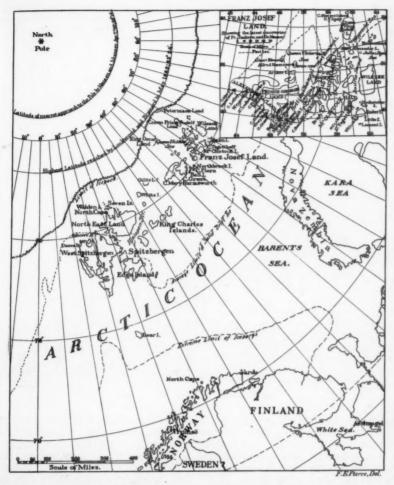
"Steady!" shouts the captain, showing his frosty whiskers over the top of the crow's-

"Steady!" repeats the mate on the bridge. "Steady, sir!" echoes the man at the wheel.

The critical moment has arrived. Half a ship's length away is the barrier. Which is to win, oak or ice?

"Luff her! Luff her!" now comes roaring down from the masthead, in quick and sharp, but masterful, tones.
"Luff her!" cries the mate.

"Luff her, sir!" responds the helmsman.



And before one can quite realize what has happened, the wheel has spun round three or four times, the big ship answers cheerily to the swing of her rudder, and the overhanging, iron-clad prow, supported by massive beams of oak, has entered the barrier at a natural point of cleavage, where force and frost had cemented two pieces together—has entered, not straight on, to squeeze the life out of the ship as she forces her way in, but at an angle just sharp enough to strike a blow at the weaker half of the obstacle—a blow which rends it and shoves it aside, under or over its nearest neighbor, with much crackling and hissing.

The calm, hardy man at his post up in the air perceives his advantage and is quick to improve upon it.

"Full speed ahead!" he shouts from his lofty perch.

"Full speed ahead!" echoes the mate on the bridge.

The engine bell is sounded, and the screw revolves at a much more rapid rate, viciously churning the water and sending the debris of battle, detached pieces of ice, flying astern as if they were in a mill-race. Fast as the screw revolves, the ship barely moves. Now she seems at a dead stop, as greater and greater weight of ice is brought within the radius of movement. It is a question which is to triumph, water frozen into ice or water heated into steam—nature on the one side, or man on the other. Tiny as the screw is, and small as is the ship in comparison with the masses which stand in her way, persis-



DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.

GOING ASHORE TO WORK FOR A LIVING.

MALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING

tent speed is the lever which finally moves the mountain, and after a time the floes start sullenly, contesting the field inch by inch, but retreating still. In perhaps ten minutes the *Frithjof* gives a leap forward and glides out into ice-free water.

Again and again must this process be repeated. Often it is necessary to back out of a tight place, and then come full speed ahead with a shock which shakes the ship as if a torpedo had exploded under her bottom. She shivers and rolls, and as the ice-masses come biting and snarling, scratching and rumbling along the sides as if they would tear out the heart of oak, the expedition people, who lie in their bunks trying to sleep, are likely to remember that only a few planks separate them and all their plans and hopes from this savage foe who is gnashing his teeth at them. This business of ramming ice is not soothing to the nerves, but it is necessary if one is to get to Franz-Josef-Land.

It is a great game to play, and as one climbs to the crow's-nest and squeezes in

beside the captain, it is easy to understand with what zest the master makes his moves upon the chess-board of ice and water. Cold and wind and driving snow, and even danger, are forgotten in the excitement of the combat. The field of ice, with its thin threads of dark water, is spread out far and wide like a gigantic figured carpet. Straight down into the black, belching funnel the eye may look. The men on the bridge and deck present a strange, squat-like appearance. The dogs lying everywhere about are mere specks of black and white and yellow.

At the next engagement the fighting is fiercer than ever. The ship is surrounded by ice in violent motion, as if it were in a whirlpool.

"Is the propeller clear?" shouts the captain.

"Propeller clear, sir!" we faintly hear the response of the sailorman stationed aft to watch rudder and screw and report the first sign of danger to those vital parts of the ship. from the mate on the bridge.

We go on for a space, and then the skipper's quickened senses detect something

"Bo's'n, how 's the prow?" he cries sharply.

"Ice under him, sir!" comes whistling up through the rigging.

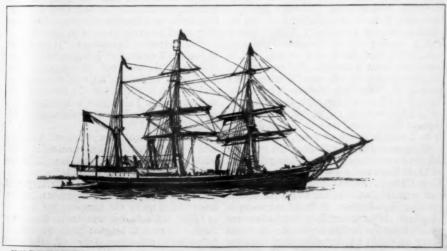
"Full speed astern!" is the order now, and quickly obeyed, for it would never do to have the mass of ice that has caught under the prow pass along the keel and rise violently against the precious screw and rudder.

And so, with varying fortunes, often battling and more often playing the tedious game of waiting for fog to lift, we spent our ten days in the ice, and reached Cape Grant the 27th of July. Glorious glaciers sparkling in the midnight sun, a view of many fantastic icebergs, rare sport shooting polar bear and walrus, and a near approach to the scene of our labors were the rewards. Visiting in turn the Eira house and Cape Flora, and steaming far up the British Channel and eastward of Salm Island, where never was ship before, we finally come to Cape Tegetthoff.

Now that we are here, what is it we propose to do? We plan to conquer the north pole. The arctic fever is in our blood, and there is no cure for such patients but to put them on ice. Perhaps we shall be cured well

"Propeller clear!" comes more distinctly enough in the coming year, for in a few days we shall leave our house, snug and well stocked as it is, and turn our faces northward. Our plans lead us where there is no habitation and no materials of which to make one, save rocks and snow and the skins of walrus and polar bear. During the sixty days which are to pass before the coming of cold and darkness we hope to drag more than a hundred miles to the northward sufficient food and fuel to carry us through the long winter, with the aid of bear meat. while we hibernate, like bears, in a hole in the ground. In February, before the sun shall have returned, if all goes well, we shall set out upon a five-hundred-mile journey to the pole, with a five-hundred-mile journey back again to the winter lair, and a two-hundred-mile journey after that to reach the ship which is to come out for us next year. It is not an inviting program, especially when one remembers that everything that we are to eat and burn and wear, after leaving the land and taking to the frozen surface of the Arctic Ocean, must be dragged by main strength over a road rough and hazardous, in temperatures far below the comfort point.

There is only one way of ascertaining whether this difficult task can be performed, and that is by trying with all one's strength of body and will.



THE "FRITHJOP."



"'BILLY MATISON'S BEEN LYIN' 'BOUT FISH OFF AN' ON FOR NIGH SIXTY-SIX YEAR.'"

THE REFORMATION OF UNCLE BILLY.

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERICK D. STEELE.

"TYIN' is lyin', be it about fish or money," remarked the deacon, dogmatically, "an' is forbid by Scripter, an' he can't be saved an' freed from sin till he does stop lyin'. That's all there is to it. Billy Matison 's got to give up fish-lyin', or he won't

never git into the kingdom.

"Well, I reckon you 're right, deacon," said Ephraim; "but it ought to be some excuse for Billy that he don't harm no one by his lyin'. Seems to me a lie ain't rightly a lie unless it ketches somebody. Ef you lie about a hoss you 're tradin', I 'll admit that 's wrong, 'cause you 'd do the other feller dirt; but Billy's lyin' don't fool nobody, an' it don't cost nobody nothin'. An' then you 'd ought to be easy on him, seein' how long he's been at it. Why, Billy Matison 's been lyin' 'bout fish off an' on for nigh sixty-six year, an' reg'lar, summer an' winter, for the hull time, at that. Now I leave it to you, deacon; it ain't easy to break off short."

They were sitting in front of the grocery. All were gray-haired men nearing the end of their lives, and all were members of the First Church. So was Billy, but his one sin cast a doubt in the minds of his friends regarding his salvation. Billy did not worry in the least. His regular daily occupation was to fish from the bridge across the river, and there he would sit day after day, catching nothing, or at least very little. But in the evening, among his cronies before the grocery, he told marvelous tales of the fish he had almost landed, of the big bass he had caught; and when the fishing season ended, the tobacco into a glow.

and the rendezvous was the stove in the grocery, all these tales were retold, while it was observed that they had grown strangely dur-

ing their period of desuetude.

Billy was such a genial, whole-souled liar about his fish that no one had ever had the heart to suggest the improbability of his tales; but a revival had taken place in the village, and under the fervid words of the evangelist the old men had been brought to a full realization of not only their own, but Billy's sins; and the deacon had resolved that Billy must be saved in spite of himself.

"No," admitted the deacon; "it ain't easy to break off short, but it 's got to be done. Billy 's got to be saved. We know his sin, ef he don't, an' knowin' a sin an' not doin' our best to stop it 'mounts to the same as ef it was our sin, an' I ain't goin' to everlastin' fire jest because Billy Matison lies about the fish he don't ketch."

"That sentiment does you proud, deacon," said Hiram, a weak-eyed old man with a thin white goatee; "you do yourself proud. That's lovin' your neighbor as yourself."

The deacon felt the delicate flattery, and puffed his pipe in silence a moment, lest he seem puffed up by the compliment.

"Billy Matison has got to be brung up short," he said, at length; "he 's gittin' old, an' no tellin' when he will drop off. He's got to be cured now an' at once.'

Ephraim had been thoughtfully pushing killikinick into his brier with his thumb. He struck a match on his trousers and puffed

The deacon opened his mouth again. "Rilly Matison has-" he said.

"It's a pity," said Ephraim, interrupting him, "we can't let him break off gradual. When you come to think how long Billy has told fish lies, it seems like the shock of quittin' right sudden might be too much for him-might make him sick, or kill him. mebby. Now, if he could sort o' taper off like. - say, ketch one less fish a day for a week, or drop off half an inch a day from the size. —it might let him down easy an' not try his constitution so bad."

"It would be easier on Billy," said Hiram. The deacon thought deeply for a minute. "Jest so," he said; "mebby it might strain him to give up all his lyin' at one time, seein' he takes so much pride in it, an' mebby we ought to be a leetle easy on him. Ef Billy Matison was a young feller it would be best, but we can't risk his dyin' unsaved. No; we got to git him to give it up right now. Now is the app'inted time."

"Thasso," said Hiram. "We can't let on we think he 's lyin', he 's so dum touchy. Ef we let on he was lyin', an' that we knew he was lyin', he 'd go off mad an' never come nigh us.

"An' then we would have a harder job, a big sight, to cure him," said the deacon.

But I don't see how we can git at him airy other way," said Amos, "for ef we don't let on we know he 's lyin' we can't tell him not to lie no more."

"They 's jest one way to do it," said the deacon, "an' that 's the way it 's got to be did. We got to make him take back what he lies. Ef he lies an' says he caught a big one, we got to make him tell the truth, an' we got to do it gentle, an' not let on he 's lyin'. We got to-

Here the conversation paused, for around the livery-stable corner came Billy Matison, his fishing-pole slung over his shoulder, his bait and lunch-basket slung on the pole, and his cane in his hand. As he approached the



"HIS REGULAR DAILY OCCUPATION."

ter," said Amos. "I 'low Billy won't know how to spend the winter ef he can't lie

Hiram shook his head sadly.

"I doubt," he said, "ef Billy can live out the winter of he don't lie. Fish-lyin' 's got to be all he does winters."

The deacon had been thinking again, and did not catch this remark.

"There 's one p'int we must be careful on," he said: "Billy 's almighty touchy, an' we must n't let on we think he 's lyin'. You know how touchy he is, Hiram."

"It 'll be mortal hard on Billy, come win- group of old men, Billy did not appear a very energetic fisherman. His back was bent far forward, and his hand trembled as it held the pole. His cane was a necessity, and not an ornament. His wrinkled face was small, and appeared still smaller under the great homemade straw hat that rested on his long gray hair. He was an inoffensive, pale-eyed old man, and his toothless gums grasped a blackened clay pipe. Water stood in his eyes. Billy was seventy-eight, and "showed his age."

As he neared the group of old men, they arose. They were but little younger than Billy, and leaned on their canes for support.

The straightest of them did not assume the perpendicular at once, but opened gradually from his stooping position, as if his joints had long had the rust of rheumatism.

Billy tottered up to them, unsuspicious of their plot for the safety of his soul. When he reached them, he tremblingly swung his

Billy turned slowly and gazed at the deacon. His lower jaw dropped weakly, as was its wont when he was surprised. Words failed him.

"Ain't we?" insisted the deacon.

Billy replaced his pipe between his lips, and said simply, "Yes."



"BILLY WAS SEVENTY-EIGHT, AND 'SHOWED HIS AGE."

pole and basket to the walk, and sank on the plank bench with a sigh of relief.

Then he took his pipe from his mouth, and holding it out in his shaking hand for emphasis, said in his wavering voice:

"Deacon, I ketched the biggest bass I ever see to-day. I'll warrant it goes four pound."

Amos glanced at Hiram with pity in his eyes. Of all Billy's lies this was the greatest. But the deacon seated himself beside the fisherman, and putting one hand on Billy's shoulder, said:

"Billy, you an' me has knowed each other forty year, an' in all them years we been good friends, ain't we?" "An' you recollect how I helped you when you was courtin' 'Manthy? You 'd never 'a' got her but for me, Billy."

Billy's head shook a slow negative.

"An' how I lent you money to build a new

house when yourn burned?"

Billy nodded. His eyes sought the faces of the group, but they were stern, and he could fathom nothing there.

"Billy," continued the deacon, "I 'm goin' to ask a favor of you. It ain't much. Won't you say that mebby that bass only weighs three pounds an' a half?"

"Well, mebby it does," Billy admitted.
"Well, won't you say three pounds?"

"That bass-" began Billy, but the deacon interrupted him:

"For old friendship's sake, Billy. It 's a special favor."

A few more lines gathered in Billy's brow, but he nodded.

"Billy," said the deacon, "you remember the night I brought your boy Jim home when he got lost? Can't you make it two pounds for that?"

Billy gazed doggedly at the plank walk. It was a hard struggle, but he nodded.

"You remember Gettysburg, Billy, an' how I carried you two mile? Can't you make it one pound for Gettysburg?"

Billy got up. He was trembling with something besides age now. It was anger. "Deacon, you mean I 'm lyin'—"

"No, Billy," said the deacon, soothingly;
"I don't. Mebby me an' Hiram 's got a bet
up. Gettysburg, Billy! Make it a pound for
me an' Gettysburg."

Billy leaned on his stick with both hands. "It's—a—pound," he said.

"An' now, Billy," said the deacon, laying his hand on Billy's arm, while the old men gathered closer about him, "you remember when your Mary Ann went—when she—she left home, an' you—when she visited us until you wanted her back? For that, Billy, won't you make it no fish at all? Won't you say you did n't ketch no fish at all to-day, Billy?"

Billy straightened up, and two large drops rolled from his eyes down the gutters of his cheeks.

"Deacon," he said, "I would n't do it for no one but you, but for you an' Mary Ann I did n't ketch no fish to-day."

For only one moment the deacon stood triumphant. Then each of the old men grasped Billy's hand firmly, and trudged away, leaving Billy alone, wrapped up in his thoughts. The deacon and Hiram went away together, and the deacon said, "Hiram, it's begun." That was enough.

And Billy! Half stunned, he stood gazing after them. He knew it all. He knew these old friends of his thought him a liar, and that they were trying to save him. Perhaps he should not have yielded, but the deacon had certainly been his best friend, and—

A known liar! A notorious liar!

He picked up his basket with a sigh and slipped it from the pole. Then he painfully mounted the two steps into the grocery.

"Billings," he said, as he placed the basket on the counter and raised the lid, "I ketched a big bass to-day; want you to weigh it."

Billings took the fish from the basket and dropped it into the tin scoop, where it fell with a slap. He pushed the weight along until the beam swayed evenly.

"Four pound, two ounces," he said.



THE CURING OF KATE NEGLEY.

BY LUCY S. FURMAN. Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town."



time Kate Neglev took that leading on the lodge line, and locked the doctor out of the house one night when he was meeting with the Masons, and

hollered at him scornful-like, when he come home, to 'get in with his lodge-key'; and how the doctor smashed up her fine front door with an ax. Well, all the Station thought that might be the end of Kate's foolishness, and that maybe she would take her religion and sanctification comfortable after that, same as other folks. And everybody was glad Dr. Negley broke that door in, because it ain't good for Kate Negley or any other human to have their own way all the time.

"So Kate went along quiet and peaceable after that for two or three months, and never had no new leadings to tell about in meeting, and never did a thing to show she had heartfelt religion except to wear her hair straight down her back, according to Paul. And ma she said to me one day she believed Kate had come to the end of her said from lid to lid of the Bible there line, and was going to act like sensible folks the rest of her days. But I told ma not to waste her breath in vain babblings; that I bet Kate Negley was just setting on a new nest, and for ma to wait for the hatching.

"I had n't hardly spoke the words before it come. The very next Sunday, when tures before she got up to speak. Brother Cheatham got through preaching and called for experiences and testimonies, Kate she rose and said she was mightily moved to rebuke a faithless and perverse generation, puffed up in its fleshly mind, loving unrighteousness, and abominable in wickedness. She said she had been wandering in the way of destruction like the rest, and putting her faith in lies, till the last few weeks, when light begun to dawn on her, and she commenced to search the Scriptures more. She said she was fully persuaded now, halleluiah! and wanted all them that desired to be wholly sanctified to enter the strait and narrow path with her. She said the Lord.' 'I kill, and I make alive; I wound, and gospel she had to preach to them that I heal.' She said, bless the Lord, her spirit-

TOLD you once," said Mrs. morning was the gospel of healing by prayer Melissa Allgood, "about the and faith, and not by medicines or doctors; that though she had lain among the pots, like the rest of them, yet now was her soul like the wings of a dove, and forever risen above all such works of the devil as ipecac and quinine and calomel; that only in the Great Physician did she place her trust: that as for earthly doctors, she could only say to them, in the words of Job: 'Ye are forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value.' She said yea, verily, all they was good for was to 'beguile unstable souls, and bewitch the people with sorceries'; and not only that, but, like Jeremiah says, 'They help forward the affliction.' She said she never meant to say anything against doctors as men, but as doctors they was vessels of wrath, corrupters of souls, firebrands of the devil, and the liveliest stumble-stones in the path of righteousness. She said for them benighted folks that put their faith in physic to listen to Jeremiah's point-blank words, 'Thou hast no healing medicines,' and again, 'In vain shalt thou use many medicines: for thou shalt not be healed.' She was n't a single case of anybody being cured of anything by either doctors or medicine; and that ought to be enough for the earnest Christian, without looking any farther. But, she said, knowing their hard-heartedness, she had studied every verse of the Scrip-

> "She said when the disciples was sent out, they was told to preach the gospel, heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, and cast out devils; and they did it. She said she 'd like to know how many that called themselves disciples nowadays so bigotty, and claimed the indwelling of holiness, ever even tried to do any of them things, except talk, let alone do them. She said it was because they was so poor-spirited they did n't have faith to lay hold of the promise, though there it was in plain words: 'Ask, and ye shall receive'; 'According to your faith be it unto you'; 'For I will restore health to thee, saith the

ual eyes was open now, and the only medicines she would ever take was prayer and faith. She said James's prescription was good enough for her: 'Pray one for another. that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much'; and that she wanted every soul in the Station to get to the same point. But, she said, until they did, she wanted it known that there was one righteous soul in Sodom, that was going to start out on the war-path against the devil and all his doctors. She said she was going to lay hold of the promise of James: 'Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.' She said she wanted it published abroad that anybody that took sick was welcome to her services and prayers, without money and without price. She said for all her hearers to put on the breastplate of faith and the armor of righteousness, and enter in at the strait and narrow path that opened into her front door, and keep out of the broad way that led to the doctor's office. She said she had a big bottle of sweet-oil, and faith to remove mountains.

"Well, all the congregation was thunderstruck at the idea of Kate Negley setting up in opposition to her own husband, Dr. Negley being the only doctor at the Station. Ma said that anybody could have knocked her down with a feather; and I know it made me right weak in my knees, though of course I felt like Kate was doing right to follow her leadings, and thought she was mighty courageous. •I never could have done it myself, especially if I'd had such a good husband as Kate. I have traveled about more than Kate, and know that hens' teeth ain't scarcer than good men; yea, like Solomon says, 'One among a thousand have I found.' But of course a woman never appreciates what she has, and Kate she always took all the doctor's kindness and spoiling like it was her birthright, and ding-donged at him all the time about his not having any religion or sanctification. Now, I reckon you 've lived long enough to know that there are three kinds of sanctified: them that are sanctified and know it, humble-like -such as me; them that are sanctified and don't know or even suspicion it; and them that are sanctified and know it too well. And I have told ma many a time that Dr. Negley is one of the kind that is sanctified

pattern after the doctor in some ways, to her edification. Somehow I 've always felt like ten or eleven children might have took some of the foolishness out of Kate; but, not having any, she was just on a high horse about something or other all the time.

"The evening after Kate did that talking in church, ma saw the doctor riding by, and she called him to the fence and asked him if he had heard about Kate's talk, and what he thought about it. And he said yes, Brother Jones and them had told him about it down at the post-office, and it had tickled him might'ly; that he thought it was very funny. Ma told him she should think it would make him mad for Kate to get up and talk that away about doctors and medicine. 'Mrs. Garry,' he says, 'women are women; and one of their charms is that nobody knows what they 're going to do next. And if my wife,' he says, 'has a extry allowance of charm, I certainly ought to feel thankful for it.' He said if Kate wanted to quarrel with her bread and butter, and talk away his practice, he was n't going to raise any objections; that he needed to take a rest anyhow, having worked too hard all his life. He said, another thing, a woman that took as many notions as Kate could n't hold on to any one of them very long, but was bound to get cured of it before much harm was done.

"Ma she told me what he said, and that, in her opinion, Dr. Negley could give Job lessons in patience.

"Then we commenced to have times in the Station. The first thing Kate did was to get up one night after the doctor had gone to sleep, and go down-stairs and across the yard to his office, and hunt up his saddle-bags, and stamp on them, and smash every bottle in them, and then sling them over in pa's cornfield. Pa he found them out there in the morning after breakfast, and took them to the doctor's office; and he said the doctor did some tall swearing when he saw them. But I believe that was a slander of pa's, because I know the way the doctor acted afterward. At dinner-time he went up to the house mighty peaceful, and eat his dinner, and then he says to Kate, very cheerful and polite: 'I see that my saddle-bags have met with a little accident. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' he says, 'and I don't know but what it 's a fine thing for my patients, some of them medicines being powerful stale. But it 's mighty unfortunate for you, Kate,' he says, 'for I will be and don't know it, and that Kate might obliged to use up all your missionary money

for the next year and a half to replenish knew how; but when he was out dosing the them saddle-bags, times being so hard,' he

"You know Kate always give more money to missions than any woman in the Station, -doctor just could n't deny her anything, and she prided herself a heap on it, righteous pride, of course. She was just speechless with wrath at what he said, and she saw she'd have to change her warfare and fall

back on the outposts.

"So she started out and went to see the women in the Station, and prayed with them, and strengthened their faith, and tried to make them promise to send for her if anybody got sick, and not for the doctor, and worked on them till they got plumb unsettled in their minds. Some of them went to Brother Cheatham and asked him about it, and he said it was a question everybody must decide for themselves, but there certainly was Scripture for it, he could n't deny. It's a funny thing what poor hands some preachers are at practising. Brother Cheatham could n't get so much as a crook in his little finger but what Dr. Negley must come, double-quick, day and night. I 've always felt like getting their doctoring for nothing was a big drawback to preachers' faith.

"Kate did n't only go about in the Station, but she would keep on the watch, and when the doctor got a call to the country, Kate would saddle her bay mare and follow after him, sometimes ten or fifteen miles. By the time she would get to the sick one's house, the doctor would be setting by the bed, feeling the patient's pulse, or some such; and Kate would sail across the room, with never so much as 'Howdy' to the doctor, and go down on her knees the other side of the bed, and dab a little sweet-oil on the sick person, and pray at the top of her voice, and exhort the patient to throw away the vile concoctions of the devil, and swing out on the promise of James. And the doctor would n't pay no more attention to her than she did to him, but would dose out the medicine and go on about his business, as pleasant as could be. After he was gone, Kate would smash up all the bottles in sight, if the folks was n't mighty careful; and then she would follow the doctor to the next place, never any more noticing him or speaking to him than if he was a fencepost. She said when the doctor was at home, he was her husband, though unregenerate, and she was going to treat him according to Scripture, and as polite as she sick, he was an angel of darkness, and not fit to be so much as looked at by the saved and sanctified.

"Mary Alice Welden was one of the first to take up with Kate's notions-I've always believed it was because Dick Welden scoffed at them. If Dick had been a quick man, he never would have done it, knowing well that the only way to get Mary Alice to do like he wanted her to was for him to come out strong on the opposite side. But it takes a hundred years to learn some men anything: and what did Dick do that Sunday but laugh at Kate's notions on healing. Ever since Mary Alice had shook the red rag at Satan by getting up and shouting in church one time when Dick had told her point-blank she should n't, she had enjoyed a heap of liberty, and Dick he had been diminished. like the Bible says. So when Dick laughed at Kate, Mary Alice fired right up and told Dick Welden that never another doctor or bottle of medicine should step over her door-sill, and that the next time any of her household got sick, prayer or nothing should cure them.

"So the next time her little Philury had spasms, Mary Alice sent over for Kate; and when Dick come home to dinner, he found all the doors locked, and looked in at a window, and there was Philury in fits on the bed, and Kate and Mary Alice praying loud and long on both sides. Dick was just crazy, and he run up the street for the doctor, and they come back and broke in the window, and there was Philury laying quiet and peaceful and breathing regular, and Kate and Mary Alice shouting and gorifying God for casting a devil out of Philury. That give Kate a big reputation, and stirred the Station to the dregs. And even the doctor said it was only by the grace of God that Philury pulled through under the circumstances.

"Sister Sally Barnes had been laying up for nearly a year with a misery in her back, and the doctor had give her physic, and she had took up all the patent medicines she could borrow or raise money to buy, but there she laid, and expected to lay the rest of her days. Kate went up there one day and expounded Bible to her and anointed her with that oil, and prayed over her for about two hours, and then told her to rise and cook dinner, that the Lord had healed her. And up Sister Sally got, and has been up ever since. Of course everybody was excited and talking about it. Ma asked Dr. Negley one day what he thought about it, and he said

it was a mighty fine thing for Sister Sally's family, and that Kate's medicine was certainly

better for some folks than his.

"That healing give Kate a big name, and folks begun to send for her right and left. Some would send for her and the doctor both, thinking it just as well to be on the safe side and not neglect either faith or works. I reckon it did the sick good just to lay eyes on Kate, she was such a fine, healthy, rosy-cheeked woman, and never had had a day's sickness to pull her down.

"Then come along the time for Sister Nickins's shingles. For seven years old Sister Nickins, Tommy T.'s ma, had took down regular, every Washington's Birthday, at ten o'clock in the morning, with the shingles. Everybody thought a duck could as soon get along without water as Sister Nickins without her shingles; and she never dreamt of such a thing as not having them. They never got to the breaking-out stage with her but once, but she was scared to death every time for fear they would break out, and run all around her and meet, and of course that will kill anybody dead. So she used to make her will and give away her

gray mule every year, beforehand.

This time Kate sent Sister Nickins word not to make no will or give away the mule; that she was going to cast them shingles into the bottomless pit by prayer. So, at sun-up on the 22d, Kate went up to Sister Nickins's house, and set in to praying and anointing, and by ten o'clock she had Sister Nickins so full of grace and glory that the devil or the shingles could n't get within a mile of her, and she never felt a single pain. And of all the halleluiah times, that was one. You could hear the shouting all over town, and nearly all the Station went up there. I went myself, and saw Sister Nickins with my own eyes, up and about, and full of rejoicings, and not a shingle to her name. I thought it was wonderful. It seemed just like Bible times over again. And Sister Nickins was so lifted up over it that she mounted her gray mule after dinner and started out on a three months' visitation through the county, to spread the news abroad amongst her kin and friends.

"That was the winter I felt the inward call to preach, but never got no outward invitations. So, while I was having that trial of patience, I thought I might as well help Kate some, though I knew my call was to preach, and not to heal. And I would go around a good deal with Kate, though I slow to wrath, when he has n't got the

never was just as rampant as she was, or as Mary Alice Welden, and always allowed that doctors might have their uses.

"One day Kate come by for me to go up with her to pray over old Mis' Gerton's rheumatism. So up we went, and Kate told old Mis' Gerton what we come for, and Mis' Gerton said she never had no objections, that prayer certainly could n't do no harm. and oil was good for the joints. So I poured on the oil, and Kate did the praying. In about an hour Kate jumped up and told old Mis' Gerton to get up and walk, that the prayer of faith had healed her. 'No such a thing,' old Mis' Gerton says; 'them knees is worse than when you commenced.' Kate got red in the face, and said of course the grace was thrown away on them that would n't accept of it. Old Mis' Gerton said she could n't tell no lies; that she felt worse instead of better; that pain was pain, and rheumatism was rheumatism, as well they knew that had it. She said she never meant no disrespect, but that in her opinion prayer could n't hold a candle to Dr. Hayhurst's Wildcat Liniment as a pain-killer. Of course Kate was horror-struck, and she wiped the dust of old Mis' Gerton's house off of her feet when we went out. "Then what should pa do about that time

but take down with the vellow janders. You know, and everybody knows, that pa never did have a bit of religion. I would hate to say such a thing about an own relation, but pa being my stepfather, and the second one at that, I feel like he's kind of far-removed. Well, ma would have been a mighty religious woman if she had n't been unequally yoked together with unbelievers three times. That 's enough to wear a woman's religion to a frazzle, goodness knows; and I have always made excuses for ma. So when pa got sick and told ma to send for the doctor, ma, being one of those women that is always trying to serve two masters, her husband and her religion, sent for the doctor and Kate both. And when I got there, a few minutes later, there set the doctor by pa's bed, and Kate and ma back in the kitchen, and every time Kate would start over the door-sill into pa's room, to pour the oil on him and pray over him, pa would set up in bed and shake his fist at her, and swear a blue streak, and tell her not to come another step. Ma and me we nearly

went through the earth for shame at pa; and

of course he never would have done it if his

liver had been right, for I will say this for

pa, he is a polite, mild-mannered man, and

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kitchen floor and thank the Lord she was and brought it over by the bed. 'I do believe being persecuted for righteousness' sake. And a good many people dropped in, hearing the noise; and everybody was plumb scandalized at pa, and said he was a downright infidel, and all their sympathies was

roused for Kate.

"After that she had a bigger business than ever, in spite of a set-back or two, like old Mis' Gerton's rheumatism, and Brother Gilly Jones's baby dying one night of the croup when him and Kate was praying over it and would n't send for the doctor. Kate said that it was the Lord's will, and the baby's appointed time to die; and Brother Gilly Jones, being sanctified, and having eight more children anyhow, he agreed with Kate, and said he felt perfectly resigned; though Sister Jones, poor thing, never has

got reconciled to this day.

"Of course those things never fazed Kate. and she was just on the top notch all the time, and going day and night. And every Sunday there would be testimonies in church about healings, and faith begun to take hold on both sanctified and sinner, till it actually got to the point that folks' religion was doubted if they sent for the doctor. And when spring opened up, the doctor said his occupation was so near gone that he felt justified in going on that camp-hunt he had been wanting to take for fourteen years; so he made up a party of men-Masons and such-and went down on Green River for two weeks' hunting.

"Well, you ought to have seen Kate that morning the doctor left. He was n't out of sight before she turned loose a-shouting over the triumph of righteousness, and over having actually run the devil out of town; and she held a thanks-meeting up at her house that night, and we had a full-salvation time.

'Kate invited me to stay with her while the doctor was gone; so I shooed my chickens down to ma's, so 's I could have my mind free from worldly cares, and shut up my house, and went. We had a mighty joyful,

edifying time for two days.

'The third night Kate woke me up sudden from a good sleep, about three o'clock in the morning. 'Melissy,' she says, 'get up and light the lamp. I don't know what on earth 's the matter with me,' she says; 'I feel awful, and have got all the aches there is inside of me.' 'For goodness' sake, Kate,' I says, rolling out of bed, 'I reckon you are getting the grippe.' She groaned. 'It's worse than the grippe, Melissy Allgood,' she says; 'I

ianders. Then Kate would flop down on the feel like I 'm going to die.' I lit the lamp you have got some fever, Kate,' I says. 'I am eat up with it,' she says, 'and with aches, and have a terrible gone feeling all over. I tell you, Melissy, I'm an awful sick woman. Oh, what shall I do?' 'Do?' I says, no little surprised. 'Why, pray, of course.' 'Well,' she says, kind of faint-like.

vou 'd better be about it.

"I was a little outdone by her lukewarmness, but I got down on my knees and went to praying. Kate kept up a consid'able groaning. In about five minutes she says: Get up from there, Melissy Allgood, and do something for me. I 'm a terrible sick woman,' she says. 'Gracious sakes alive, Kate,' I says, 'there ain't another thing I can do but anoint you with the oil.' I run and brought the sweet-oil. 'Take it away!' she says. 'The smell of it makes me sick! I won't have it!' I was completely dazed, and it seemed to me like the world was turning upside down. But what can you expect of a woman that don't know what the feeling of pain is, and never had a sick day since she was a young child and got through the catching age? I fell down on my knees and went to praying again, not knowing just what to do. Kate stopped me again. 'Melissy Allgood,' she says, 'are you going to let me lay here and die, and not stretch out even a finger to help me?' she says. 'Why, Kate,' I says, plumb petrified, 'you know I'm doing the very best that can be done.' I says: 'You must have patience and faith, and wait on the time of the Lord.' 'Oh!' she says, fairly crying, 'what on earth made the doctor go off and leave me? He might have known something would happen to me. He ought to have stayed here, where he belongs! He'd know what to do for me if he was here,' she says. 'He would n't let his own dear wife lay here and die!'

"'Kate,' I says, 'you are wandering, the worst kind. I'm going after Mary Alice Welden.' So I slipped on my shoes and dress and run down the street to Mary Alice's, and we hurried back as fast as we could. I told Mary Alice that Kate was sick, and out of her mind to that extent she was calling for the doctor. Mary Alice said she certainly must be mighty bad off, and that we must pray with abounding faith, and be firm. When we got back, Kate was still a-groaning and crying. Mary Alice told her to cease her complainings and put her trust in One who was mighty to save. Then Mary Alice snatched up the bottle of sweet-oil that set

ain't no use to try.' 'She 's got to have it,' not. It 's a part of James's directions.' Kate begun to holler and throw out her arms when she saw the oil coming. 'Take it away,'

there on the table, and started at Kate with said, no such a thing; that she was a mighty it. 'She won't have it on her,' I says; 'it sick woman, but she was in her right mind, and knew what she wanted, and that it was Mary Alice says, 'whether she wants it or the doctor. She said the doctor was the only friend she had on earth. She said the doctor would n't stand by and see her die and never lift a hand, and she knew it. She said he she says; 'it makes me sick!' 'You hold would know of something to give her that her hands,' Mary Alice says, 'while I pour would ease them aches and pains, and let it on her.' So I set down and took a good her die in peace. But she said of course if



RAWN BY C. M. RELYES

"'MARY ALICE AND ME WERE SMITTEN DUMB."

grip on Kate's hands, and Mary Alice poured the oil on her, and it went all over her face and head and the pillow, she kept threshing around so lively, and hollering till her mouth was full. Then Kate she cried and carried on, and said we were treating her shameful, and would be sorry for it when she was dead and gone. We never paid any attention to her, of course, but got down on both sides of the bed and went to praying as loud and earnest as we could, so as to drown the groaning. Then Kate said she did n't want to be prayed for nohow, that what she wanted was the doctor. Mary Alice told her

the doctor was there she would n't need to die-that he would save her. She set up in bed. 'Melissy Allgood,' she says, 'run over and tell your pa to mount his horse and ride for the doctor,' she says, 'and never stop till he finds him!' 'Land of the living, Kate,' I says, 'you know the doctor is thirty mile and more away, and nobody knows where he's at by now.' 'Tell Mr. Garry I say not to stop till he finds him!' Kate says. 'And to keep life in me till he gets here,' she says, 'I want old Dr. Pegram, at Dixie, sent for immediate. He ought to get here in three hours' time. You tell Tommy T. Nickins to take she was plumb out of her senses, and did n't my mare and go for him, quick!' she says. know what she was talking about. And Kate 'And Mary Alice Welden, you go down in

the cellar and bring me up one of those your life as Kate. She laughed and she bottles of blackberry cordial, to keep up my

strength till Dr. Pegram comes.'

Mary Alice and me were smitten dumb right there where we was at, on our knees. 'Kate Negley,' I got the voice to say, 'are you sure them are your right-minded wishes, and not the devil speaking through you? 'I tell you to do what I say, and hurry up!' Kate says. 'Do you reckon I want to die?'

"Mary Alice rose and walked out with never a word; but if I ever saw complete disgust wrote on anybody's face, it was hers. I had to go down and get the blackberry cordial myself, and you ought to have seen Kate make away with it. Then I went out

and started off Tommy T. and pa.

"Old Dr. Pegram was there inside of three hours, dosing out big pills for Kate to take every half-hour, and powders every fifteen minutes; and it looked like Kate could n't swallow them fast enough to suit her. Dr. Pegram told ma and me that Kate had a mild case of the grippe, and there was n't no earthly danger.

"When Dr. Negley and pa come poling in after midnight that night, wore out and muddy, you never saw as happy a woman in with circumstances."

cried, and she hugged the doctor, and she kissed him, and she said there never was anybody like him, that he was her sweet angel from heaven, and the dearest darling on earth, and she knew she would n't have no chance to die, now he had come and would know just what to do for her. And I reckon the doctor was the worst-astonished man that ever was; but he was a heap too polite and kind to let on, and went on dosing out physic for her just as if there was n't anything out of the common. And never a word did he ever say to her, either, about having his camp-hunt broke up; and that's the reason I know he 's sanctified, for, like I told ma, what sainted martyr could do better?

"Of course the Station was shaken to the foundations over Kate acting that way, and there was a big time of rejoicing amongst the scoffers. And Mary Alice Welden has n't spoke to Kate since, and says she never will. But I tell Mary Alice she ought to be ashamed of herself: that she 's too ready in her judgments, and needs to make allowance for humans being humans, and for folks changing



ESCAPE.

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

STOOD beside the body of one dead Who had in life been alien to all good; Had ever with the baser party stood, Was ever to the meaner practice wed. But now the form from which the soul had fled Was calm as sleep, and, on the marble face, Of gross or evil passion not one trace Remained. Then softly to myself I said: Much do we hear about the grievous wrong Done by the flesh to the indwelling soul; But here was one, - and many there may be Like him, - whose spiritual part was strong The subject flesh most basely to control. Now from that long enslavement it is free.



HENRY GEORGE IN CALIFORNIA.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

editor of the "Times," a daily newspaper published in San Francisco. One day the foreman of the composing-room, after disposing of business

concerning which he had come to my desk, somewhat hesitatingly told me that one of the compositors in his department had written several editorial articles, by way of experiment; and they were very good, so the foreman thought. But the young printer had destroyed his productions, after passing them around among his intimates in the office. Would the editor-in-chief like to look at one of the young man's writings? I said I should be glad to see one, and if he sent me anything worth printing it should be used and the writer should be paid for it.

A few hours later, a bundle of sheets of Manila paper was laid on my desk by Mr. Turrell, the foreman, who, with a smile, said that the young printer had happened to have ready an article which he was willing to submit to my judgment. I read the paper, at first with a preoccupied mind and in haste, and then with attentiveness and wonder. Considering the source from which it came, the article was to me remarkable. I recollect that it was written in a delicate, almost feminine hand, in lines very far apart, and making altogether a bulk which had at first misled me as to the actual length of the disquisition. The article was not long, and was entitled "The Strides of a Giant"; it was descriptive of the gradual extension of the Asiatic frontiers of Russia, the changes that had taken place in the relations of the European powers, and the apparent sympathetic approach of the United States and Russia toward each other.

In some doubt as to the originality of this

the autumn of 1866 I was the paper, sent to me by a young and unknown printer, I first looked through the American and foreign reviews on my table, then, satisfying myself that the article had not been "cribbed" from any of these publications, I changed the title to "The Two Giants," and printed it as the "leader" in the "Times" of November 30, 1866. Let me say that when I told my foreman that, surprised by the excellence of the English and the erudition exhibited in the article, I had some doubts concerning the originality of the young printer's work, he warmly replied that the young fellow was a thoroughly honest man and would no more borrow ideas than he would steal. Oh, no; my good friend Turrell would risk his reputation on the young compositor's honesty.

Lest it be supposed that I am trusting to my memory for these details of an incident which happened more than thirty years ago, I will explain that this story (with the editorial article in question) was written out by some one familiar with the facts and printed in a San Francisco paper, November 7, 1897, soon after the death of Henry George. From that reprint I take the following striking paragraphs:

These two nations [the United States and Russial, opposites in many things, have yet much in common. Though the government of one be representative of concentrated authority, and the other of the farthest advance of radical progress, they alike rest upon the affections of the great masses of their people.

The one has just celebrated the one thousandth anniversary of her national life. The other has yet a decade to pass before completing her first century. Yet each feels in her veins the pulses of youth, and sees beyond the greatness of her future. Broad as is the domain of each, no impassable barriers hedge them in; rapid as is their progress, it seems yet hardly commenced; wonderful as is

their greatness, it is but the promise of what shall be. They have each a work to do-each a destiny to accomplish. Each has within herself the elements of immense wealth and power, which are to be developed and evolved. Each is engaged in great material enterprises - each, too, in greater moral works which look to the elevation of men. Through the pathless forests and over the virgin lands of the West, or toward the ancient centers of the human race, each in her way bears the torch of Christian civilization. One moving toward the setting and the other toward the rising sun, spanning each a hemisphere, the Far West meets the Further East, and upon opposite shores of the Pacific their outposts look upon each other. Priest Benjamin, traversing in his dog-sledge the regions of eternal ice, bearing eastward on the verge of the arctic circle to the savages of the frozen land the cross raised on Calvary and the creed of Nicæa, passed on his way the Western pioneers who are laying the wire that is to marry the continents and girt the globe.

It may be noticed that all this time the name of the ambitious young type-setter had never been mentioned between the foreman and me; but after I had printed two or three of his articles, and it was time to give the author an office check for his pay, I asked, and was told that his name was Henry George. The foreman said that, if I were curious to see the young man, I would find him at a certain case, so many cases from the entrance to the composing-room, I looked with some interest, and was disappointed to find that my vigorous and wellinformed contributor was a little man, so short that he had provided himself with a bit of plank on which he stood at a case too tall for him. He was apparently then about twenty-five years old, but in fact was ten years older, as he was born in 1831. His auburn hair was thin, and the youthfulness of his face was disputed by the partial baldness of his head; his blue eyes were lambent with animation and a certain look of mirthfulness.

Near acquaintance with Henry George confirmed me in my strong prepossession in his favor. He was bright, alert, goodhumored, and full of fun; yet his talk showed that he was a thinker, that he thought independently of all writers, and that he had wide, serious, and original views of life. The man's manner, his simplicity, his diffidence and absolute sincerity, captivated me, and I liked him thoroughly and at once. He continued to contribute to the editorial page of the paper, sometimes with a fertility of production that dismayed me; and, after a few weeks, a vacancy having Mr. George returned to California from New

suddenly happened in my editorial staff, I invited George to the place. He was given a comfortable salary, and from that time

forth he set type no more.

The newspaper on which we were engaged was owned by a syndicate and was managed by a board of trustees. The chairman of this board had personal ambitions which did not harmonize with that political independence with which I conducted the paper. One night, early in 1868, after a somewhat violent altercation with the trustee who would be editor as well as publisher, I quit the editorial charge of the "Times," accompanied by my second in command, Mr. William Bausman. By this time, owing to favoring circumstances, George had risen to the third place on the staff, and so it happened that the young printer became editor-in-chief, by the sudden creation of two vacancies above him. But, in the nature of things, he could not long endure the meddlesomeness of the managing chairman of the board of trustees. and he soon threw up his engagement in disgust and with some words of righteous wrath. The paper lingered for a few months. and eventually died of an excess of lay management.

Just at that time, the San Francisco "Dramatic Chronicle," a small sheet that had been circulated gratuitously in the theaters of the city, emerged into a fullblown, lively, and entertaining daily paper, under the management of Charles and Michael H. De Young. This young and stalwart power in journalism speedily absorbed Henry George into its editorial staff, and his articles contributed not a little to the brightness and vigor of the newspaper. But, feeling hampered by the restrictions which the policy of the "Chronicle" laid upon the staff, George severed his connection with the paper after a few weeks of service. We had continued on friendly, even intimate, relations up to this time; but he very soon after this went to New York as a purveyor of telegraphic news for the "San Francisco Herald." This journal had been revived under the management of its former editor, Mr. John Nugent, after a long suspension. The "Herald" had cast in its fortunes with the party opposed to the Vigilance Committee of 1856, and in a single night was reduced to bankruptcy by the withdrawal of every one of its advertisements. George's connection with the revived paper was of short duration. The "Herald" lingered for a brief space and expired finally and forever.

York in the summer of 1869, and, a few months later, accepted the editorship and a small interest in the "Reporter," a lively young newspaper in Sacramento. The "Reporter" supported Henry H. Haight, the Democratic candidate for governor that year, and opposed the policy of granting State subsidies to the Central Pacific Railroad Company, then a growing power in the land. The great railway corporation managed to secure control of the newspaper, and Mr. George was ousted from the editorial chair; the name of the paper was changed to the "Record," and it was thenceforth known as "the railroad organ."

George returned to San Francisco, in no wise dismayed by his Sacramento misadventures, and disposed to make merry over the plans of the railroad magnates to manage a newspaper. He wrote and published several pamphlets attacking civic and political abuses, and prodding with no gentle pen the monopolies that were beginning to be developed in the Pacific States. His radical ideas found an ample channel for their expression in December, 1870, when, with a few friendly associates, he started the "Post," a small

daily newspaper in San Francisco.

In 1871 I left California for New York, where I was established in my calling, and where, in 1880, I again met Henry George, who had left California "for good and all," as he grimly expressed it. During the intervening years, after a manful struggle to maintain the "San Francisco Post," George had accepted the State office of inspector of gasmeters, which he held for four years. He had just published his now famous book "Progress and Poverty." When we met in New York, I chaffed George good-naturedly on the apparent inconsistency of his having accepted a State office which was commonly regarded as a sinecure, while he was preaching and teaching rigid reforms in public affairs. He warmly protested that the office of inspector of gas-meters was no sinecure; it imposed upon him a great deal of work; and I afterward learned from others that this was the real state of the case, although many people ignorantly believed, and perhaps still believe, that the office held by George was a good place for a lazy man. He confided to me at that time, however, that he could hire some of his work to be performed by others without entire loss of his official pay; and he had done that, he said, in order to get time to do some writing which he thought was important. In fact, while holding this office he had been slowly and with great painstak-

ing evolving his single-tax theory, as that was now set forth in his first and most famous book. He came to New York hopeful for a fuller recognition than had been given to him in California. The materialistic, intensely practical people of the Pacific States did not understand Henry George. They thought him harebrained, unpractical, and a dreamer. On his part, he was disgusted with the disdainful cynicism with which he and his theories had been treated in California. Up to the time of his leaving the Pacific States he had not given much publicity to his single-tax theory; but he had others in plenty. He was a contributor to the early numbers of the "Overland Monthly." then edited by Bret Harte. There was printed in that periodical (October, 1868) a strong and well-written article by George, entitled "What the Railroad Will Bring Us," in which the writer took a rosy view of the probable future of California, then about to be connected with the older States of the Union by the Central Pacific Railroad, which was rapidly approaching completion. He was moved to prophesy that San Francisco would be the second, if not the first, city of the republic. But at the same time he predicted a greater concentration of wealth, with a long train of popular misfortunes and disasters, arguing that the poor would be poorer and the rich richer.

"Progress and Poverty" at first slowly made its way to fame. But it was not very long before all men were thinking and talking about the revolutionary ideas of the book. Gradually the former printer and editor was widely quoted on both sides of the Atlantic as a philosopher and reformer of great originality and boldness. Of the wonderful spread of his novel ideas, the vast circulation of his book, and the great interest that attached to everything he wrote or said, it is not necessary for me to speak. Henry George became a famous man, and his name was made known throughout all civilized nations. Going abroad, in 1881, he was received with honor and acclaim, and even those who violently opposed his economic theories respected him for his sincerity, his simplicity of manner, and his obvious devotion to the truth as he thought it had been

revealed to him.

On his return from Europe, and at intervals thereafter, I met Henry George in New York. We often talked together about the old times in San Francisco, and many a hearty laugh we had over our amusing adventures in the editorial conduct of the

"Times." Up to the last day of his life he retained his buoyancy of spirits, his unaffected simplicity of manner, his deference to the opinions of others, and his almost boyish candor of demeanor. Unspoiled by attentions and honors that might have turned the head of any other poor young printer, George preserved his native dignity and self-respect, without betraying any spark of elation that might have been kindled in his heart by his sudden leap to fame. In his later years, especially after his first appearance in the mayoralty contest of New York, I thought I detected a note of querulousness in his voice, as if he were discouraged by the slowness with which his new philosophy made its way among men. He was gratified at the sale of his books, but the practical acceptance of his doctrines was slower than he

wished it might have been.

It is quite possible, even probable, that the slight tone of querulousness to which I have referred was really due to the insidious approach of disease, rather than to any discouragement at the popular apathy concerning his theories. It should be borne in mind that Henry George was a firm and deeply sincere believer in the proposition that humanity and the best of humanity's institutions could be safeguarded only by the general adoption of the views on economic questions which he had made peculiarly his own. With the feeling that life is short and that his own life might at any hour be ended, he threw himself into the thick of affairs, desperately determined to "do his level best" to mitigate the numberless ills that afflict human society. regardless of what the consequences might be to himself. In his two mayoralty campaigns he refused to spare himself; and especially in the campaign of 1897, when he must have known something of the danger into which his ardent temperament was leading him, he persisted in labors that were mighty enough to tax to the uttermost the physical energies of even the most stalwart of men. He had a sublime faith in the ultimate triumph of the principles which he represented; and considering the self-sacrificing attitude which he steadfastly main- end. He died in November, 1897, just thirtytained, it is not too much to say that Henry one years after I first descried him, compos-George was a martyr to those principles.

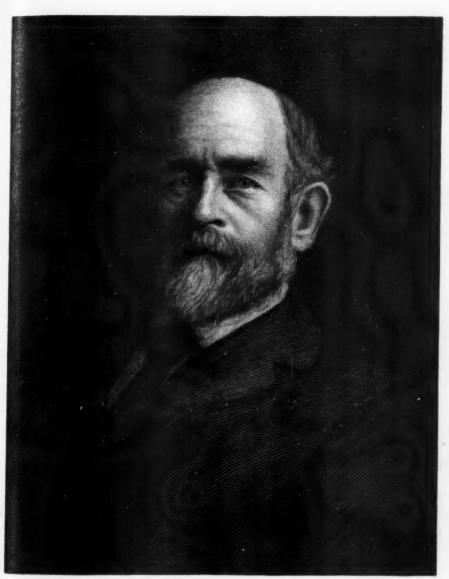
But it should be said here that the young a strip of plank before the printer's case in printer who had been thus raised up to the San Francisco.

championship of ideas purely economic finally became something more than the champion of those ideas. The second campaign in the city of New York, under the influence of circumstances entirely beyond his control. broadened far away from his single-tax theories, and beyond any mere partizan platform. Eventually the fight became one for good government; it was a manful strug-gle against the "boss" system in politics, and against all forms of political

corruption.

To those of us who knew the singular purity of Henry George's motives of life and action, it was not surprising that he should be found fighting with tremendous energy for honest government, for a system of politics that should be wholly disinterested and free from the immoral influences of combinations, rings, and "bosses." In course of time, the general public saw this, too; for it was apparent that this man represented something more than mere theories regarding the valuation and taxation of property. In the minds of the people he stood for things which are of good report in human society and government. So it came to pass that when he fell fighting like a gallant knight in the heated climax of a crusade. thousands of those who had no sympathy with his economic views lamented his untimely death with real grief. They felt that a powerful force for good had been removed from the ranks of living men.

In common with multitudes of others, my own last impression of the career of this remarkable man has been tinged with pathos deepened by the suddenness of his exit. There may have been something tragical in store for him in the ultimate failure of his hopes. We cannot tell. But there can be no question as to his devotion to the cause which he had made his own, none as to the heroic self-sacrifice with which he espoused the cause of the general good. What premonitions he may have had of the catastrophe that finally wrecked his life, we may not fully know. But it is certain that the persistence of his indomitable spirit brought him to his ing-stick in hand, standing on the uplift of



DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

Henry George

ALEXANDER'S CONQUEST OF ASIA MINOR.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: FOURTH PAPER.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER. Professor of Greek in Cornell University.

time would. He emerged from the battledust of Granicus a personality in which all was combined that inspires men's enthusiasm and commands their allegiance. In his twenty-second year, the flush and vigor of splendid youth upon him, no one called him a stripling; he wore the crown of successes that genius, and not luck, had won him, and that age might envy. His character was as frank and open as the sky; indirection of every sort he abhorred. He could plan, organize, think; to will and to do he was quick and strong; in business affairs he was definite and orderly: but he had a heart, was loyal to friends, loved much, and was much beloved. Generous to a fault, and unconscious of self, meanness and fear were unknown to him. His respect for woman and his moral cleanliness made him an exception to his times. Practical-minded as he was, he was swayed by ideals. He loved music and song, and the conversation and association of men; knew the charm of letters, and gave to the gods their due. Whatever his failings, these were his virtues.

Of the physical man Alexander, biographers and artists have left us a reasonably distinct picture. Lysippus portrayed him in bronze, the painter Apelles in color, the engraver Pyrgoteles on gems; but the portraits made by Lysippus, men said, were the most lifelike. Through copies and imitators the portrait type passed on to the after-world, and survives to-day in a few such works as the Alexander bust of the Louvre, the Alexander Rondanini of the Munich Glyptothek, the Alexander in the Pompeiian mosaic representing the battle of Issus, but best of all, perhaps, upon the tetradrachm coinage of Lysimachus.

Alexander was of good stature and muscular, well-proportioned figure. He had the blond type of the old Northman Aryans,

TO say that Alexander had now the abso-blue eyes and golden hair, which survived I lute confidence of the army would be latest in Greece with the old aristocratic too little; men trusted him, loved him, families. His skin, as Plutarch particularly adored him. And no wonder. Men of any emphasizes, was clear and white, with ruddy hue on cheek and breast. A characteristic feature were the massy locks that rose up mane-like from above the center of his forehead, and, coupled with deep-set eves and heavy brows, gave his face the leonine look to which Plutarch refers. The upward glance of the eyes, which had the soft, melting, or, as the Greeks called it, "moist" expression, that artists gave to the eyes of Venus and Bacchus, the strong, finely shaped, almost aquiline nose joined high to the forehead, the sensitive, passionate lips, the prominent chin-these complete the picture that pen and chisel have left. That he was beautiful to look upon all accounts agree.

> All the portraits represent him as smoothshaven, except the Pompeiian mosaic, where a light growth on the cheeks perhaps serves to indicate youth, in accordance with Roman-Alexandrian usage. It is noticeable that the Capitoline bust commonly named Helios, but which at least has the Alexander type as a basis, and shows also an incipient beard, is a work of the second century. But, after all, the Pompeiian mosaic may be a faithful copy of Helena's painting made directly after the Issus battle (333), and so be a proof that Alexander began the practice of shaving later than that, and at some time during the Asiatic campaigns. We know that the fashion of shaving the face clean took its rise in Greco-Roman civilization from imitation of Alexander. The Hellenistic kings always appear without beards, and in the third century barbers and shaving made their way into Rome. The Roman emperors down to Hadrian followed the style thus set by their archetype. Alexander had a habit, too, or carrying the head slightly inclined toward the left shoulder, and this, they say, all his generals and successors, consciously or unconsciously, imitated, and many would-beheroes after them.





HEAD OF THE ALEXANDER RONDANINI, IN THE GLYPTOTHEK AT MUNICH. FROM KOEPP'S "UEBER DAS BILDNES ALEXANDERS DES GROSSEN.

The bust represents a youth from eighteen to twenty years of age, and may well be regarded as an authentic portrait of the Prince Alexander as he appeared at about the period of the battle of Charonea (338 B.C.). It has indeed been argued with considerable probability that we have in this statue a copy of the gold-lvory statue which Leochares, after the battle of Charonea, was commissioned to make for the Philippeion at Olympia, as part of a group in which Philip was the central figure.

insignificant as it seemed to be on the score of the relatively small Persian force (from thirty-five to forty thousand) engaged, had now become a fact of great significance. It was one of the three great battles fought by Alexander in open field for the conquest of the Persian empire. As its immediate result, the whole of Asia Minor north of the Taurus range, -that is, north of Pisidia and Cilicia, was placed at the mercy of Alexander. No large Persian force and no competent Persian authority existed within that territory.

After appointing Calas, a young Macedonian who had commanded the Thessalian cavalry in the battle, governor of Phrygia, and sending Parmenion with troops to occupy Dascylium its capital, eighty miles to the east of the battle-field, he himself advanced into Lydia, toward its capital, Sardis. This city, from its central inland position, was an important point, as well as from its wealth, the strength of its citadel, and its command of the trade routes. Nine miles outside the city gates the Persian commandant, Mithrines, accompanied by the leading citizens, came to meet the conqueror and offer the surrender of the city.

On entering its gates, Alexander assured the citizens of their freedom, restored to them their ancient constitution and laws,

The battle at the Granicus (May, 334 B.C.), which Persian occupation had set aside, and, as an honor to the city, announced his determination to erect a temple of the Olympian Zeus upon its citadel. In this connection an incident is related characteristic of the ancient meteorology. While Alexander was debating concerning the proper location of the temple there suddenly appeared in the sky-an unusual thing in the dry, placid climate of June-a heavy mass of clouds attended by thunder and lightning. There came, however, with the clouds only a few drops of rain, but what fell, fell upon that part of the citadel rock where in ancient times the palace of the kings of Lydia had stood. This was accepted as an intimation of the divine will, and the temple was located on that spot.

The government of the province of Lydia was not left in the hands of a single man, as under the Persian régime, but the former functions of the satrap were distributed among three different officials-one who attended to the collection of tribute and imposts, one who commanded the garrison, and one who conducted the government and had the title and honors of governor. All three were made directly responsible to the throne. This model Alexander followed in organizing the government of other provinces as they fell into his hands. It was an impor-

tant modification of the Persian system in the interest of solidifying and centralizing the imperial authority. The wisest thing about it all was that the organization of the army was thereby kept undivided.

Having so disposed of matters in Lydia, Alexander set out toward Ephesus, sixty-five

population of a quarter of a million, was the largest, wealthiest city of Asiatic Greece. Miletus being its only rival.

The Asiatic Greece of which Ephesus was the foremost representative inclined in general to the oligarchic form of city government and to a placid acceptance of the mild



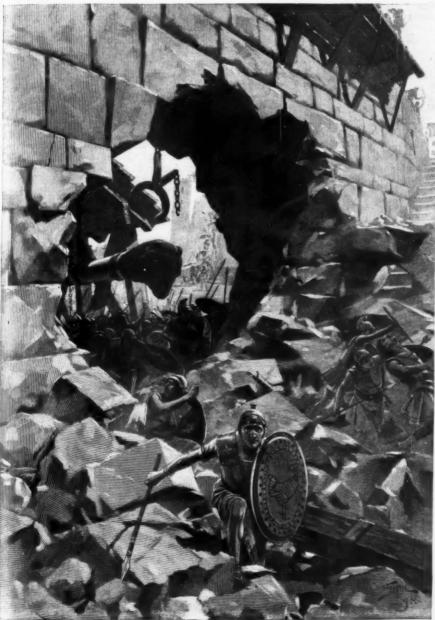
HEAD OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, FROM A TETRADRACHM OF LYSIMACHUS.

Lysimachus, King of Thrace (323-281 B. C.), was one of the successors of Alexander. As usual, on these coins Alexander is represented with the Ammon horns, in his character as son of Jupiter Ammon and universal king. The coins of Lysimachus are dwiely various artistic excellence, but they offer beyond a question the most accurate profile portraits of Alexander, and the one here presented, published in Imhoof-Blumer's "Porträtköpfe," Taf. I, is one of the noblest products of the Greek mints.

miles to the southwest of Sardis, and so came again within the confines of Hellendom; for the true Hellas, as the habitat of the Greeks, was then, as it is to-day, not a tract of land, but the Ægean and its fringe of shores. The Asiatic Greeks were a third of all there were. In the most central position on the Asiatic shore, directly opposite Athens, stood Ephesus, at the head of a bay along the shores of which, within a radius of thirty miles, were ranged at least ten prosperous Greek cities. Chios flanked the northern entrance to the bay, Samos, twenty miles away, the southern. Accessible to the inland by the Cayster valley, Ephesus formed the natural meeting-place for the Carian, Phrygian, and Lydian population of the interior with the Greeks and others who plied the sea. Long before there were any Greeks in these lands it had been a busy mart, and now, like the cult and the sanctuary of its famous Diana. herself a Hellenized Asiatic, it had become the most cosmopolitan of all the communi- serious blow to the oligarchic government ties wearing the Greek guise, and, with its which at that time, under Syrphax's leader-

Persian sway. The young hero who bore the lofty title of captain-general of the Greeks surely found some disappointments to face. The cities of European Greece looked on with indifference as he toiled, and awaited the opportunity of some reverse openly to oppose him. The Asiatic Greeks he came to rescue did not wish to be rescued. The war for the present was Greek against

On the fourth day from Sardis Alexander was at the gates of Ephesus. The news of his approach had developed a panic within the city. Indeed, since the battle of Granicus the city had been in continuous political turmoil. The Greek mercenaries who constituted, evidently in Persian interest, the garrison of the city, on the first news of the battle, in which the summary treatment accorded the Greek mercenaries must have particularly interested them, had seized two triremes and set off in flight. This was a



FRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE

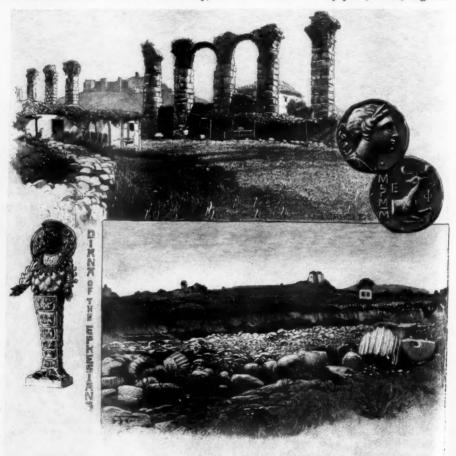
MALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY M. MAIDE

THE CAPTURE OF MILETUS.

ship, was in control of the city. This gov-called the political exiles, broke up the ernment had sought to sustain itself by oligarchy and established a government of admitting into the city, after the battle of Granicus, the fugitive remnants of Memnon's army, an act which had been sorely resented by the popular party. The oligarchy was thus identified more closely than ever with the fortunes of Persia, and the retreat of the garrison, and Memnon's withdrawal to Halicarnassus, made it difficult for Syrphax and his associates to hold in check the rising tide of democratic revolt.

These internal conflicts apparently made all thought of resistance to Alexander im-

the demos, and directed that the tribute heretofore paid to Persia should be transferred to the goddess Diana. The moment the populace was relieved of its fear of the "first families" through Alexander's recognition of the demos, riot broke loose. The mob undertook to pay off a long list of old scores. The men who had let Memnon into the city, and those who had pillaged the temple of Diana, and thrown down a statue of Philip standing within it, and others who had desecrated the grave of Heropythus, a possible, for on his approach Ephesus was former leader of the democracy-all these thrown open to receive him. He immediately must now receive summary attention. First identified himself with the democracy, re- on the list came Syrphax, whom, together



RUINS OF EPHESUS. REMAINS OF THE AQUEDUCT AND CASTLE ON THE HILL. DEBRIS ON THE SITE OF THE FAMOUS TEMPLE OF DIANA.



VIEW OF BUDRUM, ANCIENT HALICARNASSUS.

The view is from a rock-cut tomb. The site of the mausoleum (tomb of Mausolus) is indicated by the mound in the foreground surmounted by a flagstaff.

lished order by military force.

north in Ionia and Æolis, by overthrowing comed the Macedonians. the oligarchies, testified their sympathy

The first opposition ca

with his sons and his brother's sons, the mob that Alcimachus, who was at this time sent had already dragged from the altars of the out with a detachment of troops among the temple and stoned to death, when Alexander, northern cities, aided in bringing these to his great credit, interfered and reëstab- results to pass. The city of Smyrna, which since the days of the Lydian monarchy had Magnesia and Tralles, cities in the Mæ-lain in ruin or existed only in scattered ander valley, twenty and forty miles to the hamlets, the king now ordered to be rebuilt. southeast, now sent deputations to announce The Greek cities of the neighborhood, such their submission. The coast cities to the as Teos and Clazomenæ, seem to have wel-

The first opposition came at Miletus, the with the cause of Alexander. It is probable next important maritime city to the south



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNA

ALEXANDER'S ARMY PASSING THE FOOT OF MOUNT CLIMAX.

of Ephesus. The commander of the Persian garrison, Hegesistratus, had at first written a letter to Alexander offering to surrender the city, but later, learning that the Persian fleet was in the neighborhood, he took courage and determined to make a defense. The fleet, however, through its dilatoriness, disappointed his hopes. Three days before it appeared, the Macedonian fleet of one hundred and sixty triremes had sailed into the harbor of Miletus, and anchored off the island Lade, which commanded to the west the principal portion of the harbor, and which Alexander immediately proceeded to occupy with a strong detachment of his army.

The trireme of those times was preëminently a great ramming- or bumping-machine. Naval tactics were principally addressed toward disabling the opposing ship by shattering its oars and dashing in its sides. The development of speed was therefore a chief consideration, and, as sails could not be depended upon and steam-power was unknown, oars and man-power were the only recourse. Of the two hundred men who constituted the normal complement of an Athenian trireme, one hundred and seventy were oarsmen, and only from ten to fifteen armed fighting men. The oarsmen were arranged in three tiers or banks, in such wise, for economy of space, that the corresponding oarsmen of the next lower bank sat a little lower and a little behind. The vessel itself was long, narrow, and of light draft. The normal length appears to have been from about one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet, the breadth from fifteen to eighteen feet, and that the draft could not have been much over three feet appears from the fact that cavalrymen have been known to participate in a seafight by riding out into the water among the ships. Xenophon, in the "Hellenica," refers to such an occurrence off the beach at Abydos. In long voyages the trireme could avail itself of a favoring wind by hoisting sails on its two masts, but these masts were lowered in clearing the ship for action. It appears that a speed of seven or eight miles an hour could be attained by the oars alone. The serious burden entailed by the maintenance of a fleet is apparent when it is seen that the three hundred triremes regularly constituting the Athenian fleet demanded the service of sixty thousand men, and the expenditure for rations and pay, to say nothing of the ships themselves and their outfit, from \$250,000 to \$350,000 per month. Imperial ambitions came too dear for most states. For a little state like Attica, with a population of perhaps a third of a million, at least half of whom were slaves, it would have been impossible without the tribute from its dependencies.

The Persian fleet, four hundred strong, shortly appeared and anchored on the opposite side of the bay, off the promontory of Mycale, six or seven miles away. Parmenion was desirous of risking a battle. They had everything to win and nothing to lose, he said; for the Persians, as it was, had the supremacy at sea. Alexander was of different mind. The loss of a naval battle would annul the prestige they had achieved by their victories on land, and would encourage the anti-Macedonian elements in the Greek cities to attempt revolt. The chances in a sea-fight, furthermore, were all against them. They were greatly outnumbered, and the Phenicians and Cyprians were skilled watermen, while the Macedonians were relatively novices. He therefore wisely decided to keep his fleet on the defensive, and trust, as he had in the past, to his army for his conquests. The fact that the Macedonian fleet already held the harbor constituted in itself a great advantage, for as long as it kept within the close harbor the Persians could bring aid to the city only by attacking the Macedonians at a great disadvantage, and where their superiority of numbers would not count.

The readiness with which omens could be interpreted so as to harmonize with one's wishes and views is rather fitly illustrated by a competitive exercise in augury in which Alexander and Parmenion indulged on this occasion. An eagle had been seen sitting on the shore behind the Macedonian ships. Parmenion found in this a convincing indication of the gods that victory was with the ships. Alexander pointed to the fact that the eagle perched on the land, not on the ships, giving thereby the evident intimation that it was only through the victory of the troops on land that the fleet could have value. Alexander being the commander-in-chief, this was evidently the orthodox interpretation.

On his first arrival before the city, Alexander occupied the portion lying outside the walls, and established a close blockade of the inner city. Just as the decision had been reached to continue the siege without risking a naval encounter, there came to Alexander from the city one of its leading citizens, Glaucippus, bringing the proposal that he should raise the siege on condition that the Milesians should thereafter make their harbors and their walls free alike to



FACE OF ALEXANDER, FROM THE POMPEIAN MOSAIC REP-RESENTING THE BATTLE OF ISSUS. FROM KOEPP'S "URBER DAS BILDNES ALEXANDERS DES GROSSEN."

Though the face is elongated as compared, for instance, with the coin portraits, the characteristic features of the "leonine" hair, the forehead, the full eye, and particularly the lips and chin are faithfully preserved.

him and to the Persians. Generous as Alexander was by nature, such good-lord, gooddevil attitudes as this were always abhorrent to him. Peculiarly exasperating was this notably academic proposition in that it implied the possibility of a Greek community assuming in this life-and-death struggle between Greek and barbarian a neutral position. He therefore informed the eminent citizen that he had not come thither to accept what men chose to grant him, but to accomplish his own will, and bade him get back into the city with all speed, and warn his people to expect an attack at daybreak. They had broken their word with him, and might count on punishment.

The use of siege-engines and artillery, which took its rise in Greek lands with Dionysius the Elder of Syracuse (in power 405-367 B. c.), before whom sieges had been mere blockades, was taken up by Philip of Macedon in his siege of Perinthus (340) and Byzantium (339), and rapidly extended during the wars of Alexander, especially in connection with the siege of Halicarnassus, Tyre, and Gaza, coming to its fullest development at the end of the century under Demetrius, who received therefrom his surname Poliorcetes, "the Besieger." Among the engineers who accompanied Alexander as experts were

Diades and Charias, said to have been pupils of the Thessalian Polyeides, who assisted Philip at Perinthus. Others were Posidonius and Crates.

The most important types of siege-engines were already in use in Alexander's time—the battering-ram, the siege-tower. the borer, the movable shed for protecting the besiegers, known as the chelone, or tortoise, and also the various devices for undermining the walls. The battering-ram was an enormous beam, or composite of beams, provided with a ponderous metallic head or knob, which was either hung in a vertical frame and swung against the wall, or mounted on wheels and rolled against it. The dimensions of one of these ancient mechanisms. which has been described for us in detail. were as follows: length of the beam, one hundred and eighty feet: thickness of butt. two feet: diameter of each of the eight wheels on which it was mounted, six and a half feet; thickness of wheels, three feet; weight of the whole, over two thousand hundredweight. A hundred men were needed to operate it. While this was undoubtedly more massive than the ordinary ram (commonly from sixty to one hundred feet long). it is evident that an effective mechanism for opening a breach in a stone wall from ten to eighteen feet thick required solidity and weight.

The borer was an engine not unlike the ram, but with pointed head and mounted on rollers.

The siege-tower was a mighty structure, mounted on wheels or rollers, which could be advanced before the city walls and afford opportunity for the besiegers distributed through its various stories to face the defenders of the wall on equal or higher level, and to reach the battlements by bridges. These towers reached a height, according to necessity, of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet, and contained from ten to twenty stories. The monster tower which Demetrius built in the siege of Rhodes had a breadth on the ground of seventy-two feet. The outside of the towers was usually protected against weapons and firebrands by a coating of hides or of sheet-iron.

Various devices for undermining the walls were employed, the commonest being to approach by underground passages, excavate the foundations, and support the wall by beams which afterward could be burned away.

Though the various forms of the catapult, or mechanism for hurling arrows, stones, and bullets, had not reached their full development in Alexander's time, it is certain that

he made use of the mechanical bow, or bowgun, and he was probably also acquainted with the method of developing projectile power from the recoil of twisted ropes. Great arrows from four to six feet long, ponderous missiles, and fire-balls were in this way thrown to considerable distances, cases of from four to six hundred yards being cited.

The next morning after the visit of the embassy the assault upon the walls began. The battering-rams were set in action, and soon a great breach appeared, and a large portion of the wall tottered to its fall. As soon as Nicanor, the Macedonian admiral, saw the assault begun, he moved over from Lade, and sailing into the harbor and hugging the shore, moored his vessels close together in the narrowest part of the channel, with their prows facing the sea. They thus interposed an absolute barrier between the city and the Persian fleet. The naval superiority of the Persians was thus canceled out of the situation, and Miletus became, so far as that factor was concerned, an inland town.

Through the breach in the wall, the Macedonians pressed in. The citizens and mercenary garrison took to flight. Some swam out upon their wicker-framed leathern shields to an island off the city; some in skiffs tried in vain to evade the Macedonian ships; but most of them were cut down within the city. Those who escaped death during the attack were given their life and The three hundred mercenaries freedom. who had taken refuge on the island were just about to be surrounded, and were preparing to sell their lives as dearly as possible, when Alexander, shrinking from the useless butchery, offered them their lives if they would serve in his army, a condition which they readily accepted.

There now appeared the first practical illustration of Alexander's plan of isolating the Persian fleet by robbing it of its harbors. The fleet lay yet off Mycale, but every day pushed out into the bay, hoping to tempt the Macedonians to an engagement. Their anchorage was inconvenient for them, as they were obliged to go at least ten miles to the east, to the mouth of the Mæander, for their water-supply. To make their position still more uncomfortable, Alexander sent Philotas around the shore toward Mycale with a force of cavalry and three regiments of infantry. This made it impossible for the Persian sailors to land at all, and they found themselves cut off entirely from supplies of food and water, and as good as "besieged in their ships." They were therefore obliged to sail over to Samos, twenty-five or thirty miles away, and reprovision the fleet. Again they returned to Miletus and renewed their former tactics, sailing up to the very entrance of the harbor, in hope of luring the Macedonians out.

Finally five of their ships ventured into the harbor between the island of Lade and the shore, thinking to surprise the Macedonian seamen, who were believed to be absent on shore collecting fuel and provisions. Many of them were absent, but enough were there quickly to man ten triremes and put out into the harbor. On seeing this, the reconnoitering squadron put about and fled; but a Carian ship from Iassus, being slower than the rest, was captured, men and all. This slight loss seems to have completed the discouragement of the Persians, and the whole fleet shortly sailed away.

Alexander now decided to disband his His policy of conducting, handicapped as he was on the sea, exclusively a land campaign had been thus far brilliantly vindicated. As he moved to the south along the coast, his fleet, had it followed him. would have gone farther and farther from its base and entered waters where the Phenicians were at home. The summer was now coming to its close, and the fleet would soon at best be obliged to seek winter quarters. The cost of maintenance was also a serious item for his slender exchequer. One hundred and sixty triremes implied a force of over thirty thousand men to man them, and this matched or nearly matched the numbers of his army, without giving hope of accomplishing any results at all comparable with those of which the army had demonstrated itself capable. The money required for the pay of the men, reckoning this at two or three obols per day and double pay for officers, must have amounted to from sixty to ninety thousand dollars per month, and, if provisions could not be obtained without purchase, to as much more.

Alexander's conquests had not as yet effected any vast increase of his permanent revenues. The cities of Asia Minor had not been subjected to extraordinary tribute; many had been freed altogether. His decision was made, therefore, on the basis of reasons that can be appreciated. However, the decision was probably a mistake,—for it soon proved itself necessary to reorganize a fleet,—yet not a fatal mistake. It was an undue application of logic. But the most weirdly solemn thing about it all was

-and it must have been humiliating to the enthusiasms of the young leader who fought in the name of the Greeks-that the Greek states offered no aid with their fleets, but left him to confess his helplessness on the seas.

The autumn was now beginning, but there remained one more stronghold on the coast, Halicarnassus, the old capital of the Carian kings, at the extreme southeastern tip of Asia Minor. Here the forces of the opposition had assembled for a desperate stand. The Greek Memnon, ablest leader among the Persians, had recently been appointed, by the Shah, commander-in-chief of all his forces in Asia Minor, both by sea and by land, as well as governor of the country, and he was now in command within the city. With him were collected the relics

of the Persian army.

As Alexander advanced, the cities of Caria hastened to submit to him. Ada, the widow of Idrieus, a former king of Caria, who had been robbed of the throne, to which Carian law gave her the right, by her brother Pixodarus, came to meet him and offer her support. The present king, Othontopates, a Persian by birth, had within the preceding year succeeded to the throne of his fatherin-law, Pixodarus. The kings of Caria, as important and almost independent tributaries of the Persian empire, had for the preceding half-century developed great power and wealth, and had made their chief city a mart and stronghold of prominence. Mausolus, who had died two decades before, and who had been succeeded by his queen, Artemisia, had become at one time an important factor in Greek international politics, and was chief instigator of the Social War (357-355), which more than anything else had wrecked the Athenian empire.

The city was fortified on three sides by massive walls protected by a moat forty-five feet wide and twenty-two feet deep. On the fourth side it faced the sea. It contained three strong fortresses or citadels, the acropolis, or citadel proper, the fortress Salmacis, at the southwest, directly on the sea, and the king's castle, on a small island

at the entrance to the harbor.

Alexander halted and encamped half a mile outside the city, and prepared for a systematic siege. On the first day of the siege a sortie from the city was easily repulsed. A midnight attack upon Myndus, a town some miles west of the city, impulsively attempted by Alexander a few days later. signally failed. Then he set about the siege of the city proper with vigor. He first filled troops and ending the battle. Alexander

up the moat, in order to furnish a foundation for the movable towers from which the walls and their defenders were to be attacked, as well as for the heavy machinery used in battering the walls. Repeated sallies were made by the enemy, with the design of setting fire to the towers and engines, and after one of these there was found among their dead the body of Neoptolemus, the Lyncestian prince who, two years before. had fled from Macedonia on account of his supposed connection with the murder of King Philip.

The siege was continued day after day with varying fortunes, but gradually the force of the rams made itself felt. Two great towers and the wall between them had fallen; a third tower was tottering. Behind the breach the Persians had hastily built a crescent-shaped wall of brick, joining the two broken ends together. The Macedonians advanced their engines over the debris of the first wall, to make assault on the new inner wall. Alexander was superintending the

work in person.

Suddenly there was a movement from within. Masses of men came pouring out through the breach, and off at one side, where no one was expecting it, by the gate called the Triple Gate, another rushing mass of soldiery appeared. Those who issued forth at the breach came stumbling on over the ruins, pelted by great stones and by javelins from the high wooden towers of the besiegers, at the base of which they now stood. The fight was hand to hand, in the midst of ruins and falling walls. Men were continually pushing their way out of the city, but the breach was too small for the struggling mass to pass. The first-comers were cut down. The sally turned to flight, but the breach was clogged with men, and those who were already outside were caught as in a trap. Those who had issued out at the Triple Gate, met by a strong force under Ptolemy, were soon put to rout. The narrow bridge over the moat proved too slight for their weight. Hundreds were piled into the moat, to be trampled to death or slain by the Macedonians with javelins and stones from above. In the panic the gates were shut to, and hundreds more were left at the mercy of the besiegers.

The loss of the defenders had been terrible. One onset now through the breach, and the city would have been captured; but out of the din of the last struggle issued the trumpet sound recalling the Macedonian

was still unwilling to give the city, a Greek city of noble traditions, over to the fate of capture. The regrets of Thebes were still upon him. He hoped still that better counsels would prevail and that the city would offer its surrender. Within the city that night a council of war was held. The situation was seen to be hopeless. For Memnon the thought of capitulation was impossible. It was decided to withdraw to the fortress, set fire to the city, and leave it to its fate. In the second watch a temporary wooden tower by the wall was set on fire, also the storehouses and arsenals and the houses near the wall. The fire spread rapidly through the city. Alexander, apprised of the state of things by fugitives from the city, hastened to enter the walls and check the further spread of the flames. Those who were setting fires were slain, but orders were issued to spare all the inhabitants who kept within their houses.

When day broke he saw the strongholds to which the troops had retreated, and, determining not to spend time in the difficult and relatively useless task of besieging these, he made immediate preparations to withdraw. That night he buried the dead, and after despatching the siege apparatus to Tralles, razing the city to the ground, and distributing the populations in hamlets, marched away into Phrygia. Three thousand infantry and two hundred cavalry were left to guard the place and retain hold on the country of which Queen Adawas now appointed viceroy.

It was now late autumn (334). The campaign had reached a natural conclusion, and completed, almost as if by deliberate plan, a definite result. It had cleared along the entire western side of Asia Minor a strip of coast from twenty to fifty miles deep. This was Asiatic Hellas. Thus far Alexander had scarcely been outside the domain of

the Greek tongue. The winter of 334 was now approaching, and such campaigns as Alexander projected for the winter made no demand for large bodies of troops; he therefore dismissed on furlough many of his soldiers, designating for this favor the young men who had been recently married, and whose honeymoons had suffered eclipse through the march into Asia. Under the command of Ptolemy, son of Seleucus, one of the agéma, or royal bodyguard, and of the two generals Cœnus, son of Polemocrates, and Meleager, son of Neoptolemus, themselves also benedicts of short standing, he sent them back into Macedonia, giving the generals instructions to enlist new troops and rejoin him at Gordium, in Phrygia, with the opening of spring. "By this act more than by any other," Arrian tells us, "he made himself very popular among the Macedonians." In any case, it served his purpose well in spreading the knowledge of his victories widely and surely throughout his kingdom, and quickening at once the national loyalty and the desire for participation in his enterprises.

He also sent Cleander into the Peloponnesus, the great mart of mercenaries, with orders to enlist troops there. We hear of Cleander, thirteen or fourteen months later, as joining him at Sidon with four thousand mercenaries fresh from the Peloponnesus, and if that was the fulfilment of this commission, he certainly had done his work at leasure.

Alexander now divided his army, sending what appears to have been at least one half, comprising all the Thessalian cavalry (originally from twelve to fifteen hundred), and the rest of the Greek auxiliaries, and one squadron of the companions, with Parmenion, into winter quarters in Phrygia. He himself was to advance by way of Sardis, leaving there the baggage-trains.

Accompanied by the rest of his army, he now marched to the eastward along the Lycian and Pamphylian coast. His surpassing energy did not permit him to lose the use of the first winter month, while still something might be accomplished in securing the coast-line and further isolating the Persian fleet. Once he had traversed the coast as far as the eastern limits of Pamphylia, where the Taurus comes down to the sea to effect the western boundary of Cilicia, he had made the mountain-range his eastern boundary clean across Asia Minor, and had completed a definite task.

The Lycians were a people, as we know with tolerable certainty, akin to their neighbors, the Carians and the Lydians, probably also to the Pisidians and the Cilicians. They represented the original population of Asia Minor, that is, the population which antedated the incursions of the Phrygians and the Bithynians, who were Aryans and closely related to the Thracians. By virtue of their isolated position the Lycians had held more firmly to their original folk-character and language. The language, recorded by means of an alphabet borrowed from the early Greek type and enriched by some supplementary signs, has long been a puzzle for philologists, but is now recognized as certainly non-Aryan. The people are known in

valley. The name by which they originally called themselves was Tremili. In later times they had been gradually yielding to Greek influence in art and civilization, and in the harbor towns Greek manners and the

Greek tongue were standard.

The Pamphylians, on the other hand, if judged by their language, were of Greek origin. This language, as betrayed through a few imperfect inscriptions, appears as a peculiar and strongly divergent dialect of the Greek. The basis of the folk-stock was probably the same autochthonous people as that represented in the Lycians, but at a very early date it was absorbed, together with its language, into the mass of the Greek

immigrants.

The frontier fortress of Lycia, Hyparna, which was garrisoned by a body of Greek mercenaries, Alexander easily took at the first assault. After this he met with no further opposition. Moving along the coast through a populous district, he received in turn the submission of Telmissus, Pinara, Xanthus, Patara, and about thirty other lesser cities. Then turning up the valley of the Xanthus, toward the north, he entered, though it was now the depth of winter, the mountainous country called Milyas. Here he received deputations from most of the Lycian cities, offering submission, and found it sufficient, in the case of most, merely to send officers who should assume formal possession; but Phaselis, a considerable city fifty miles to the east, the deputies of which presented him a golden crown of honor, he visited, and made the opportunity of the first rest he had taken since leaving Macedonia in the spring. Here he took occasion, after his own way, to pay respect to the memory of the rhetorician Theodectes, a son of the city, and pupil of his own teacher Aristotle. Plutarch narrates it in this wise: "While he was here, too, he saw a statue of Theodectes, recently deceased, standing in the town square, and one day after dinner, when merry with wine, he went out and danced about it, decking it with garlands in mass, thus honoring not ungracefully, in the form of sport, the pleasant association he had had with the man on the score of Aristotle and philosophy."

It was also while here that he obtained word from Parmenion of a plot against his life undertaken by the Lyncestian prince Alexander, the son of Aëropus. This young man, who had once been suspected of complicity with his two brothers, Heromenes and

the Iliad as the population of the Xanthus Arrhabæus, in the assassination of Philip, had at the time so effectually demonstrated his loyalty to Alexander that he had been entirely acquitted and afterward honored with positions of responsibility. He had now, since Calas was made governor of Hellespontine Phrygia, been promoted to the command of the Thessalian cavalry, at present connected with Parmenion's army. evidence of the plot was the following: Darius had received a communication from the young cavalry commander indicating a possible inclination to treachery. He thereupon sent one of his courtiers, Sisines, to communicate, if possible, with the young man, and offer him a prize of one thousand talents and the throne of Macedonia if he would make way with King Alexander. Sisines, and with him his secret, fell into Parmenion's hands. A council, immediately called, advised the king to have the young prince arrested at once. Loath as Alexander was to believe the treachery, the evidence was such, and the danger so great, that the decision was confirmed.

So great was the peril regarded to be that the order was not even committed to writing. A trustworthy officer, dressed as a peasant of the country, made his way incognito three hundred miles to Parmenion's camp, and conveyed the order by word of mouth. The prince was immediately seized and put under guard. Four years later we find him still a prisoner with the army in Afghanistan. Lack of proof of his guilt, or deference toward his father-in-law, Antipater, had spared him thus far; but the excitement attending the discovery of Philotas's plot called his case again to attention, and a jury of officers before whom he was given a hearing, less merciful than the king, deemed his stammering defense a confession of guilt, and ran him through

with their spears.

After a long rest, interrupted only by an excursion to help break up a nest of Pisidian robbers in the mountains, who had been a perpetual thorn in the sides of the Phaselites, Alexander set out for Perge, in Pamphylia. The western boundary of this district is Mount Climax, which at the shore pushes itself out as a rugged headland into the very waters of the sea. Only at times when the strong north wind was blowing was it possible to make one's way around at its foot. Otherwise a steep path by a long circuit constituted the only means of communication between the two districts.

Alexander sent his army over the mountain, but determined himself, with his body-

guard, to face the elements and force his way along the shore. It was winter-time, and the sea was rough, but he pushed his way through, sometimes up to his eyes in water, and always at great peril. The news of his successful passage set great stories afoot. The account we have given is that of Strabo, and probably the correct one. Alexander's own report of it, as quoted by Plutarch from one of his letters, says no more than that he "made his way through." But other stories made him go through dry-shod. Plutarch says that many historians speak of it as if it were no less than a miracle that the sea should retire to afford him passage. Even the sober Arrian tells that the wind changed from south to north, "not without divine interposition, as indeed both he and his men explained it." The rhetoric of Callisthenes, the would-be biographer of the king, takes fire over the incident, and reports how the sea bowed low and did him homage. Even Menander's allusion shows that the matter was sufficiently subject of common talk to be used as illustration in the comedy: "But see how Alexander-like is this: if I want anybody, lo! there he stands, as if by magic; if I need to pass through the sea at any place, lo! presto change, it is open to my feet." The different forms of the story have, at any rate, their interest as betraying the beginnings of the Alexander

In Perge Alexander again joined his army. From this point he went only about forty miles farther to the east, far enough to reach and occupy Aspendus and Side, and then, as the winter was now coming to an end, returned to Perge, and started northward toward Phrygia. Syllium, a garrisoned fortress near Perge, he was obliged to leave undisturbed, as it showed no sign of yielding, and he was by the nature of his expedition not equipped for a siege. His way took him through the narrow mountain defiles of Pisidia, up on to the great central Phrygian plateau, which lies from thirty to thirty-five hundred feet above the sea-level. The Pisidians were a people of independence, fond of war, and much occupied with feuds among themselves. Alexander had no ambition, especially at this time, to accomplish in detail a conquest of all these petty tribes and towns, but all he wished for was passage through the country. Even this the Pisidsians seemed inclined to deny him.

The first opposition was met with shortly after he had left the great amphitheatrical terraced plain nearly in the center of which

Perge stands. He chose the western exit from the plain, the highway leading to the modern Istanoz. Why this particular route was chosen does not appear, as a somewhat directer road to his goal, which was the pass behind Sagalassus, would have been found at the northwestern exit. It is not unlikely that the western route offered a better road. Arrian says only, "His way led him past the

city of Termessus."

The Termessians now were a troublesome people. Arrian takes pains to say they were "barbarians," which means that they clung to the native language and customs and had not been assimilated into the Hellenism, or rather Hellenistism, of the plain. Their city was located near a pass which easily controlled the road. Count von Lanckoronski, in his "Städte Pamphyliens und Pisidiens." confirms Arrian's description of the city's unusually strong position, and says of it: "It holds the most unique and the grandest position of any city in Pisidia which we visited." Alexander stormed the pass, taking advantage of a temporary withdrawal from a position of the full force guarding it, and encamped before the city. While here, a deputation came from Selge, a rival and hostile city well to the east, and claimed the friendship of the king on the score of their common enemy. A treaty made with these people proved satisfactory then, and in later years as well, for they became faithful allies.

Termessus was now left undisturbed, and the march continued over the mountainridge, and then up a long valley toward the mountain-slopes forming the southern frontier of Phrygia and commanded by Sagalassus, the modern Aghlasun. "This was also a large city, inhabited likewise by Pisidians; and warlike though all the Pisidians are, the men of this city are deemed the most warlike of all," says Arrian. After a sharp action in front of the city, the Sagalassans were driven in and the city was taken by storm. After capturing several mountain strongholds and accepting the capitulation of others. Alexander passed over the watershed into Phrygia, not crossing the high range (eight thousand feet) to the north, which way, if passable for an army, would have taken him directly to Baris (Isbarta), but turning to the west and entering the landlocked basin of Lake Askania. This lake (the modern Lake Buldur), twenty miles long and five wide, and situated three thousand feet above the sea-level, has bitter, brackish waters, but they scarcely yield, as Arrian asserts, salt by natural crystallization.

In point here are the observations of Professor Ramsay:1 "That excellent traveler and observer, Hamilton (vol. i, p. 494), observes about Buldur Lake that it is impossible that this can be the Lake Askania mentioned by Arrian. His argument is that the lake is not 'so strongly impregnated with salt as to enable the inhabitants to collect it from the shores after the waters had dried up.' But I myself have seen the shores, as they dried up, covered with a whitish incrustation, and the inhabitants scraping it together into great heaps and carrying it off. I thought the substance was salt, and when I inquired I was told that it was saltpeter. Either Arrian's account is founded on the report of an eye-witness in Alexander's army, who had made the same mistake as I at first did, and did not inquire so minutely into the facts, or Arrian has erroneously applied to Askania the description of the neighboring lake Anava, whose salt was

used by the inhabitants." Passing around the eastern end of this lake, the army traversed thirty miles of level land, then with a rise of from eight hundred to one thousand feet passed over another mountain saddle, and arrived on the fifth day from Sagalassus near the large and prosperous city of Celænæ, at the very sources of the Mæander River. Here, sixty-eight years before, the young Cyrus had reviewed his troops when just starting out upon his march toward Babylon. The citadel of Celænæ, built by Xerxes on his return from the unfortunate expedition into Greece, was now occupied by a force of one thousand Carians and one hundred Greek mercenaries, who had been left there in the lurch by the fleeing satrap Atizyes. Nothing short of a prolonged and systematic siege could have captured the citadel, and for this, in his anxiety, now that the spring (333) was already opening, to meet his troops at their rendezvous in the north, Alexander had no mind. He therefore was fain to avail himself of the businesslike proposition of the garrison that if expected aid did not reach them within a certain time they would surrender. Leaving fifteen hundred soldiers to fulfil his part of the contract, after a delay of ten days, he marched without further incident directly to Gordium, where he had directed Parmenion to meet him. Antigonus, who was destined in the later division of the empire to become king of all Asia Minor, he appointed governor of Phrygia, promoting Balacer, the son of Amyntas, to

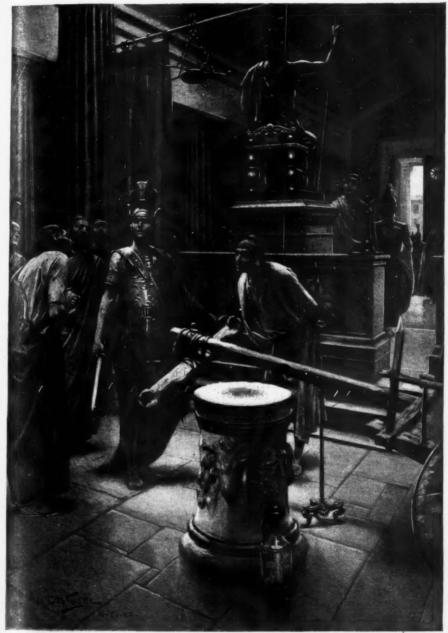
1 "Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia," p. 299.

Antigonus's former position as commander of the Greek allies.

Gordium (Gordeion), probably called in later times Eudoxias, was situated at the site of the modern Yürme. The importance of its location was determined by its position on the Sangarius River, but more particularly by its position on the ancient road leading from Sardis to Susa, which, in its developed character as a Persian "royal road," we have previously described. It was also readily accessible from Byzantium. On arriving, Alexander found Parmenion awaiting him. and the men who had been allowed the winter's furlough in Macedonia also joined him. bringing with them a freshly recruited force of 3000 Macedonian infantry, 300 Macedonian horsemen, 200 Thessalian horsemen, and 150 Eleans.

It was here, too, that the king cut the Gordian knot. The incident is not without its value as interpreting the character of the man and explaining his prestige. Soon after arriving, Alexander expressed his desire to go up into the citadel, not only to visit the palace of Gordius and his son Midas, but also quite as much to see the wagon of Gordius and its famous yoke-cord, about which he had heard so much talk in the country round. And this is the story of the wagon, essentially as Arrian tells it:

Among the ancient Phrygians there was a poor farmer named Gordius. He tilled a small plot of ground, and had two yoke of oxen. One of these he used in plowing, the other to draw the wagon. Once, while he was plowing, an eagle settled upon the yoke and stayed there till he unyoked the oxen. Seeking an interpretation of the omen, he drove in his wagon to the village of the Telmissians, all of whom, men and women alike, were gifted with the mantic power. Arriving there, a maiden he met at the fountain bade him go sacrifice to Zeus, in particular, upon the spot where the mystery occurred. This he did, and afterward married the maiden. A son, Midas, was born to them. Years after, the Phrygians, being in civil discord, consulted an oracle, and were told their trouble would end when a wagon should bring them a king. Just then Midas arrived, driving with his father and mother in the wagon, and stopped near the assembly. The people thereupon made Midas their king, and he, putting an end to their discord, dedicated his father's wagon, yoke and all, to Zeus, as a thank-offering for the sending of the eagle. Then the saying went forth concerning the wagon that whosoever



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

MALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY HENRY DAVIDSON

ALEXANDER CUTTING THE GORDIAN KNOT.

should loosen the cord which, wound around the yoke-pin, bound the yoke to the pole, was destined to gain the empire of all Asia. The cord was made of cornel-bark and was so tied that neither end could be seen. As Alexander, after looking at the knot, could find no way to loosen it, "and yet was loath to leave it unloosed, lest even this should start some disturbance among the masses, he, as some say, smote the knot with his sword and cut it asunder, and called that loosing it; but, as Aristobulus tells it, he drew out the pin of the pole, which was a peg driven right through the pole, serving to hold the knot together, and then drew the yoke off the pole. Exactly how Alexander managed it with this knot, I cannot with confidence affirm, but, at any rate, they left the wagon, both he and his associates, as if the oracle about the loosing of the knot had been fulfilled."

While Alexander had been making his way northward from Pamphylia in the early spring, the Persians, under Memnon, had been preparing a new and vigorous movement. Their plan was reasonably conceived, and contemplated nothing less than cutting Alexander entirely off from his connection with Europe and isolating him and his army in Asia Minor. A chief factor in this plan was the acknowledged predominance of the Persians on the sea. The Macedonian fleet, indeed, had been entirely disbanded. The crafty Memnon was well aware of the partizan divisions existing in the Greek cities. and also of the wide-spread, though now slumbering, aversion to the Macedonian hegemony throughout all Greece. If he could detach from Alexander the allegiance of some of the cities of the Asiatic coast. particularly of the islands, which were more at his mercy, and then, in the glamour of success, appear off the Greek shores with his powerful fleet, he might, under the leadership of Sparta, which had persistently held aloof from all participation in Alexander's doings, call out the entire force of anti-Macedonianism to revolt.

Leaving his post at Halicarnassus, Memnon advanced first with his fleet and a considerable army of mercenaries to Chios, a hundred miles to the north. Here the leaders of the oligarchic party, playing the part of traitors, betrayed the city and the island into his hands. The government of the oligarchy was then restored. It is significant how, throughout all the Greek cities in Asia Minor and on its coast, the party lines between the oligarchic and the democratic ready to welcome the Persians.

tendencies had been made to conform to those dividing the Persian sympathizers from the Macedonian. The old party lines were the real and permanent facts. The new situation, which, one might have supposed, would, at least for a time, beget new interests and obscure the old lines, was merely utilized by the old, rooted partizan feeling to gain partizan success. The practical politician of all times is wedded to his party beyond the power of issues or prin-

ciples to dislodge him.

In the cities of European Greece the oligarchic factions or those with oligarchic tendencies had, in general, constituted the pro-Macedonian party, while the democratic party had been the chief means of resisting Philip's advance. That the exact opposite came to be the case among the Greek cities of Asia was due to the circumstances there existing. The Persians had uniformly favored the interests of the oligarchies. When a city came under their control, they generally placed its government in the hands of the few. When Alexander appeared in the country it was the democracy which hailed him as a deliverer, and hence it was the democratic leaders who became his partizans. Macedonian interests were therefore safer in the hands of the demos, and consequently this form of government was incidentally favored by Alexander. His enthusiasm for democracy was purely a matter of business interest, somewhat as certain trusts in the United States are Republican in one State and Democratic in another.

From Chios Memnon proceeded to Lesbos, where all the cities except Mitylene surrendered to him. This, the leading city of the island, relying upon its Macedonian garrison, dared to refuse submission. A vigorous siege was begun. The city was completely shut off from the land side by a double stockade extending from sea to sea, and invested by five military stations. On the side toward the sea the fleet maintained an absolute blockade, intercepting all the trading-vessels that sought to make the port. The city was thus reduced to severe straits. The news of Memnon's success spread rapidly through Greece. Embassies came from some of the Cyclades Islands, proposing alliance. The cities of Eubœa were in consternation because of a report that they were to be taken in hand next. Persian money had found its way again into Greece, and there were many already who expected overturnings in the cities. The Spartans were believed to be

Just at this crisis the Persian cause met with a serious disaster through the death of Memnon, which occurred during the siege of Mitylene. The operations were continued in Lesbos, after his death, by Pharnabazus, his nephew, to whom, in dying, he had committed the supreme command, pending the Shah's further orders. Pharnabazus was assisted by Autophradates, probably in the capacity of admiral of the fleet. The siege of Mitylene was finally brought to a successful conclusion. It capitulated on the conditions that it should restore the banished to citizenship, destroy the slabs upon which its treaty with Alexander was recorded, and be confirmed in the status which it formerly possessed as a dependent of the empire under the treaty of Antalcidas (387). This latter condition the Persians, after gaining the city, disregarded, for they established Diogenes as tyrant, placed a garrison in the citadel, and laid the community under tribute.

After accomplishing this, Pharnabazus, taking with him the Greek mercenaries, who had been of great service in effecting the reduction of Mitylene, sailed for the Lycian coast, probably with the purpose of recovering the districts which Alexander had traversed the preceding winter. Autophradates remained with the most of the fleet in the neighboring islands. Meantime the Shah, having heard of Memnon's death, had found himself forced to assume active measures in meeting Alexander's aggressions in Asia. Memnon's plan was evidently regarded as having died with its author. A messenger from the Shah met Pharnabazus in Lycia, announcing to him his appointment as Memnon's successor, and directing him to send his mercenaries to join the main army now being formed in Persia. This decision, robbing the western expedition of its support in land forces, ended once for all the prospect of any large success on the line originally planned by Memnon. Nevertheless, Pharnabazus, on his return to the fleet, pro-Datames with ten ships to reconnoiter among the Cyclades, and himself, in company with larger world.

Autophradates, sailed with a hundred ships to Tenedos, about thirty miles north of Lesbos, and forced it to yield on terms similar to those of Lesbos. Tenedos was only a dozen miles from the entrance to the Hellespont. The aim of the Persians was evidently directed at this.

Even before matters reached this pass, Alexander had come to regret his impulsive action in disbanding his fleet five months before. Memnon's activity had given him great solicitude, and while still at Gordiumfor it was after leaving there that he heard of Memnon's death-he had commissioned Hegelochus and Amphoterus to go to the Hellespont and collect a provisional fleet, even by pressing trading-vessels into service, if necessary, a proceeding which, as a breach of the treaty guaranteeing free passage of the Hellespont, called forth later a protest from Athens, and nearly occasioned a rupture. Antipater, also, the regent in Macedonia, had received moneys from Alexander for a like purpose, and had sent Proteas to collect ships in Eubœa and the Peloponnesus to use as a protection for the Greek coast.

This Proteas, hearing now of the ten Persian triremes under Datames as moored off Siphnus, set out by night from Chalcis with fifteen ships, in hope of surprising them. Arrian says he was "at the island of Cynthus at dawn." As it was a run of ninety miles, this implies a speed of at least eight miles an hour, not an impossibility with a favoring wind, such as Proteas would likely have taken advantage of for a sudden descent. Spending the day there, in the following night he sailed over to Siphnus, thirtyfive miles farther, and just before dawn fell upon the Persian ships, capturing eight of them. The Persian fleet continued to operate in the neighborhood of Chios, ravaging the Ionian coast, but no further movement against Greece was made until autumn.

When Alexander heard of Memnon's death, as he did shortly after leaving Gordium, all his solicitude seems to have been ceeded as if the plan were intact. He sent at an end, and sharply turning his back on Europe and its affairs, he pushed out into his

(To be continued.)

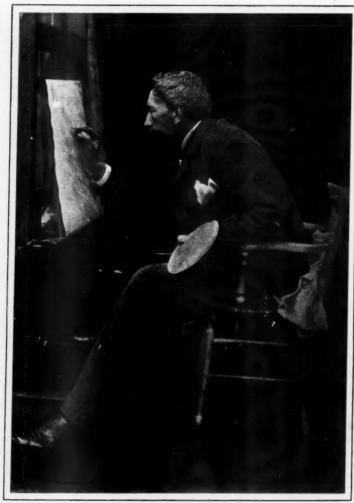




GOLD STATER OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, THE HEAD BEING THAT OF ATHENE. THE ORIGINAL IS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE PAINTER DE MONVEL.

BY MARIE L. VAN VORST.



DE MONVEL AT WORK.

CHILDREN are everywhere a part of the indoor and outdoor world; they are on their charmed ring. The big people, staring the door-steps, on the thresholds, at the windows. They come from school, they dance, they sing, they play, they laugh, they sing, they are good, naughty, stupid, delightful. They are good, naughty, stupid, delightful. They are good, naughty, stupid, delightful. They are good that the start of the st lightful. They have their codes, their man-mained always a child at heart. Through a ners, as class and as individual unit. It re- more transparent medium than the rest, he



ST. NICHOLAS. FROM AN ETCHING BY MULLER AFTER A PAINTING BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

certain poets and painters who turn from the window and tell the world what they see is Boutet de Monvel. To him the children wave and nod, smile and beckon. They tell him their games; best of all, he remembers his the Luxembourg Gardens. This is distinctly own. "My memory," he says, "is extraor- a working quarter; in the narrow streets dinary; from 'way back in my littlest child- there is little rumble of traffic; busy, comhood, from time to time, come vivid pictures. mercial Paris is far away. One leaves the

looks out at the laughing throng. Among I have always keenly observed my surroundings, and I never forget."

One finds M. de Monvel in a peaceful studio in the Latin Quarter, in the Rue Valde-Grâce, near the Panthéon, not far from



PAINTED BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY HENRY DAVIDSON.

PORTRAIT OF MME. P.

thoroughfare, and through a narrow alley a small courtyard is reached, where, on the left, opens a shining oak door, revealing a flight of polished winding stairs. A bell at the foot of the stairway announces the visitor's coming. Two flights up a door clicks, and M. de Monvel comes courteously forward to greet his guests on the landing. In his atelier, surrounded by his canvases, he is a gracious and genial host, free from artistic pose and affectation, combining with the simplicity and eagerness of a child the serious dignity of the worker, the man of distinct talent, who is absorbed in giving to the world the expressions of his original conceptions. His sense of humor is delightful. He has an amusing habit of half closing his eyes and looking from under his heavy evebrows, and seems with this narrow, concentrated vision to see straight to the subtlest point of things.

Pacing up and down the room in his wellmade English clothes, followed by his sleek Irish setter, or sitting easily back in a luxurious arm-chair, the dog at his feet, he might be a gentleman of leisure, with no thought of a picture other than to buy it. But Paris, that vast workshop, holds no more painstaking, earnest worker than Boutet de Monvel.

He began early in life with serious determination, and he works to-day with an ardor no less fervent than that of his youth, when he knew hardship, and, like the majority of those who finally succeed, was as familiar with discouragement as with hope. "No, no," he said almost irritably; "the painting of children is not my serious work; my dreams, my ambitions, were far different. I wished to do large canvases and decorations, but necessity forced me into another field."

In order to gain one's daily bread, one must give to the public what it demands. De Monvel was a husband and a father, and that he might supply the needs of his family he put aside for the time his larger ambition.

"I went," he says, "from publisher to publisher in search of orders for illustration—in vain. I was thoroughly discouraged and disheartened, when at last a publisher gave me a child's history of France to illustrate; then came some work on a French edition of 'St. Nicholas.' I had never before painted children, but I did then."

As soon as he began to draw and paint children (which he did with an originality of scheme, a beauty of color, that make the little pictures works of art), a world of memories came to his aid. His resources

appeared to be inexhaustible. His clever schemes, his skilful execution, his variety of subjects, fill one with wonder at his intimate relation with child life. He explains it in a measure, very charmingly: "I had a houseful of little brothers and sisters. I was the eldest of them all, and they made a great impression upon me. I used to watch them at their games and plays, their funny little figures flying about; they were always with me; and, for the most part, my own little people, as I remember them in our home in Orléans, exist again to-day, in countless poses, as my picture-children. Of course I observe them constantly in the Bois and on the avenues, these little children of Paris, but I like to think that it is that influence from the past that has inspired a great deal of my pictured child life."

After his début appeared his delightful books, "Chansons et rondes" (1883), "Chansons de France" (1884), "Nos enfants" (1886), "La civilité puérile" (1887), "Fables de La Fontaine" (1888), "Xavière" (1890), "Jeanne d'Arc" (1897), until all that his publishers and his public asked of him was that he should draw children, children indefinitely. Thus was he forced into a field of art in which he has no rival. In "Chansons et rondes" and "Chansons de France," he has illustrated the old songs and dances, some of which correspond to our nursery rhymes, and some of which are folk-songs; for example, "Sur le pont d'Avignon" and "Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre."

The children all through these books are distinctively French, of course. They belong only to the land of green-boled, slender trees, red-roofed villages, broad white roads, and gay boulevards. Their drolleries, their trickeries, their humor, are national; they are infectious and delightful. Butin "Nos enfants" there is a lovely spirit of childhood which is universal, and the book is a poem from beginning to end. The text is that of Anatole France, who gives, in a few words, the summer-day life of a little peasant child, besides several other pastels of child life.

De Monvel's illustrations are full of atmosphere and an exquisite feeling for the outof-door world. The fine effects of light and shade, the tone and composition of these pictures, place them far beyond any others of their class, and proclaim them the work of a consummate artist. Boutet de Monvel spoke to the children of France as they had never been spoken to before. Bending over the bewitching pictures, they exclaimed, "Ah, he understands!" And the fathers



PAINTED BY BOUTET DE MONYEL

MALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENC

and mothers, looking from the little ones who read and enjoyed to the pages over which they bent, saw at once that here was a painter with a new and rare faculty for comprehending childhood. They sought Boutet de Monvel to paint their sons and daughters, till he became, one might say, "painter in ordinary" to the children. Of the many little children of Paris whom he has painted may be mentioned the following portraits: the daughter of Édouard de Rothschild, the son of Mme. Diaz Albertini, the little boy of the Countess of Harcourt. the daughter of the Comtesse de Marsay, the daughter of the Comtesse de Breteuil, the son of the painter Bésnard, and Mme. Réjane's little daughter, the last being particularly worthy of mention.

His illustrations of Ferdinand Fabre's "Xavière" placed Boutet de Monvel in the first rank of illustrators. In the pictures which he made for this touching romance he showed a deep knowledge of human nature in general, breadth, and a complete mastery of his subject. They are full of pathos, very realistic, and tender. In studying these, as well as becoming familiar with his portraits of children, and, above all, when we consider his decorations, we get the proper conception of the man and painter, devotedly, conscientiously working for the highest things in art. Interesting as is the sphere we have been considering, it is not his most serious work; nor does his armful of books for children fully represent his art.

Boutet de Monvel was born in 1850. He studied in Paris under De Rudder and Cabanel in the Julien School, and with Carolus Duran. For the development of his peculiar talent, however, he found no school. Its genre was unknown; indeed, he scarcely knewitthen himself: but his ardent studies, instead of leading him to adopt the more academic form of expression, became his tools; his strongly individual talent declared itself, and demanded expression in its own peculiar form; and finally he broke completely away from the schools and followed his bent.

In his illustrations for "Jeanne d'Arc" De Monvel has struck his highest note. This work is the result of pure inspiration. It is spiritual and beautiful, and must invariably call forth, in response, the best feelings, and through his interest in this subject the painter will eventually attain his most important success.\(^1\)

On a hillside overlooking the village of Domremy (the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc) has lately been built a memorial church, a basilica in honor of the Maid of Orléans. A quaint idea of the architect has been to encircle the base of the gray-stone tower with a golden crown. Boutet de Monvel was given the decoration of the nave and the walls of the church, and it is with these mural paintings that he is at present engaged.

There will be six canvases in all. He has taken his subjects from the book itself, enlarging and adding to the composition. The subjects will be as follows: "The Visions," "Chinon," "The Attack upon an English Prison under the Walls of Orléans," "The Battle of Patay," "The Coronation at Rheims," and "The Death of Jeanne d'Arc." Only one of the series is advanced, "The Presentation of Jeanne d'Arc to the King (Chinon)." The center and foreground are directly chosen from the book. Jeanne d'Arc, the somberest, simplest figure in the

[&]quot;The idea came to me like a flash-like an inspiration," he said when questioned. "My publishers asked me for another book for children; I had nothing in mind. One day, as I was crossing the Tuileries Gardens, I came suddenly upon the little statue by Frémiet, at the entrance of the Rue des Pyramides, and when I looked up at Jeanne d'Arc, I had my subject! Strange, is n't it, that no one had ever thought of making a book of this kind before?" "Jeanne d'Arc" is a children's book, so called; it is as well a book for all lovers of art. Interesting as are the drawing and composition, the color of the illustrations is their great charm. "It is not color really," said M. de Monvel, touching caressingly the delicate vellow robes of the priests, and indicating a slender tree; "it is the suggestion, the impression of color. The pictures do not come out as soft in tone as are the water-colors themselves. It is always a disappointment; much of the finesse of out-line is lost." Indeed, beside the originals the reproductions, good as they are, seem almost crude. The book is dramatic. M. de Monvel has a gift for depicting crowds. The grouping, the live, spirited attitudes, the masses that fairly surge and sway, shout and acclaim, wave their banners and flash their spears-all this is the arrangement of a skilful stage-setter, who may well have inherited his love and understanding of artistic scenic detail from his talented ancestors, whose names are famous in the history of the French stage.

¹ In an appreciative article on Boutet de Monvel, by Will H. Low, in THE CENTURY for June, 1894, De Monvel's technic has been fully and completely criticized.

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decoration, kneels before the king. To the left are grouped the ladies of the court, tall, slender women, in gowns sewed with jewels, curiously embroidered, and of varied and extraordinary design. They wear cornucopia hats; from the points float thin veils of transparent white and the palest hues. It is difficult to imagine more exquisite color than that which Boutet de Monvel has used in the painting of these dresses-living green, pale amethyst, and the most delicate tones of yellow and blue. To the right are the lords and courtiers, in robes rich and somber in tone; two of the figures are portraits of the

painter's sons.

The decoration is bold in drawing, vivid in color, dignified and important. M. de Monvel says: "I wish it to be, as one enters the church, as though one looked at an open missal, and the brilliant glowing decorations will surely have the desired effect." It will take Boutet de Monvel five years to complete this work, and it will undoubtedly give him a first place in the rank of decorators. All through Boutet de Monvel's life these threads of thought have been running, and he has woven them at last into a glowing and beautiful web. Scenes in the life of the Maid of Orléans have been painting themselves in his imagination for years, and the atmosphere of his native city, rich and thrilling with legend, full of the worship of Jeanne d'Arc, has colored his schemes and compositions for pictures and decorations all his life. He has never been fully aware of this,-"I looked up," he said, "at the spirited little statue at the head of the Rue des Pyramides, and I had my first true inspiration,"-and today Boutet de Monvel is absorbed in the enlargement of this spiritual, beautiful subject.

The words with which he prefaces the book of "Jeanne d'Arc" are stirring and full of the patriotism of the Frenchman who has himself fought for France: "Open this book with reverence, my dear children, in honor of the humble peasant girl who is the patroness of France, who is her country's saint, as well as its martyr. Her history will teach you that in order to conquer you must have faith in the victory. Remember this in the day when your country shall have

need of all your courage.

Boutet de Monvel is eminently an idealist. with a fancy as brilliant as the wing of a butterfly. He says: "A photograph gives you a truthful representation of the object as the world sees it, but the painter gives you what he alone sees. It is that difference of vision, that unique conception, which is his talent. The use of the model I believe to be a mistake. I never use one myself. How can a hired subject feel or remotely express my idea? Let a manikin support the drapery, if necessary, but the movement, the expression, must go from my mind direct to the canvas without interruption." It is this which makes Boutet de Monvel's work always imaginative, if sometimes fantastic. His pictures are visible fairy-tales, in which the child, the poet, the painter, each may find a world which is his own, and which is truly instinct with delight and charm.

When this article appears M. de Monvel will be in America. Much of his workthe originals of the "Jeanne d'Arc," a collection of water-colors, and numerous portraits—will be exhibited in American cities, and Americans will have the opportunity to appreciate pictures too little known in this

country.

A FAREWELL.

BY HARRIET MONROE.

YOOD-BY: nay, do not grieve that it is over-The perfect hour; That the winged joy, sweet honey-loving rover, Flits from the flower.

Grieve not; it is the law. Love will be flying-Yea, love and all. Glad was the living; blessed be the dying! Let the leaves fall.

COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

JOHN OPIE (1761-1807). SEE FRONTISPIECE.

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

In Sir Joshua's day fashionable London considerable invention. He was elected a was subject to all sorts of crazes. Some Royal Academician, and in 1805 he was the new comet shot across the sky each week. The "beautiful Misses Gunning," who were so successfully married, were not more of a furor than the beautiful Misses Jefferies and Blandy, who were so successfully hanged. Parsees and Brahmans came from the East, and Cherokees from the West, to say nothing of celebrities from the Continent, all to have their little day at Almack's with poets, painters, opera-singers, and other people suddenly become famous. Of course all the English provinces sent prodigies of wit or beauty to the metropolis, and even far-off Cornwall sent a boy painter. John Opie was his name. He was called "The Cornish Wonder," and he lasted for more

than nine days.

Opie was born at St. Agnes, near Truro, and was the son of a carpenter. He preferred picture-making to carpentry, and was soon painting country folk at half a guinea a head. Dr. Wolcott ("Peter Pindar") discovered him at fifteen, and helped him with both money and advice. In 1779 Opie and Wolcott went to Falmouth to improve their joint prospects. and the year after they went up to London. It was agreed that they should share fortune alike. Opie to work with his brush and Wolcott to point out his wonderfulness with pen and tongue; but after a year, to quote Wolcott, "my pupil told me I could return to the country, as he could now do for himself." In the meantime Wolcott had pushed the Wonder into notice. Reynolds had commended his work and declared it like Caravaggio and Velasquez in one; he had been introduced at court and given commissions by the king. and a mob of fashionables had gone daft over his heads of beggars. The rage was violent while it lasted. Its subsidence was violent, too, but it did not leave Opie totally neglected. the end he became a painter of force and delicate than Opie's rather coarse average.

Academy's professor of painting, delivering several rather remarkable discourses after the Reynolds initiative. He was married twice, the second Mrs. Opie being the novelist over whose productions our grandmothers shed some intermittent tears in the

vears past.

Opie seems to have been self-taught, and no one knows how he took his bent toward broad masses of light and shade and rather coarse handling. It is easy to say that he was influenced by Rembrandt and Caravaggio, but there is no record that he knew anything about either of these painters. Indeed, it is more reasonable to assume that his hand was rather coarse by nature, and that he painted in broad masses because he had neither the delicacy nor the skill to paint otherwise. He never at any time approximated a worker in cloisonné. His line was heavy, with little grace about it, his contours were square-turned, his light was wanting in subtlety, and his surfaces were rough and "painty." Yet perhaps these very defects made up his redeeming feature-strength. The simplicity of the means gave the feeling of rugged power. Its resemblance to the strength of Velasquez, however, was entirely superficial. Opie was only a tyro with the brush where Velasquez was a passed master. His art gathered force from his artlessness, and some of his boldest effects were the result of his untutored simplicity.

Opie's success, however, is not to be belittled. He did no more with the historical canvas than his contemporaries, but among the five hundred portraits that he painted there are some of remarkable vigor. The portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft (wife of William Godwin and mother of the second Mrs. Shelley), which Mr. Cole has engraved, Some friends stood is one of the best known of his works; and is by him, he was a faithful worker, and he a striking study in character. The reverie in went on painting portraits with unabated which the subject seems steeped is well energy. All his life he was a student, and in given, though the workmanship is not more

THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC."

PART III. IMPRISONMENT IN MORRO CASTLE.

BY RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR, U. S. N.

GENEROUS RECEPTION ON THE "MERCEDES."

WHEN we were all on board and had laid aside our arms and accoutrements, the launch headed around and stood for the Reina Mercedes, and I directed the men, who were shivering, to get down near the furnace, to which no objection was raised. Not a word was spoken till we reached the Mercedes. However great may have been their curiosity and interest, the officers, after their first kind words of greeting, forbore to ask questions or make remarks. When we came alongside, the senior officer asked if I would be good enough to go on board with my men. So courteous was his manner, we might have been guests coming to breakfast. The officer of the deck and the executive officer met us at the head of the gangway. I bowed salute, and inspected the men for their condition. Those who were still shivering were sent forward at once for stimulants and friction. Kelly's lip showed a wide gash that had become clogged with coal-dust. Murphy had a wound in his right hip, twelve or fourteen inches in length and perhaps a quarter or a half of an inch in depth, which he had received in the blast when he fired torpedo No. 1; and though the wound certainly must have been very painful, he had not uttered a groan or made any reference to it during all the time that had elapsed. It was only after our arrival on the Mercedes that we learned of it. The men were all more or less scratched and bruised from colliding with objects in the vortex whirl, but there was no injury of consequence, the life-preservers having formed excellent buffers. The executive officer followed the inspection, and gave directions for the care of the men. Kelly and Murphy went to the surgeon, and all were given facilities for washing and were supplied with dry clothing.

We found the crew of the Mercedes scrubbing down decks and clearing up after the engagement. Everybody seemed to be on deck, and the men, singly and in groups, stared at

ventional uniforms had suffered in adjustment, and they must have thought us an odd-looking group of man-of-war's-men.

The men having gone forward, the executive officer invited me to his state-room, had a bath prepared for me and clothing of his own set out, and invited me to come into the ward-room, when ready, and join him at breakfast. The oil and fine coal that had come to the surface had had full chance to permeate, and made heavy bath-work, while the executive officer's civilian clothing, made for a different build, was of questionable fit. But the difficulties due to excess of girth secured the return of my sword-belt when it had been dried out. Special full dress, however, could not have brought out a whit more courteous and cordial treatment.

A SURPRISE FOR THE SPANISH OFFICERS.

AFTER a hearty hand-shake of congratulation and repeated kind words, the executive officer, with thoughtful reference to our exposure, ordered stimulants. I told him, however, that I was in good shape, none the worse off, and that the breakfast coffee, I was sure, would be sufficient. He gave me his card: "Emilio J. de Acosta y Eyermann, Capitán de Fragata," adding in pencil: "2° Comandante del Cruc° Reina Mercedes," and I told him my name and rank. While eating, we fell into frank and general conversation, all the officers except one having finished breakfast. Captain Acosta gallantly opened the conversation by saying that there was no reason why officers engaged in honorable warfare, though opposing to their utmost in battle, might not be the best of friends. He went on to describe how he himself had directed the fire of two heavy guns against the entering vessel, though a large part of his crew were absent manning guns that had been put ashore, and how he had finally sunk her by two Whitehead torpedoes from his bow tubes, remarking that the mines fired at us seemed to have missed, going us with wild-eyed astonishment. Our uncon- astern. He added that, of course, it was an unequal fight; that, in fact, it seemed to him that a collier, and had no guns at all: that we

we should have known from the natural for- had sunk her ourselves, and would have sunk mation of the entrance that it would be im- her athwart near Estrella if the steeringpossible for a vessel to force her way through. gear had not been shot away and nearly all He then asked what battery we had. I had our own torpedoes disabled; adding that. just referred to being on duty on the New though one of their mines had struck us. it York, and understood him to refer to her, was doubtful if it had assisted our sinking and in reply enumerated her battery, men- to any extent, and that we had felt no shock

> Spanish Shop Reine Mercedes Santiago de Cala. June 3:1 1875. Sir : -Share the honor to report that the Murumac is in the channel, int where planned but the best that could be done No loss, only bruises. WE are prison. ers of war and on being well could for -Chief Rehmong Peanon Hotson aset Marel Onote, U.S.A.

REDUCED PACSIMILE OF THE FIRST DRAFT OF THE DESPATCH TO ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

naval annuals. This seemed to agree with what he had concluded was the battery, and he then asked how many men we had lost. I told him we had lost none. He asked where, then, were all the crew, and all those that were below in the engine- and boiler-rooms and magazines. I saw that he had been referring all the time to the vessel that came

tioning that he would find it in any of the from the automobile torpedoes fired by the Mercedes.

He seemed utterly incredulous. The same experience was met with in the case of the other Spanish officers. The explosions of their own projectiles must have been taken for the firing of guns on board the Merrimac. Some went so far as to locate two heavy turrets with two guns each, one forward and one in, and told him that she was the Merrimac, aft, and a battery of rapid-fire guns amidships.

Apparently the facts were accepted only after To Admiral Cervera: information from the outside, derived either from the New York by the boat which subsequently took out a flag of truce, or from the United States via Madrid. When we had finished breakfast, the commanding officer, who had come to the gangway when we first came on board, came into the ward-room. I was introduced, and he gave me his card: "Rafael Micon, Capitán de Navio," below which he had written: "Admira al valiente capitán y le dona gran suerte." I told him my name and rank, and he expressed surprise, as had Captain Acosta, that a constructor should be engaged in military duty at the seat of war. It was difficult to explain to him that our constructors are recruited differently from those abroad, having the same military training as line officers. We fell into general conversation, in which he philosophized on the question of the war, pointing out that the Cubans were ungrateful and, in general, a bad lot; that Cuba itself was really an encumbrance upon Spain: that it was recognized, in fact, that Cuba was lost, and Spain fought only for tradition and honor. This seems to have been the general view of the officers with whom I conversed afterward. These observations were made in a delicate way, without involving the attitude of the United States; but I made no reply to them.

HOW THE NEWS OF THE CREW'S SAFETY CAME TO BE SENT TO ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

WHEN Captain Micon left, I asked for writing-materials: for I had concluded to try to communicate with Admiral Sampson, with a view to getting information sent out that would allay the anxiety of our families; since it was evident that, from their observation of the magnitude of the fire directed upon the Merrimac, our friends on the fleet would give us all up for lost. The information was directed to Admiral Sampson, and the Spanish commander-in-chief was requested to send it out under flag of truce. The two communications read as follows:

To Admiral Sampson:

SPANISH SHIP "REINA MERCEDES," SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 3, 1898. SIR: I have the honor to report that the Merrimac is sunk in the channel. No loss, only bruises. We are prisoners of war, being well cared for.

Very respectfully, R. P. Horson, Assistant Naval Constructor, U. S. N.

Commander-in-Chief U.S. Naval Forces, Off Santiago de Cuba.

SPANISH SHIP "REINA MERCEDES" Santiago de Cuba, June 3, 1898.

SIR: I have the honor to request that the inclosed communication be sent under flag of truce to the commander-in-chief of the United States forces off Santiago de Cuba.

Very respectfully, RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON. Assistant Naval Constructor. United States Navy.

To Commander-in-Chief Spanish Forces, Santiago de Cuba.

The report to Admiral Sampson was first drafted to read: "I have the honor to report that the Merrimac is sunk in the channelnot where planned, but the best that could be done. No loss," etc.; but I thought that the additional clause would be more likely to prevent the delivery of the communication. The request, in fact, was a singular one to make, even of a generous enemy; but our reception and treatment had been exceedingly kind, and it was evident that, unless informed at once, the squadron would report us lost. When the letters were turned in, Captain Acosta placed his state-room at my service, showed me photographs of his family, and told me to make myself at home. insisting that I must be tired, and should lie down in his bunk while he went out to attend to duties. Evidently we were to be treated kindly as prisoners of war, and would have some chance of being exchanged,-if no chance of escape should occur beforehand, - and should then have further opportunity for action.

REFLECTIONS ON THE RESULT OF THE MANŒUVER.

LEFT alone, my first thought was naturally of home. Then my mind began to go over the situation—the condition of the defenses, and the effect of the sinking of the Merrimac. Probably the Spanish fleet could get by her, one at a time; but it would be a delicate and difficult operation for a large ship, especially at night. They could not stop or anchor, or make any formation at the enlargement of the channel, or utilize the two bights extending to the right and left. Ah, they were talking about this very subject in the ward-room! An officer had evidently come on board, and the conversation had become animated, so that words and even whole sentences could be heard: "But he says positively that the channel is blocked"; and, as far as I could gather, the statement

appeared to be quoted from an army engineer sent to investigate. My heart leaped. Could it be, after all, that the channel was completely blocked? But sober thought again reasoned: "No. They may think so for a while -may continue to be in doubt. The difficulties and disadvantages imposed may cause hesitation and delay, and may permit of further preparation on our part; but when it becomes necessary, pilots can surely take their fleet out by daylight, one at a time." Again and again I reviewed the situation: but each time the inevitable conclusion came back that the blocking was incomplete. Hard and bitter was the thought, beyond the comfort of philosophy in its assurance that the human factor of the problem was complete. and that the element of incompleteness was beyond human control.

REMOVAL TO THE MORRO.

THESE thoughts had continued perhaps an hour, when Captain Acosta came in to say that an officer from General Linares had come down from the Morro, and that the prisoners were ordered to be taken to the castle. The captain said that he was very much distressed—that they had hoped to entertain us on the Mercedes, and he feared

we might not fare so well.

We went into the cabin, and I was introduced to the officer. A formal conversation was kept up for a short while, when another officer was announced, and I was introduced to Captain Bustamante, chief-ofstaff of Admiral Cervera. I said that I had had the pleasure of meeting Captain Bustamante "in the launch this morning." To which the captain made a pleasant reply, and then stated that it was his duty to inform me that Lieutenant-General Linares, commanding the department, had taken the prisoners from the hands of the navy and had ordered them to be transferred to the Morro, and that the launch was waiting to take us. We found my men already at the gangway. In going out, it was discovered that no hat had been provided for me, and the nearest officer, the navigator, charged back to get one, which was a straw hat of the American type. had the pleasure of entertaining this officer afterward on the New York, two days after the surrender. My men all had on dry clothing, - Spanish sailor uniforms, - their wounds had been dressed, and a good breakfast had been served to them. There was something touching in the good-bys at the gangway, the Spanish officers expressing repeated regrets that we should be taken away to the Morro. When I was thanking them for the kind treatment received on board, Charette stepped out, and requested me, for the men, to express their thanks and appreciation. The Spanish officers and sailors seemed surprised to see such thoughtful courtesy in the seamen; in fact, the admirable conduct and bearing of the men throughout the term of imprisonment was a continued source of surprise to the Spaniards, officers speaking to me from time to time about these remarkable men. I assured them that the men were simply types of the American seaman.

Captain Acosta shook hands, and said he would come up to see me in the Morro and bring some reading matter, and begged that I would call upon him in case he could be of service. These kind purposes were not destined to be fulfilled, for, alas! I was not to

see the gallant captain again.

A guard followed us into the launch, and we stood across the entrance, passing only a short distance from the Merrimac. Looking at her, the conclusion was inevitable that the channel was not completely blocked, and I felt again the sting of bitter disappointment. We rounded Estrella Point, stood into the cove, and, landing at the small wharf, climbed the steep height approaching Morro from the rear. We climbed slowly, Captain Bustamante stopping to catch breath, and gained a height from which stretched out the entrance and Socapa, Estrella, Churruca, Punta Gorda, Smith Cay, and the opening of the bay beyond, where lay the vessels that meant so much. We pushed on, and there, close at hand, had a full view of Morro from the north-the walls all black from the weather of ages, a very type of the medieval castle that had so interested me when I was in Europe, telling so much dark history, and hiding so much more. Why were we going in there? Were we not to be treated as prisoners of war?

COURTESIES FROM ADMIRAL CERVERA.

On top, a short distance off the path, stood an officer in frock-coat and white trousers, looking at us as we came up. The captain confirmed my impression that it was Admiral Cervera, and my identification of him as the officer who had assisted me into the launch in the morning; and the young officer who had been with him in the launch proved to be his son. The admiral must have dressed hurriedly in the morning, for in the launch I had not noticed any insignia of his

rank. As we passed, I saluted, with the captain, and the admiral returned the salute.

We crossed the bridge over the moat, passed the portcullis, and entered a vaulted passage, where an officer and guard were waiting. Captain Bustamante spoke to the officer, apparently the adjutant, -a thick-set man, low, heavy, with long black beard and raven eyes, apparently the man for the place. The men were conducted on through, and the jailer, with a ring of massive keys, led me to the left under an arched entrance into the guard-room. There were two chairs and a table. The jailer made a motion to a chair, and we sat down. He was a remarkable man, - probably six feet two, all bone and muscle, aquiline features, a face with a hard, set expression, that seemed never to have been disturbed by the passing of an emotion, the man to carry out orders to the letter. whatever their nature. We sat on in silence for a few minutes, when Admiral Cervera entered, and we rose, and the jailer withdrew without a word. The admiral advanced with outstretched hand and with an inquiry as to my welfare, the greeting of a charming gentleman and gallant officer. I felt at home with him at once. We sat down, and he went on to say that he had received my note inclosing the report to the commander-in-chief of the American forces, and that he had been particularly desirous to deliver it; but being a communication with the enemy, it was necessarv to refer the matter to General Linares. who, as a lieutenant-general, was his senior, and that General Linares had refused to let the report be delivered. However, a flag of truce would be taken out, and the American admiral would be informed of our escape and safety. The conversation, carried on in French, then became more or less general, only a reference being made to the Merrimac, the admiral inquiring as to her size, but carefully avoiding embarrassing questions. He spoke of American officers whom he had met, and inquired particularly about Admiral Luce, whom he had seen in Spain in connection with the Columbian celebration. I referred to the report that he had had service in the United States, mentioning that I had understood he had been on duty in Washington as naval attaché to the Spanish legation. He replied that this was a mistake, that the attaché belonged to another family. During my two years' cruise as midshipman I had visited a number of ports in Spain; and later, while on duty in Paris, on a mission to the French shipyards, I had taken octo cross the Pyrenees into Spain. He knew all the places I had visited, and conversation continued in the pleasantest vein for probably ten minutes. The admiral left with the salutations and the courteous manner that would have marked a visit to a friendly admiral on his flagship. "Ah," I thought, "this admiral commanding the Spanish naval forces has taken the pains to put on the uniform for official visits, and has come at the very earliest moment to visit a young lieutenant of the enemy in prison! Surely chivalry is not yet dead."

IN THE CELL OF THE MORRO.

As the admiral left, the jailer reëntered, and led the way out of the room through the passageway to the rear, down a flight of steps, across a sort of court, then up another flight of stairs stopping before the door of the highest cell, which occupied the top of the southwest angle of the castle, a sentry having followed us. The door faces to the southward and eastward, from a commanding position, and while the jailer was adjusting the heavy key and throwing back the bolts, I gazed out over the sea. There lay our vessels,-I recognized them all,slowly moving back and forth in two columns. What a sight!-the power of a great nation concentrating with determined purpose; history calling; the eternal rule of justice appealing; the God of war impelling. A heavy blow was about to fall for liberty and the sacred cause of human right. It was a great sociological phenomenon, and the individual was not to be counted—was, indeed, happy in being lost.

The jailer threw open the door, and as we entered the barren and filthy cell, flies and insects started up. Then I perceived the word "Muerte" written on the wall. The last prisoner must have died there, and evidently the cell had not been cleaned since. The jailer withdrew, leaving the sentry at the door. An attendant brought in a box with four upright strips nailed at the corners for a table; but it would not stand, so he leaned it against the wall, and left. The sentry closed the door, locking and bolting it. This, then, was my cell, and that was its furniture. I walked up and down on the broken brick-and-mortar floor, and won-

dered where my men could be.

CAPTAIN BUSTAMANTE'S KINDNESS.

sion to the French shipyards, I had taken occasion, en route from Bordeaux to Toulon, Bustamante entered. He must have been sured him that I should ask for no indul- care of their health in confinement. gence, but that he must perceive that the sanitary condition was utterly intolerable; that I must ask that the cell be cleaned and the door left open for light and ventilation; that my men be given clean cells; and that Soon after the captain left, directions for

would be inevitable. with every probability of bloodpoisoning through the wounds and scratches. He replied that he personally would look to the matter at once. He had come, he continued, to ask if there was anything he might do for me in connection with the flag of truce which he was about to take out to the fleet. I asked, if it would not be inconsistent with his duty, that, simply as a matter of personal satisfaction to me, he would mention to Admiral Sampson that the Merrimac's steering-gear had been shot away. He replied that he feared he should not be

a steam-launch. I had been very anxious about Powell. I knew, of course, that he would not think of coming within the fire of the guns on the slope of Socapa, but as the picket-boat was not far from the posilaunch, which carried only rifles, might have hired gang of desperados. fallen in with her. He said he could already

shocked at the situation, for his first word kind enough to have the surgeon directed was an apology. He said that he was dis- to give careful and constant attention to tressed, that such a condition of things the wounded men, and to allow one of the would not be allowed to continue, and that crew, Charette or Montague, to come in to I must regard it as only temporary. I as- receive instructions as to details in taking

"EVERY MAN WOULD DO IT AGAIN TO-NIGHT, SIR."

we be allowed means for keeping our cells the door to be left open during the daytime and persons clean, as otherwise infection were issued by the authorities, and in a few

> minutes Charette was sent in. He the and said, "Every again to-night, sir." men showed the most remarkable spirit of cheerfulness. They never had the support of kind words and courteous visits, as I did; yet never once did they exhibit signs of anxiety or fear. The Spanish soldiers at first taunted them

> had his usual cheerful look, unperturbed by the sight men's wretched cell and by the uncertainties of our confinement. He referred to the heavy situation we had passed through, man would do it Indeed, throughout the whole term of imprisonment the

allowed to speak about the subject at all. as they would Cuban prisoners; called them I asked him then if he would be kind enough desperados; accused them of fighting for to make inquiry about a young colleague of money-making signs of dealing out coin; mine who had come after the Merrimac in and passed their fingers across their throats and shook their heads, to indicate the fate that awaited the crew. My men only smiled at such taunts, and they actually laughed at the gruesome mockings. It seems that the impression was more or less general, at first, tion where he was to lie, I feared lest the that the men were not Americans, but a

Several days later one of the officers spoke reassure me on the subject, as no word had in a similar strain, whereupon I asked him come in that the launch had been injured. what he meant. He replied: "For instance, I asked Captain Bustamante if he would be two of your men are deserters from the



CAPTAIN DON EMILIO J. DE ACOSTA. KILLED IN THE BOMBARDMENT OF JUNE 6.

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Spanish army, and that man Charette is a Catalonian from the northeastern part of Spain; one of your men is a Swede; another CHARETTE had not been gone long when, to is a German." I told him he was never more my surprise, men began bringing infurniture, mistaken in his life - that the men were all -a table, a wash-stand, a pitcher, a basin,

COMFORTS FROM THE BRITISH CONSUL.



THE AMERICAN PRISONERS LEAVING THE "REINA MERCEDES." CHARETTE REQUESTING LIEU-

American citizens, regularly enlisted and a cot with a good double blanket, and several serving in the American navy, and that, so chairs (one of them a rocker), - while at the far from its being necessary to get desperate same time a hammock and a blanket were men for the work, virtually the whole fleet taken to each man. This proved to be the had volunteered for it, and had pleaded to first of a long series of thoughtful kindnesses

be allowed to go. This it seemed impossible from Frederick W. Ramsden, Esq., British for him to understand.



DAMES BY HARRY PENS.

MALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

MORRO CASTLE, FROM THE SOCAPA SIDE.

The wreck of the Merrimac, sunk June 3, is seen on the left with Estrella Point beyond, Estrella Cove setting in between the Point and the Morro. The Reina Mercedes, seen on the right, was sunk July 4, the day after the sortie of the Spanish fleet.

uted in the most essential manner to the health and comfort of the American prisoners. His thoughtfulness had been so prompt that these articles had come down all the way from Santiago city before we had been an hour in the Morro. After the arrival of the furniture, the situation, with my door open, looking out over the sea, was actually cheerful.

ASTONISHING REPORT OF CASUALTIES IN THE "MERRIMAC" AFFAIR.

IT was not long before the governor of the Morro came, making me a most cordial visit. He was followed by the colonel commanding the artillery. This officer, after kind salutations, referred to the heavy fire we had withstood so long, and to the gallantry of our fire in return. When I informed him that we had no guns on board, he was utterly incredulous, and seemed to conclude that I was deceiving him, for he replied: "But I know you must have fired, for I was struck myself on the foot, though I was standing away up above." I replied that it must have been a fragment resulting from their own fire; at which the colonel became serious, as though a new and unwelcome thought was passing through his mind. He too had taken us for an armored

vessel forcing our way through, and what he said about our fire puzzled me. The next time Charette came in, he told me that wounded men were being operated on in the room just above the men's cell, and that the blood was running down the wall, and had run down the clues of his hammock, so that he had had to change its position. When I had a chance to speak to him and to the others afterward, they said that both a Spanish sergeant and a Spanish private had told them that the blood came from the men we had wounded —that we had killed fourteen and wounded thirty-seven!

In a visit to the Morro after the surrender, I was very much puzzled to find fresh gashes and imprints of various sizes in the rear walls, as though it had been attacked from the inshore side, while we had attacked only from the sea. Every indication seems to point to the conclusion that the Spaniards firing at the Merrimac had struck their own men across the channel. This was the more to be expected from the horizontal fire. Morro, though elevated, was in the line of fire from the Reina Mercedes, whose projectiles, exploding on the Merrimac, doubtless showered the banks and the rear of Morro beyond. No

wonder, then, that they took us for an armored their discharge instead of an electric machine. man-of-war.

WHY THE MANŒUVER FAILED.

My mind turned again to the Merrimac, and I realized with repeated pangs that she did not completely block the channel. The ground-tackle had exhibited extraordinary qualities of resistance, and with the slightest help of the helm to start the turning, it was evident that the vessel would have swung to her position athwart with mathematical precision. But at the last moment the steering-gear was destined to be shot away. The entire speed of the vessel had been absorbed there, but by the explosion of one of the enemy's projectiles. Again, only two torpedoes 5 had already been flooded by the sea connec- over me. These remarkable adverse coincitions. This disabling of torpedoes had been dences could never happen again. As I saw due to the necessity of using batteries for the tug with a flag of truce going out to the

It was extraordinary that the mine had helped us but little, if at all. It seemed, by a hard fate, to have flooded the region that had already been twice flooded, by sea connections and by torpedo No. 5. Again, how extraordinary, after resting eight or ten minutes grounded on Estrella, to be wrenched off by the tide! One would indeed expect a vessel so grounded to resist strongly the efforts of her own engines and of tugs. Then, when she began to straighten out in the channel. and I saw her, if we had only had the warheads we should have gone down like a shot, It seemed strange that the admiral had twice by the elastic qualities of the anchor gear. refused to let me take them, though he had Even then, if the stern anchor had been re- allowed everything else that I had asked for. tarded only a few seconds longer, its chain Then, again, if the vessel had hung on only would have held the vessel secure. Alas! it a few minutes longer, till the accelerated had been dropped a moment too soon, and, as sinking due to the submergence of the cargo was learned later, not by the man stationed ports had set in, we scarcely should have been wrenched off before going down. But no; it seemed that we had to be wrenched off just out of the whole number had gone off, and soon enough to allow the vessel to drift down these were the least effective of all; in fact, and straighten completely out. As I reviewed that part of the ship affected by torpedo No. the experience, a flood of bitterness swept



SANTIAGO CHANNEL FROM THE TOP OF MORRO CASTLE.

Except for the wreck of the Reina Mercedes, this is the view seen by Lieutenant Hobson from his cell during the bombardment. The Spanish vessels were approximately in the positions liddested on the map in the December number (p. 271).



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN

MOUNTING TO THE MORRO.

fleet I thought if I could only be exchanged quickly, or escape, the admiral would let me take in the other collier, with the same plans and arrangements, and the same crew. Another time I would guarantee complete blocking.

A FANCY OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.

WHILE I was thinking over the circumstances of our capture it struck me as singular that Admiral Cervera should have had a squad of riflemen in the steam-launch, since his reconnaissance involved only a poor old catamaran and the top of the funnel and the masts of a sunken vessel. Then it occurred to me that his precaution was a wise one, for otherwise we might have done a neat stroke of work. My men included a machinist, a fireman, and two cockswains, and the others were all determined fellows. Our loaded revolvers with waterproof cartridges were hidden under our life-preservers. How easy it would have been, under ordinary conditions, after getting on board the launch and untying the strings of our life-pre-

tions, and we should have had force enough to continue to cover the crew of the launch. or they could easily have been shoved over. We could then have proceeded out of the harbor to the New York in the Spanish admiral's launch, with himself and his staff as trophies of the adventure. The admiral's launch would not have been fired on by the guns at the entrance, and even if the destroyer close by had taken alarm, she could not have hoisted anchor until we should have been well away, and she could not have chased us outside without having been met by the fire of our fleet. This manœuver would doubtless have suggested itself at the time, if it had not been for the formidable squad of riflemen.

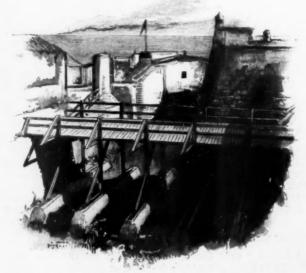
OUR RATIONS.

others were all determined fellows. Our loaded revolvers with waterproof cartridges were hidden under our life-preservers. How easy it would have been, under ordinary conditions, after getting on board the launch and untying the strings of our life-preservers, on a signal from me to throw them off, draw revolvers and cover all the men on board, and quietly take possession! I ration consisted of frijoles, rice, and bread, could have covered the three officers sitting to getting the bread, continued to be served together aft; my men could have taken sta-

As a rule, a piece of sausage came with the fri- tal comparisons with our own, and endeavjoles. The cooking did not vary, both staples oring to foresee the probable action and rebeing invariably boiled without seasoning, and exactly the same food was served at every meal, until the system somewhat rebelled and after a while called strongly for variety; yet on the whole the food was nourishing. After the transfer to Santiago a ration of beef was added, and it was clear that the authorities were giving me the same food that was issued to the Spanish officers.

My men received the same ration of frijoles, rice, and bread with a reduced ration of

sults when the two should be found facing each other, as I knew they would before many weeks. It was clear at a glance that they were from the peasant classes. Many of them were very young, and they averaged perhaps four or five inches less in height and perhaps twenty-five pounds less in weight than our men. They did not look to be in good health, having bad complexions, and many of them were coughing. It was clear that we heavily outclassed them physically. The beef, while no beef at all was included in most striking feature, however, was the com-



OUTER PORTCULLIS, MORRO CASTLE. THE "MERRIMAC" PRISONERS ENTERED ACROSS THIS BRIDGE FROM THE LEFT.

became scarce, and corn and a mixture of corn and rice were substituted. It was evident, however, that the Spaniards depended on bread more than we did, and felt more keenly its scarcity; so it can be said broadly that during the imprisonment the prisoners fared as well as their captors, if not better.

SPANISH AND AMERICAN SOLDIERS COMPARED.

WHILE I ate, the soldiers of the garrison lined up on the opposite side of the small court to receive their food, each one carrying his pan. One can imagine the interest with which I examined the Spanish soldiers, making men-

the ration of the Spanish soldier. Flour soon pletely passive expression of the face. They made little effort at conversation, and seldom smiled. For some time they had probably been working very hard on the emplacements for batteries, and there seemed no surplus energy for any other activity. The eye was usually dull, having a steady, stoical look, in some cases pathetic. In temperament they were clearly just the opposite of our own troops, who, recruited from a higher class, had the alert, animated look of aggressive men.

MORE COURTESIES.

As luncheon was being completed, an orderly appeared with a tray bearing cigars, cigarettes, and a bottle of cognac, which he pre-



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

ADMIRAL CERVERA VISITING LIEUTENANT HOBSON IN THE GUARD-ROOM AT MORRO CASTLE.

sented with the compliments of the governor of the Morro, delivering at the same time a note in French, with cautiously couched words of kindness to this effect:

SIR: The commandant of the fortress, and the officers of the engineers and of the artillery, have the honor to salute you, and to offer to do anything in their power to ameliorate your situation. We therefore beg you to make known to us your wishes.

Accept, sir, the compliments of our highest esteem.

Antonio Ros, The Governor. There could not have been a more thoughtful token of kindness, hospitality, and good wishes, though, as it happened, I was not accustomed to using any of the articles offered.

Having nothing to write with, I had to send my compliments and thanks by verbal message. When the orderly was gone, I sent the soldiers who were waiting on me to the crew with the cigars and cigarettes, keeping a few, however, together with the cognac; and these, singular as it appears, were used to offer the hospitality of the cell to the officers that called later. I was deeply touched by the calls which I continued to receive from offi-



LIEUTENANT HOBSON'S CELL IN MORRO CASTLE.

The mark of a shell fired during the bombardment is seen to the right of the door-sill.

cers during the afternoon and the following days. My visitors were of all grades, and many

came from a distance. Officers, nearly all my seniors in age and rank, would beg, as they put it in warm and dignified words, to be allowed to shake my hand. There can be no question that the Spanish character is deeply sensible to a genuine sentiment. The history of warfare probably contains no instance of chivalry on the part of captors greater than that of those who fired on the *Merrimac*, and I knew that harshness of treatment could have had its origin only in official considerations.

A RECONNAISSANCE FROM THE CELL WINDOW.

THE afternoon passed quickly. In the intervals between visits I would walk up and down, or sit in the doorway and look out over the sea at our fleet, which, with its stately movements, presented constantly changing positions in constantly changing effects of light. I also noticed the vultures that sailed about close at hand, turning their uncanny heads as if investigating, and the graceful boatswain birds with long, marling

spike body and keenly tapered bow wings. At five, dinner or supper was served, with the same food, the soldiers lining up as for luncheon. The sun sank; the vessels stood to their night positions; the sentry closed the door, shoved the bolt, and turned the key. A shaft of light still came in through the small barred window high up in the wall on the west side, the only opening besides the door. I walked up and down in the darkness till the lampman came in with a lamp. I turned it low, screening it, and continued walking till about nine, when I moved the cot beneath the window, as if preparing to sleep, and lay down. When I was sure the sentry would believe me asleep, I stepped on the cot, and drew myself up to investigate the window. What a sight greeted me! The view was down a sheer height of perhaps two hundred and fifty feet upon the entrance, and stretching out to the westward and northwestward under the full moon lay a tragic panorama, weird in the stillness, with the mountains in the distance, and Socapa just across, showing the glint of guns in its batteries on top and on the slopes. There lay the picketboat again, just outside the entrance. Farther



MARRY FERM. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. G. MAGILL.

HALF-TORE FLATE ENGRANCE BY S. M. HOSTRICOTE.

VIEW INSIDE MORRO CASTLE, FROM THE STAIRS MOUNTING TO

LIEUTENANT HORSON'S CELL.

The cell of the erew is shown opposite the sentry-box and directly under the barred window to the left, which is in the room used as an operating-room for the Spanish wounded. The sloping roof is on the kitchen where the Spanish soldiers reported for rations.

in, the bow of the Reina Mercedes stood out ships, the Maria Teresa and the Almirante clear behind Socapa; and beyond her, in the bight to the left near Smith Cay, lay a de-Gorda showed that they too would bear upon stroyer, seemingly looking at the sunken a vessel passing into the inner harbor. Ex-



STEAM-LAUNCH OF THE "NEW YORK" BRINGING SPANISH OFFICERS TO THE FLAGSHIP WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE, AND NEWS OF THE SAFETY OF THE "MERRIMAC" PRISONERS. THE VESSEL BEYOND THE LAUNCH IS THE "VIXEN." THE SPANISH TUG IS SEEN TO THE EXTREME RIGHT.

of the Vizcaya, with her broadside to the Spaniards had availed themselves of its opening channel. The masts of her two sister natural advantages! Since luncheon I had Vol. LVII.-76.

Merrimae just ahead. So, then, they had a cepting the battery to the eastward of Morro, destroyer on each side of the channel, up the the panorama included all the defenses of bight to the left as well as to the right! Bethe channel. How remarkably this entrance yond Smith Cay lay the black and sullen hull lends itself to defense, and how cleverly the been thinking about the defenses and their It then became clear to me that the ships bearing upon the prosecution of the war. I had heard Admiral Sampson and Captain Chadwick refer to the selection of a point for landing troops, and wondered if it were intended to try to take the city and attack the ships from the land. The more I thought that if the enemy should not come out we

should be captured or destroyed and the city taken by our vessels, the army's best function being simply to cut off escape inland and to occupy the place after surrender. Steadily this conclusion engendered a profound conviction



LIEUTENANT HOBSON LOOKING OUT OF THE CELL WINDOW DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

on the subject, the more futile such an attempt seemed. How could the city be occupied under the guns of the enemy's ships? How could land artillery of sufficient caliber to outclass the armor of the Spanish vessels ever be placed in position under the fire of their guns? How could such artillery even be landed and transported under existing conditions? The conclusion grew stronger and stronger that land operations against the ships and the army of occupation would prob-

should go in. I determined to make every possible endeavor to get back to the fleet with my knowledge of all the defenses. Escape from the cell was impossible. I should have to await further developments. My mind turned again upon the Merrimac. How fortunate, it seemed to me now, that she did not go down athwart the channel! Our entrance for the rest of the war would have been impossible. She could not be better situated. The enemy would hesitate a long ably cost thousands of lives and still be futile. time before trying to pass, thus allowing



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FELIX LEVIN. HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. G. MAGNILL. MORRO CASTLE FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

Lieutenant Hobson's cell was directly under the flag on the left. The flag on the extreme right is at the eastern battery.

have to pass single file, and would be at are not poisonous. great risk if they tried to pass at night. Heaven had not frowned upon our efforts, after all. The series of coincidences that had kept us from going down athwart were only the steady guidance of a kindly fate. I went to sleep with a thankful mind.

A MIDNIGHT INTRUDER.

I SLEPT soundly, having had no sleep for about sixty-three hours, and only about six hours during the previous eighty-seven. As deep as the sleep was, however, it was interrupted during the night, as I became aware of efforts being made to pry me off the cot, as it were, and I suddenly recognized that a huge insect was using its body for a wedge or crowbar. I recognized in the dark a species of big spider that I had seen in the afternoon-something of a cross between a spider and a crab, with a round, black body

time for our whole fleet to arrive. Their numerous for extermination. Old Morro ships could not form in the enlargement of seems to be their breeding-ground; I have the channel, or even across it, but would not found them elsewhere, and I believe they

> I was still asleep when the soldier came in to bring breakfast-coffee and bread. I asked him if there was anything else. He answered, "No, señor," in a half-injured tone of surprise, as if to say, "What do you expect? Who ever heard of anybody having anything else?"

A QUESTION OF HUMANITY.

EARLY in the forenoon Captain Bustamante came. He said that he had taken out the flag of truce with information that we were well, and had brought back a box for me, and the men's bags, and twenty-five dollars in gold, all from the New York, - with a memorandum from Flag-Lieutenant Staunton, with whom he had communicated. He then said there was a matter which he hoped I would pardon him for referring to: he trusted I would not consider him impertinent in asking about the and a multitude of red legs. Naturally I took torpedoes on the Merrimac, to which I had measures to get rid of such a bedfellow, but referred while on the Reina Mercedes, since it I knew that the tribe was too hopelessly was a question of humanity. He wished to

know about them for the guidance of divers, word: although he sent a courteous message whose destruction could not affect the issue of the war. I had decided that it would be best to give out no further information about the Merrimac, in order to keep the Spaniards guessing, and to have them keep clear of the vessel and hesitate to take measures to blow her out of the channel. I thereupon told the captain that it would distress me to think that harmless divers should suffer, and as a matter of humanity I would tell him that there were torpedoes on the vessel, but as to their location or arrangement, or any other features, he must excuse me from giving information. He was most courteous, and apologized for having ventured the question, reiterating that he asked only for humanity's sake and because I had voluntarily made reference to the subject on the Mercedes.

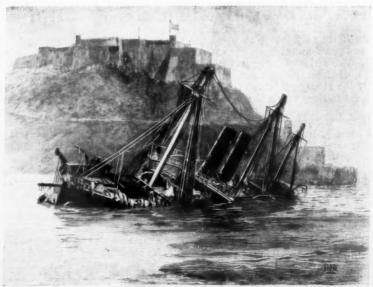
Referring to the matter of our having been put in the Morro by order of General Linares. he said he had seen the general, and during the conversation the general said he would not visit me, because he feared that if he came he should not be able to bring himself to do his official duty. I wondered what he meant by his official duty. I have never been able to clear this matter up with any satisfaction. Mr. Ramsden told me, during his first visit (without any reference to the matter on my part), that the general had said the same thing to him. The general kept his

of greeting by Mr. Ramsden at this visit, he never called, and only sent his chief of staff on the day before our exchange. I do not know whether he changed his interpretation of his official duty.

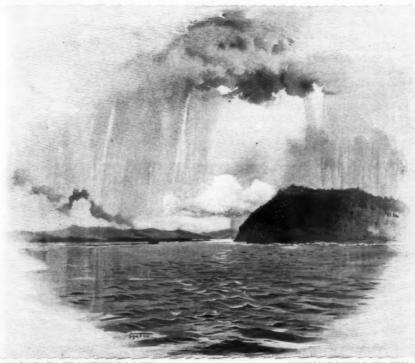
SUPPLIES FROM THE FLEET.

BEFORE the captain left, the box and bags came. The box was one of my galvanizediron carling boxes; the bags were the regular bags of the men from the New York and the Iowa, with special bags made up from the stores of the New York for the others, all carefully prepared and marked. Charette and Montague were sent for, and came and examined the bags; and we made a list of the articles needed and not kept in the bags, such as pipes, tooth-brushes, etc. The captain took the list, and the articles came by the next courier from Santiago, being paid for upon delivery. I asked the captain if it could not be arranged to allow my men to wash their clothes, and to allow one of them to come in to see me every day to make known their needs and give account of the wounded men. Both concessions were granted by the governor of the Morro.

Charette and Montague were still with me when the captain left. The sight of the bags seemed to make them as happy as children. and while getting the bags together they



THE "REINA MERCEDES," SUNK JULY 4, AND MORRO CASTLE PROM THE WEST.



PUNTA GORDA, LOOKING UP THE CHANNEL, SHOWING EARTHWORK ON THE CLIFF.

talked about the marvelous escape in coming room and had shown the articles to me with pride and enthusiasm, and I saw how much

he prized them as coming from her. There they were in my box!

in, and spoke in a touching way of having been "brought through." One can scarcely imagine the exquisite joy the box and bags brought us, coming direct from our friends and comrades, who, though within sight, seemed impassably separated. It was like receiving a cablegram from a dear one across the sea -- some message which, in spite of the vast gulf of separation, still holds, as it were, the warmth and breath of kindness and affection. When the men were gone I opened my box, and found its contents most carefully and thoughtfully prepared. The books, plans, and articles which I had left in it had been taken out, and in their stead were a service-dress uniform, a white uniform and extra trousers, and other apparel, with a shaving outfit and other toilet articles complete. It was touching to see that where my own things could not be found my messmates had sent theirs. making his rounds, and reported the men's One of them who sat near me at table had re- wounds as healing rapidly. About two cently passed a birthday, and his wife had sent o'clock in the afternoon, while I was seated him as a present a fine new outfit of carefully in the rocker just inside the door, gazing out chosen underwear, the very thing for the over the fleet, an official with a stern look

I shifted into uniform at once—blue blouse and white trousers; and this uniform I wore throughout. I returned the clothing of Captain Acosta, with a message of compliments and thanks, the messenger bringing back from him a kindly note of acknowledgment, together with the garments I had left behind. The men's borrowed articles were similarly returned and their discarded ones brought back, from which they vainly tried to wash out the coal-dust and oil.

AN OFFICIAL INQUIRY.

THE forenoon of Saturday (June 4) passed without incident. The surgeon came after climate. He had taken me into his state- appeared, and, as I made a movement to

rise, with an expression of hauteur waved his hand and said I need not rise. I rose, however, and offered him a chair, which he declined. He was followed by another augustlooking official, whose mouth seemed hermetically sealed, and who carried paper, pen, and ink, and he in turn by a third, who addressed me in English. "That official," said he, pointing to the first-"that official is the juez de instruccion - the judge of instruction"; and he paused as if to see the effect of the announcement. "This is the secretario, and I am







MORTARS ON TOP OF MORRO, AND BATTERY TO THE EASTWARD OF THE CASTLE, INCLUDING OLD GUNS (1748-54).

be kind enough to take seats?" I replied, pla- under the orders of the commander of the cing chairs to the front. The secretary took port, and would question me as to the vessel

his chair, set it alongside the table, and arranged his paper and ink without a word; and the judge and the interpreter finally taking chairs, we all sat down, and I waited for them to take the initiative. The judge spoke to the interpreter, who, turning to me, said that the judge had come to examine me, and gave me fair warning to make my answers full and accurate. I said that I did not doubt that the proceeding was entirely regular, but that I should be indebted if, before the questions began, he would be kind enough to explain to me under whose orders

the official interpreter." "I am sure I am they came and what was the object and nature happy to meet you, gentlemen. Will you not of the questions. He answered that they came

that had come in on Friday morning. I asked who the commander of the port was, and from whom he received his authority. He replied that the commander of the port was the officer charged with all the affairs of the harbor, and that he received his authority from the captain-general, the captain-general receiving his authority from the government at Madrid. I asked them if Admiral Cervera, who had captured me, and the British consul, who was charged with the business of my government, knew of the proceeding. The judge, who had shown signs of irritation, then burst out at me direct. He did not know whether Admiral Cervera and the British consul knew of the matter, and he did not care: he did not intend to have his authority questioned; he came to ask questions, not to be questioned; he had never seen such a prisoner—and he rose to his feet in wrath. I rose at the same time, and faced him, and told him he should have intelligence enough to know, and those who sent him should have intelligence enough to know, that the men who brought the Merrimac in could not be intimidated or coerced into answering unauthorized or impertinent questions. He said he would return and report that I refused to answer his questions. I replied that he did not seem to recognize that he had asked no questions. The defiance seemed to cool him off, and I suggested that he ask his questions, and I would tell him in each case

whether I declined to answer or not; that I was sure it would only give me pleasure to answer those that were proper. He came over and sat near the secretary, and began, the secretary copying the questions word for word, the interpreter translating word for word: "What is your name?" "What is your rank and occupation?" "How old are you?" "Where were you born?" "Where have you lived?" "Are you single or married?" etc. I answered each question in turn, the interpreter translating my answers word for word, while the secretary wrote them down. When the identification questions were over, the next question was as follows: "What was the object of the vessel coming into the harbor on

Friday morning, the 3d of June, and under whose authority were you acting?" I answered that the vessel came in under the authority of the commander-in-chief of the United States forces off Santiago de Cuba. and then asked for paper and pencil, and drafted the following additional answer: "Without in the slightest manner questioning the authority and the regularity of this interrogation, I must respectfully decline to answer in any way the first part of the question given until I have been informed by Admiral Cervera, by whose forces I was captured, and also by the English consul, who has been named to transact the business of the United States in the city of Santiago de Cuba, that they have been informed of this interrogation and of the nature of the question itself"; and then I added the request that my men also be not subjected to questioning till after the receipt of such information. I superintended the translation into Spanish as the secretary took it down from the interpreter. While withholding the information, the answer would make it difficult for the judge to make out a case of defiance of any legitimate authority.

The judge, in the meanwhile, had entirely changed his attitude. He ceased asking questions, and began a pleasant conversation, saying that he lived under the same roof as the British consul, who was a capital fellow. He rose, and we walked up and



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. G. MAGILL

BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENT NEAR THE MORRO.



down, conversing. He said that he put aside his official capacity, and asked if I had any objection to telling him personally if the vessel had come in without a pilot. I answered that it had. The difficulties of navigation seemed to strike him most. He had not seen the firing. "Will you not shake hands, as man to man?" he asked; and I gave him a hearty clasp. "I too am a naval officer," he added, "and have been detailed to this duty."

When the secretary was through writing, he also unbent, and the interpreter joined in, and on leaving the three were full of kind

words.

The interrogation was never taken up again, though General Linares seemed to have been displeased with the result of it, for the next day he caused Admiral Cervera and the British consul each to write me an official letter, informing me that he was in supreme command at Santiago, and that he had the complete direction of the matter of

the prisoners.

The judge did not go to the men's cell, but various persons asked them questions, Charette, who speaks French, being called up as spokesman. In one case a major, with imperious air and stern voice of command, asked what was the object of our coming in. Charette drew himself up, and said in a firm voice: "In the American navy it is not the custom for a seaman to know, or to ask to know, the object of his superior officer." The major was so much impressed that he stopped asking questions and offered Charette a cigar.

THOUGHTS OF ESCAPE.

THE day passed without further incident, excepting visits of courtesy from officers, as on the previous day. Having occasion to cross the courtyard, I took new observation as to the chances of escape; but it was as hopeless as in the cell, for a sentry accompanied me and the guards occupied the entrance, while on all the other sides the walls went down to great depths. When I would pass near my men's cell, they would look out at me through the barred window. As I went by, the soldiers sitting near would rise and salute with as much respect as for their own officers, if not more; they had probably been impressed by the visits paid to me. With the strict watch kept, it was evident

that there could be but little, if any, hope of escape, and that getting back to the fleet would have to depend principally upon exchange with prisoners taken at Manila or on some prize vessel.

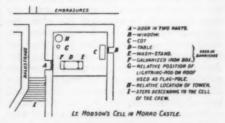
Sunday (June 5) passed like Saturday. In the afternoon I saw a white flag go out, as I had seen the first one go out on Friday, and later an officer came to say that General Linares had sent a flag of truce to inform the American admiral that the prisoners had been removed to Santiago city. It struck me at the time as rather strange that this notice should be sent while we still remained in the Morro.²

UNDER FIRE FROM THE AMERICAN FLEET.

Monday morning, June 6, came in overcast. Early coffee had been served, and I was sitting back from the door with thoughts sombered, probably by the weather, when, with a whizz and a crash, came the sharp crack of an exploding shell, followed by the vibrating peal of the eight-inch gun from which it was fired. Another whizz and crash and crack and peal, another and another, and then came the king of projectiles, a thirteeninch, the air screeching and crackling as if vitrified.

I knew at once that a general bombardment had begun, and hastily examined the cell as to its protective features. The brick and mortar of the walls and the debris of the roof were more to be feared than the projectiles and their actual fragments.

At the first shot the sentry, as if he had been previously instructed, quickly closed the door, bolted and locked it, and ran away. I concluded that the splinters from the door would be preferable to the brick and mortar from the wall. It took only a few moments to determine the best measures to take. I pulled the table and the wash-stand in front



¹ The judge proved to be Lieutenant José Müller, and the secretary, Lieutenant Dario Laguna.

² The matter of this flag of truce has not been cleared up. After our exchange Admiral Sampson said he did not know of its coming out, or of the receipt Vol. LVII.—77.

of such a notice from General Linares. But I could not have been mistaken. The judge had left in my cell a piece of paper and a pencil, and I noted the fact of the flag and of the message, these entries appearing with other prison incidents entered on the paper day by day.

of the door, end on, and stood the galvanized- the battery. The thirteen-inch projectile iron box up on its side against the front end of the table, a little back from the door, to catch any splinters from it; then I crawled through the legs of the table, and lay face down, with my head just behind the box in the direction of the firing. The table and wash-stand together were long enough to cover my head, body, and part of my legs from falling debris, and the box screened the door. The principal danger lay from blows of brick and mortar which might be hurled obliquely by entering projectiles, and from the whole cell or wall beneath being blown out by a thirteen-inch projectile and falling and crumbling down the precipice.

My men, I knew, were less exposed, being farther back and down. The situation was simple, and nothing remained to be done but

to await developments.

I knew what good marksmen our gunners were, and did not doubt that they would make quick work of the exposed parts of the Morro. The thought was scarcely formulated when a shock came that made the great mass tremble to its foundation. A heavy projectile had struck the wall facing the sea, and, penetrating, had exploded. While the pile still vibrated, a sea swell swept into the caverns below, and sent up a great, hollow, hungry roar.

A flood of bitter thoughts passed over me: "This, then, is the Spanish idea of honorable warfare-to place us here, and make our own men the executioners!" Then I began to study the phenomena with intense interest, locating by sound the vessels and the targets at which they were firing. It soon became evident that the batteries to the eastward and westward of the entrance were the principal targets, and that they returned the fire, though there appeared to be another target farther to the eastward. From time to time Morro itself would receive a shell; but it was not a principal target, and I concluded finally that Morro, which did not answer the fire, would not be attacked till after the batteries were silenced, and therefore decided that I would be justified in getting out from under the table to examine the phenomena from the window-to return as soon as Morro should become a target; so I came out, placed the cot into position, drew myself up, and looked out.

What sublimity of sight and sound! Our projectiles seemed like animated creatures in a wild chase, seething and screaming with rage, tearing to fragments everything they could touch in their mad flight, and

seemed to have a dignity all its own, as though aware of its mighty power. Exploding, it would raise a great yellow cloud of earth and debris, sending forked shafts of gas out and up for a hundred feet, while for many seconds afterward the fragments would continue to drop about Morro and in the water of the entrance. The first panoramic glance showed that the enemy was not replying, while it showed that the Reina Mercedes was on fire.

But I had scarcely begun the study of particulars when a projectile whizzed overhead. and another struck Morro with full force. "They have begun on Morro," I thought, and jumped down and crawled under the table. The fire seemed to slacken for a moment: then the enemy opened, and again the fire set in strong against the Socapa sea battery, and I came out, and climbed to the window once more, in time to see the crews of the enemy's guns leave them and run to a pit in the rear. Then I watched for the next lull. Sure enough, up they came again, and fired away. Then our guns reopened in full force, and again the crews retreated to the pit.

This occurred over and over; and then I realized, even more than in the bombardment of San Juan, that ships cannot destroy shore batteries without coming into machine-gun range. It is necessary actually to strike the gun itself in order to put it out of action. I saw some of our shells literally bury guns with dirt and yet do virtually no injury. Our marksmanship was excellent, -splendid line shots, that tore up the shrubs and earth along the whole front of the battery, -but I did not see a single gun disabled, and every time we would slacken, the Spaniards would come up and fire away. I understood how they could thus make the vaunted "last shot."

While absorbed in watching the Socapa southwest battery, a projectile struck the roof just over my head, exploded, and carried a pile of brick and mortar along, dropping it into the water. Once more I took to the table, only to come forth again after a few moments' reassurance, stopping this time to look through the small barred window of the door. The ships, however, were too close in to be seen, and there were only two men in the courtvard, down by the door of the cell of my men. I climbed up again, and became absorbed in the firing. I saw one projectile explode on the bow of the Reina Mercedes, which was already on fire. I wondered at the time if Captain Acosta were keeping up a cloud of dust and gas about there, as he had told me it was his special

Another struck far over across Smith Cay, just in front of the Vizcaya. Another struck just in front of the Merrimac's foremast, close by a boat at the middle of a boom made up of spars and chains, which the enemy had constructed from Smith Cay to Churruca Point as an obstruction.1 Several, one of them a thirteen-inch, hit Churruca Point, which was apparently mistaken by our gunner for Punta Gorda. Many continued to pass over my cell, and I wondered if our ships were trying high-angle fire over Morro into the harbor beyond. Finally one struck apparently in the cell next beyond mine on the same level, and for the third time I took to my barricade. This was the last time, however, for I felt that it was important to make full observation of the enemy's defenses, as it would probably be the only chance by daylight, and that I would be justified in remaining at the window until it was clearly demonstrated that the fleet had turned full on Morro.

While looking this time, I saw men come out from beyond Socapa, near the Reina Mercedes, and run along the path near the water to the batteries on the slopes. These were so effectually concealed that only when the men came out was I able to locate the pieces. Probably these were reserved for vessels that might attempt to run in, and it was because they did not wish our vessels to find their locations that they did not fire out of the entrance—even those that could. There must have been a false alarm of a vessel starting in, for the men came running along the path. Then one of our vessels must have discovered them, for soon there was a burst of shrapnel, sweeping the shoreline, and before many minutes the men ran back more rapidly than they came out.

INVENTING A PLAN OF ATTACK.

THE bombardment continued thus for about three hours, and afforded me ample time to impress on my memory the exact location of all the guns and an exact picture of the surrounding topography; and instinctively I began to evolve plans for taking the western side of the entrance, landing in the direction of Cabañas, advancing and placing artillery on the ridge beyond Socapa, opening upon the sea battery from the flank and rear, and making a night assault on all the positions of Socapa, coming down from above on those

of the slopes, extending the operation to boarding the Reina Mercedes from the starboard side, from which the guns had been removed, and destroying her if she could not be held under the fire of the enemy from Punta Gorda and the fleet. I believed that the battery to the eastward of Morro could be similarly taken from the rear. The work would have to be done quickly to avoid the difficulties of troops being massed to cut off the advance, and, in the case of the Morro side, troops could be sent down rapidly from Santiago city. On each side the guns would probably have to be destroyed and then abandoned. The main operation, the entrance of the fleet, might start at daybreak, and I set to work on the details of its entrance and of the tactics necessary to destroy the enemy's fleet most effectually.

Finally the firing ceased. I came down quietly, after closing my eyes several times to be sure that I could picture the scene with accuracy. I pulled the cot back, put the table and wash-stand and box in place, put on a clean pair of trousers, and was sitting unconcernedly rocking when the sentry returned and opened the door.

AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

Soon I saw the soldiers coming in, begrimed and fagged out, showing that the garrison had manned the eastern battery. Sponges and rammers were brought in, and I noticed that they were all for muzzle-loading guns. In vain I looked to see any gear from a breech-loader. The two guns near-est the Morro on the Socapa were breechloaders, which appeared to be about six-inch, carrying the regular ship form of shield; and I concluded that they had been taken from the starboard side of the Mercedes. The guns on the slope of Socapa were so well concealed that it was difficult to determine just what guns they were. One, high up, had its barrel extending beyond a mask of brush, and seemed to be a four-inch. The main point with these guns, however, was their position, and after the continued observation I believed I could lead an assaulting party to them even on a dark night.

The kitchen, being on an exposed side, had been abandoned during the bombardment, and luncheon was late. Well satisfied with the morning's experience, I had a ravenous appetite, and thought the rice and frijoles excellent. I found, in course of time, that an appetite was the most difficult feature connected with the full appreciation of this ration. As the attendant brought the pans up,

¹ This boom was just above the sunken Merrimae, and was composed of two lines of spars and chains the spars end on and breaking joint. I had first noticed it from the catamaran soon after daybreak.

he stooped and picked up something from the threshold. "What is this?" he asked. It was a piece of shell that had struck the door and fallen. I put it in my box, and asked him if my men were all right. He said they were, but that five men had been wounded in the Morro.1

It appeared to me as rather singular that the Morro should not have been taken up as a principal target. Perhaps the other work had been enough for one time, and the Morro was reserved for another. Thinking over the matter during luncheon, I determined to make a protest against our retention in the Morro, and, with the pencil and part of the paper left by the judge, wrote an official letter to General Linares, protesting against such abuse, particularly when he had informed the American admiral that we had been removed; and I sent a similar letter to the British consul, adding that personally the experience of the forenoon had been interesting and valuable.

The afternoon passed. Toward sunset a

shot was fired from the eastern battery, and the garrison rushed out. But it was a false

¹ I learned afterward that two of these men died.

As to the firing on the Morro, I was informed by the admiral, after exchange, that he had directed the Morro to be spared, believing that the prisoners were there. Apparently the gunners simply could not resist such a

target. My men told me afterward that, as soon as the

bombardment began, the Spaniards hoisted a big Span-

alarm. The sea in the caverns, which had all along made weird rumblings, seemed now to resemble particularly the shock of a heavy projectile, and again and again, until I went to sleep, there would be the startling sensation of reopening the bombardment, which each time would require the reassurance of my reason that it was only the sea.

About ten or eleven o'clock my door was thrown open, and an officer appeared in boots and spurs, covered with mud, showing under the dim light carried by an orderly.

"I have come," he said, "from General Linares, who has directed that the prisoners be transferred to Santiago, to start at daylight to-morrow."

"Very well," I replied; "have my men in-

formed, and we shall be ready."

"The general wishes you to understand, however," the officer continued, "that this action is not due to your protest of this after-

I did not reply, but smiled to myself as the officer left.

ish flag on the lightning-rod over my cell, which my men could see from their cell. The regular flagpole is on the other side of the fort, and so far as I could learn a flag had not been hoisted on the lightning-rod before and was not afterward. Evidently the shots that kept passing over my head were efforts to bring down the flag, and it was probably one of these that killed the men.

HOW OTHER COUNTRIES DO IT.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SUGGESTIVE RESULTS OF AN INQUIRY BY THE STATE DEPARTMENT OF THE UNITED STATES INTO THE CONSULAR SYSTEM OF OTHER NATIONS.

> BY GEORGE MCANENY. Secretary of the Civil-Service Reform League.

SECRETARY SHERMAN'S LETTER.

N the latter part of the year 1897 a circular letter was addressed by the Secretary of State, Mr. Sherman, to the ambassadors and ministers of the United States, calling for detailed accounts of the con-

sular establishments of the countries to which they were accredited. The subjects for report were set forth with some elaborateness, being principally the manner of organization of the service, in each case, the methods of appointment and of advancement in grade, the amount and character of sala- improvement, it may be said with reason,

ries, allowances, and fees, the regulation of tenure, and the practice as to retirements.

The functions of consuls of other nations, governed, as they are, by the terms and usages of international law and custom, are substantially similar to those of our own. It was the purpose of these inquiries, obviously, to ascertain, through careful examination of the results of experience elsewhere, how the performance of such functions may best be provided for, and the interests of commerce and of the state best served.

The defects in our own system are very nearly, if not quite, as pronounced as they have ever been, while the need for radical

has at no time been so great. Whatever may be the issue of questions arising from the war, it is certain that our responsibilities and our influence abroad are to be increased, and that the measure of our success must depend very largely on the fitness and on the special training of the men to whom we intrust the management of delicate foreign relations, whether they serve in the diplomatic or in the consular capacity. Coincidently, there has appeared a remarkable tendency toward expansion in our export trade, and the importance of placing the promotion of that trade in the hands of competent agents is appealing with new force to the merchants and manufacturers of the country.

Consuls are the commercial and business representatives of the nation abroad-little more. Their duties are numerous and complex, but, beyond all else, they are expected to assist in the direction and exploitation of trade, through the collection and report of information concerning local business conditions, and through whatever other means they may find practicable. They have to do with the political branches of the foreign service only in the sense that, where long training and experience have developed special aptitude, they may be transferred to the diplomatic service, and thus introduced to the broader career. The instances of such transfers in our own service are so rare that, except in the case of a few posts where the consul serves also as diplomatic agent or representative, as at Cairo, our consuls may be said to have positively no functions that are political. To change the whole personnel of the corps whenever there is a change in the political character of the government at Washington must be considered a proceeding no more sensible than would be the removal of the manager of every commercial house in the city of New York on the election of a Tammany or an anti-Tammany mayor. At the present time our practice in this respect must be regarded not only as an absurdity, but as a serious injury to our developing interests, the correction of which cannot with safety be long deferred.

It appears, therefore, that the venture of the State Department has been timed with singular opportuneness. If earnest measures of reform are now undertaken either by the executive or by Congress, the data contained in the responses to Mr. Sherman's circular will be found to be useful in the highest degree. The reports received have not as yet been made public, nor have they been transmitted to Congress. The writer has been en-

has at no time been so great. Whatever may be the issue of questions arising from the war, it is certain that our responsibilities and our influence abroad are to be increased, and that the measure of our success must seems bound shortly to come.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE EUROPEAN SYSTEM.

It is well understood that the development of the commerce of Great Britain has been due in great measure to the excellence of her consular service, and to the trained skill of the individual officers composing it. The ascendancy of British trade in the far East has been attributed by competent authorities to this single agency. Within the past several years there has been a marked growth in the trade of Belgium, due to like influences. Austria commands a disproportionate share of the trade of the East, because of her peculiarly efficient methods in training consuls for Oriental service; while the extension of the commerce of Germany-more recently, but perhaps more rapidly, than in the case of other nations-is ascribed, in part, to similar means.

While, however, prominence is given to the commercial functions of the Old-World consuls, account should be taken of the infinite variety of minor duties with which they, in common with our own consular representatives, are charged, and for the performance of which they must also be qualified. These include, for instance, the inspection of the business of shipping, to insure conformity with tariff regulations, the investigation of wrecks and salvage of property, the settlement of disputes involving questions of navigation and of maritime law, the protection of the interests of their fellow-citizens resident abroad, the certification of papers of the most diverse description, and the observation of military and naval movements in time of war. In semicivilized lands they have also judicial functions, presiding in the consular courts, and exercising extraordinary powers. The consul serves, in fine, as the agent and correspondent of the home country in all matters except those that belong to diplomacy. The prestige of the country, as well as the interests of its citizens, is intrusted in many ways to his care.

It is the theory of European governments that, in order to maintain an establishment worthy of such a place in the administrative structure, the officers composing it should be selected and trained as carefully as the officers of the army or navy. To that end it is their plan to select for the consular service young men whose qualifications have

been revealed by the severest tests, to offer to these the incentive of an honorable and fairly paid career, and to exact strict and faithful attention to the duties and opportunities of their positions as the one indispensable condition of retention and advancement. Favor or discrimination based on the political opinions or affiliations of the individual officers, either before or after ap-

pointment, is virtually unknown.

The candidate for appointment is required either to pass a strict technical examination. usually competitive, or to produce a degree from certain prescribed universities or schools as an evidence of ability; or, more frequently, to qualify in both these respects. Those who are accepted are usually assigned to probationary duty in the Foreign Office or at a consulate, or are subjected to practical tests of some other character, before the permanent appointment is made. Neither appointment nor promotion, when made through commission, is to a particular post, but to the grade; transfers within the grade follow in the discretion of the governing department. Suspension and dismissal are known as measures of discipline only, and the superannuated officer, when his service has been faithful and honorable, is usually retired on pension.

The schedules of compensation and the nature of allowances and fees are, of course, factors of the first importance in the modern consular organization. It is sufficient, however, for the purposes of the present paper, to note that in the normal European service the salaries paid are adequate to permit the consul to maintain a proper position in the community to which he is sent. Allowances generally cover his traveling expenses to and from the point of destination, and, in part, the expenses of his family. Customs differ in these matters, but, as a rule, the needs of the officer are well provided for, in transit and at his post, and the dignity of his government is rarely permitted to suffer by reason of his poor equipment or necessarily frugal style of living. Salaried officers, as a rule, are permitted to retain only unofficial fees, designated as such by regulation. Little opportunity is allowed for abuse in this respect.

THE UNITED STATES BEHIND.

THE system I have outlined is common to every nation of Europe except, possibly, Turkey. Outside of Europe it is established in Brazil and Argentina, and, among the independent states of Asia, in Japan. It is lacking in the minor South American republics, in Persia and China, in Morocco, Mexico, and the United States.

In each European organization, as in our own, there is the division into salaried and unsalaried classes, and into grades of consul-general, consul, vice or deputy consul. and commercial or consular agents. The salaried officers (consules missi) are usually subjects of the government by which they are commissioned, and are not permitted to engage in private business. The unsalaried (consules electi), who are compensated wholly by fees or by allowances, are relieved from these restrictions, and are very frequently local merchants. The latter class, as well as agents, are selected generally by the superior consul in the district, who is responsible for their acts, and who virtually controls their tenure. It is the permanent class only those in the "consular career"-that this article need consider. Though there is undoubtedly room for reform in other particulars, it is the question of correct methods of organization in the corresponding branch of our own service that calls for first solution.

THOROUGHNESS OF THE BRITISH SERVICE.

THE regulations governing admission to the British service are substantially those framed by the Earl of Clarendon in 1855. The amendments of 1877 and 1895 were not of a material nature. The ordinary means of entrance is either by direct appointment to the office of consul, or by assignment to a vice-consulate with the opportunity for promotion. Officers entering as full consuls are required first to pass an examination of the most rigid order before the Civil-Service Commission. It is to the searching character of that examination, as much as to any other one thing, that the excellence of the British service is due.

The candidate is required to satisfy the commission (1) that he has a knowledge of the English language sufficiently correct to permit of clear expression; (2) that he can write and speak French correctly and fluently: (3) that he has a sufficient knowledge of the current language of the post at which he is to reside to enable him to communicate directly with the authorities and natives of the place (a knowledge of German is accepted for the ports of northern Europe, of Spanish or Portuguese for those of Spain, Portugal, Morocco, and South and Central America, and of Italian for those of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea); (4) that he is familiar with the principles of British mercantile and commercial law relating to shipping, negotiable instruments, bills of

exchange and promissory notes, contracts for the carriage of goods, contracts of marine insurance, bottomry and respondentia; and (5) that he has such a knowledge of arithmetic, and practice in tabulation, as the peculiar duties of the office demand. Although it is not required in terms, as in the service of most Continental governments, that the candidate shall possess a degree, the examination in these subjects is so exhaustive that no one who has not taken a preparatory course in law and economics can hope to qualify. Those who are accepted are obliged, after their first nomination to a post, to spend three months at the Foreign Office, in order to acquaint themselves with the forms of business there. The assignment to consular duty is ordinarily to the lowest grade.

The examination for the British service is not competitive, though the character of the tests employed makes it virtually such. The candidate aims at a set standard of proficiency, and his whole preparatory experience, at college or elsewhere, may be said to be a competition with others whose aim is the same. In the examination for the grade of vice-consul the tests are less severe, but more diverse. The vice-consul serves for

two years on probation.

A third means of entrance to the consular branch is by appointment, after competitive examination, to the position of student interpreter, either for the Levantor the Orient. It is the object of the Foreign Office to place in Eastern consulates men who not only are masters of the local language, but who are equally conversant with the English tongue, and devoted instinctively to the interests of the government at home. Open examinations are held periodically, at the Foreign Office, to secure young men whom the government will educate for this career. Those who pass successfully are entered at designated institutions of learning for a special course of two years in Oriental languages. A salary of two hundred pounds annually is paid, to cover the cost of living and tuition; but the student gives a bond of five hundred pounds to the government to cover the loss that would be involved should he leave the service, or be dismissed for misconduct, within five years. On gradnation he is appointed at once to active service. If stationed in the Levant, he cannot advance to the grade of vice-consul or consul until he has passed a further examination in the civil, criminal, and commercial law of Turkey, and in the history, language, and mode of public administration of the country in which he has resided. The higher posts in the Eastern branches of the service are filled almost exclusively by the promotion of officers of this class

tion of officers of this class.

The head of the consular service is the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; but, as in this country the consular reports are largely for the information and guidance of the Treasury Department, so in England there is an active though indirect connec-

tion with the Board of Trade.

The discipline of the British service is never relaxed, and it is effective, moreover, from the day that the consul reaches his post. The plan of inspection is comprehen-\ sive and strict. Each officer is expected not only to familiarize himself with the consular regulations and the instructions of the Board of Trade, but with those acts of Parliament that bear on the consular functions or on relevant matters, and with the laws and commercial usages of the country in which he resides. His skill in mastering these subjects, and the results of the practical application of his knowledge, in his official acts and relations, and in his reports to his government, are carefully noted. On these considerations, coupled with length of service, his advancement depends. The encouragement to zealous endeavor is constant. There is never a fear of unmerited displacement, and there is, finally, the prospect of a moderate pension as a reward for faithful service, which is a feature of the military, naval, and foreign service alike in nearly every European state.

The results secured by the British system, in both character and efficiency, are too well

known to need review.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

THE organization of the service of Austria-Hungary is in many respects unique. Nominally, appointments are made by the Emperor, on nomination by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. In fact, the system of selection is automatic, the candidates coming, without exception, from a series of competitive examinations.

The first examination is for the position of consular attaché, and consists of papers in general law and political economy. Those who are accepted serve a year of apprenticeship in the offices of one of the departments, where full opportunity is afforded for the study of the functions and relations of the several branches. A second examination follows, the subjects of which are somewhat similar to those prescribed for the British

service, with the added requirement that the tary probationary service, but the positions papers are to be written in the French, German, and Italian languages, according to assignment. The candidate passing this test is next assigned to a court of civil and criminal procedure, to serve for a year in a clerical capacity, following which he is required to spend a final half-year attached to one of the principal chambers of commerce or boards of trade within the empire. In the latter position he is expected to become acquainted with the manufactures and material resources of the district, and with the general methods of business at home. He is required to attend all meetings and special inquiries of the chamber or board, and to keep a journal not only of their proceedings, but of his personal inspection of factories, mines, warehouses, and transportation facilities, and of his observations concerning the direction of trade and the opportunities for the development of new markets at home and abroad. His journal and reports are transmitted regularly to the commission in the Foreign Office that is charged with supervision of attachés, and the selection of his post abroad depends upon the special fitness he has shown. Once assigned to active service, his career is the usual career of the European consul. and his opportunities for creditable and valuable work are unlimited.

Candidates for the Eastern service are educated at the Oriental Academy at Vienna, an institution founded by the Empress Maria Theresa, in 1754. The courses here are open on equal terms to every Austrian or Hungarian youth who seeks admission. The tuition fees are light, and there are many scholarships. The curriculum includes the usual branches of law, commerce, and civil administration, with the addition of the Oriental languages and Turkish history and government. Graduates are admitted to the final examinations for appointment as consuls without the preliminary apprenticeship, but they are not exempted from the half-year

ITALY.

with a board of trade.

THE service of Italy is organized on a basis similar in many respects to that of Austria. There are in the consular career two classes of consuls-general, two of consuls, and three of vice-consuls. Beneath the lowest of these is a class of volunteer consular clerks (applicati voluntari), who are appointed after a competitive examination, and who serve without pay until their first promotion. There is no means of entrance save by this volun- best results. The first appointment is to the

are esteemed as posts of honor and are much coveted. Examinations are held once in each year; they are widely advertised, and the examining board, composed invariably of distinguished administrators, is appointed by public decree. Applicants must hold a degree of law or a certain rank conferred by a military academy. The examination is as comprehensive as that in Great Britain, and is conducted, as in Austria, in the French. German, and Italian languages. The successful candidates, when detailed abroad, are allowed a small sum annually for expenses, but they must prove by documentary evidence that they have sufficient means to provide for their ordinary support until such time as a promotion to a vice-consulship may be expected.

Attachés for the diplomatic service are selected through the same examination, and are appointed in virtually the same manner. A certain number of the successful competitors, electing either career, are sent by the government to the School of Oriental Languages at Constantinople, to be trained in the special requirements of the Eastern service. The diplomatic and consular services in Italy, it may be added, are closely connected in practice as well as in theory.

GERMANY.

THE present consular service of Germany had its origin in an imperial decree of 1871. There has been little change in the system since. Both the professional officers (Berufsconsul) and those of the merchant class (Wahlconsul) are appointed by the Emperor, on nomination by the Foreign Office, and all commissions (Patente) are signed by him. The candidate for the career must, however, either have passed the first examination in law, as required by the statutes of the federal state in which he dwells, and also have been employed for three years in the civil service or at the bar, and for two years in a subordinate position in the consular service; or he must pass a rigorous special examination prescribed for the purpose. In Germany, as in every other country where military service is compulsory, the candidate must have served in the army for the prescribed term before entering any examination.

FRANCE.

THE present French service was established in 1836. It has always been singularly efficient, but since the reforms effected by M. de Freycinet, in 1880, has produced its

grade of attaché, for which there is a competitive examination. The candidate must possess a diploma as bachelor of arts, science, or law, or must have graduated at L'École des Chartes, the Superior Normal School, L'École Polytechnique, the School of Mines, L'École des Ponts et Chaussées, the School of Arts and Manufactures, the School of Forestry, or at either the military or naval schools, or he must hold a commission as an officer in the army or navy. The examination is elaborate, and includes the writing of a thesis. From among the successful ones the Foreign Office selects both diplomatic attachés and consular pupils. The latter are required to pass one year in the Home Office and one year attached to a prominent chamber of commerce or board of trade, as in Austria. After a third probationary year abroad, another examination must be passed, including among its subjects the customs legislation of France and of other countries. The appointment that follows is to the post of vice-consul (consul suppléant), after which, at the termination of at least three years in each successive grade, promotions follow in the normal manner.

THE REFORM IN BELGIUM.

THE excellent system of Belgium is of comparatively recent establishment. "As in the United States," writes Minister Storer, "the absence of fixed rules for appointment and promotion had finally shaken the confidence of the commercial world in the fitness of the agencies appointed to protect its interests abroad." This consideration induced the Department of Foreign Affairs, three years ago, to consult the leading Belgian commercial body, the Conseil Supérieur de l'Industrie et du Commerce, as to more practicable methods of reform. A complete scheme of reorganization was reported by this council, approved by the department, and placed in effect by a royal decree of September, 1896. All appointments are required to be after competitive examination. Candidates must possess a certificate of proficiency in commercial and consular duties from the Institute of Commerce at Antwerp, where special courses have been arranged, and a degree in law or science from any one of a number of prescribed colleges and schools. A knowledge of French, English, and German is noted as "indispensable." The appointment gradual reform of the Belgian service have perial Civil School. For supernumeraries

attracted attention the world over. Voyages of commercial exploration have been undertaken under the direction of the bureau. A museum has since been founded, similar to certain institutions of the sort established by private enterprise in the United States, for the exhibition of samples of the products of each trading country, and of the varieties of home products most readily salable in such countries. The men who enter the service and who aid in this work are trained for the promotion of trade, and their success has already been the subject of an enthusiastic report to the Chamber of Deputies from its central committee.

THE NETHERLANDS, SWEDEN, RUSSIA, SWITZERLAND, TURKEY.

THE service of the Netherlands is similar, in its essentials, to that of Belgium, competitive examinations being conducted once in two years by a royal commission. The tests are of the usual character, and the apprenticeship preliminary to absolute appointment is not lacking. In Sweden the names of candidates are submitted for approval to the local elective boards of merchants, at principal seaport towns. In Russia the university degree or military rank generally takes the place of an examination, but original appointments are to the lowest grades, and advancement is for merit. In Switzerland, where the merit system is as firmly established as in any part of Europe, none but the specially fit are considered, and the Departments of Foreign Affairs and of Railroads and Commerce are consulted in the selection. Both Spain and Portugal have the open competitive system. The colonial service of Spain has been notoriously inefficient, but it is a tradition that her diplomatic and consular organization has, in the main, been spared the corrupting touch of spoils politics, and kept well in line with the foreign establishments of other governments.

It seems, in fact, to have become generally recognized that it will not do to trust the commercial affairs of a great nation in any measure to officers who cannot hold their own in the general competition. A failure on the part of any European government properly to safeguard these interests would be followed by indignant public protest. Turkey seems to be the one exception to the common practice of careful adminisis to the grade of vice-consul, from which tration. Candidates for appointment as full promotion is allowed after a service of six |consuls in the Turkish service must possess years. The excellent results following the licentiate or bachelor degrees from the Im-

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below the grade of consul there is even a sonal favor; and that with each change of competitive examination, the candidates for which must present a degree from the Imperial College of Galata-Serai. But in none of the other features of the service is there any semblance of the merit plan; promotions and removals are made usually for the reasons that govern such changes in the United States.

JAPAN, BRAZIL, ETC.

JAPAN, the newest of civilizations, and Brazil, the newest of republics, have each an admirable system, based on the competitive plan, and resembling closely the European standard.

Among nations having no permanent trained force there are varying practices, down to that of Persia, where appointments are sold to the highest bidder, and where, in lieu of salary, the consul is permitted to extort from his compatriots whatever amounts in fees they can be induced to give up. Among the South American republics there are cases, here and there, where an excellent officer is appointed from business life; but these cases are exceptional. Minister Loomis pays a warm tribute to the efficiency of the Venezuelan consul-general at New York, but, in his general reference to his subject, adds that, "owing to the manifest defects of the system. Venezuela, like the United States, has employed in her consular service at all times a few men who enter it solely for purposes of gain, and who add nothing to its utility or good repute."

THE UNITED STATES.

THE defects in the consular system of the United States have figured as a matter of public discussion for many years. They have been set forth in the messages of the Presidents, reviewed in a multitude of congressional and departmental reports, treated in magazine articles and standard works on administration, and deplored in the formal resolutions of every commercial body of consequence in the country. The result, to the present time, is virtually nothing. The system stands uncorrected.

The story is a familiar one, and need not be rehearsed at any length. It is pertinent to note, however, that the consular service of the United States is still "in politics"; that appointments are made virtually without regard for technical training and without the requirement of either a knowledge of languages or the possession of a degree or diploma of any sort; that advancement or retention depends generally on political or per-there is of good in the system is there in

the party in power, or about as often as the new consul, through training, becomes fairly useful, there comes the inevitable "clean sweep," and the appointment of a new set of hastily selected and usually green men.

Candidates are nominated, as a rule, by local political committees or by members of Congress. They are selected most frequently from among those who have been useful to the "party" in the business of "practical politics." The appointment by the President and confirmation by the Senate are, in most cases, perfunctory-a mere ratification of the actual nomination. The non-competitive, or "pass," examination prescribed in some cases is, as I shall explain, perfunctory also.

After confirmation the appointee is supposed to spend a month at Washington in preparation for his duties; in fact he rarely passes more than two or three days at the State Department, beyond the time employed in securing his credentials and other necessary papers. The salary paid during that month is justified in a sense by the fact that the government does not provide for the expense a consul meets in traveling to his post; otherwise it would be, in a measure, a gratuity. Once actually introduced to the service, the new officer finds that there is virtually no opportunity for advancement as a reward for faithful work. The grades are meaningless. Salaries are not proportioned to the importance of posts; they are notoriously inadequate, and are fixed or changed through the influence of individual congressmen as often as on the recommendation of the Secretary of State. There is no probability of retention beyond four years, and little inducement for that careful attention to duty that is expected of a man in a career. Such a system, in its very nature, is incapable of well-developed efficiency. It is as far removed from that of Great Britain or of Austria, in the one direction, as it is from that of Persia in the other.

There are, of course, in the American consular service, officers who are deficient in neither ability nor patriotism. A new man, now and then, enters upon his work with such energy that he manages to master its details and to be of real service before he is dismissed. A few others, who happen to be of particular value in emergencies, or whose posts are unhealthful, and for that reason little sought, are permitted to serve beyond the usual period, and thus to gain a fair measure of training. But whatever spite of it, not because of it. To get the best service from a force that is poorly put together in the beginning, and that is torn apart every four years to be reorganized in the same unsatisfactory manner, is beyond

possibility.

There have been few attempts at reform. and none, certainly, that has been successful. In 1864 provision was made by act of Congress for a corps of thirteen consular clerks, to be appointed after competitive examination and trained for permanent service. This was to be the beginning of a clerical force, such as that of the British Foreign Office, from which promotions to consulships might be made. But some of these clerks have grown to be old men, serving for thirty years without a change of status. One who accepted promotion was removed at the next succeeding change of administration; the nomination of another was rejected by the Senate. None is willing now to give up the security of his clerical post; this has been the end of the

experiment. In September, 1895, at the instance of Secretary Olney, an executive order was put in force prescribing non-competitive examinations for consulships having salaries between twenty-five hundred and one thousand dollars annually. Experience had shown, in various branches of our civil service, including the consular service itself, that such a plan, when unaccompanied by permanence of tenure and by the exclusion of political influences, must prove ineffective. Mr. Olney's rules, too, have failed of their purpose. Under their terms, a number of subjects of examination were prescribed, corresponding in some respects to those employed in examinations abroad, but lacking in many important particulars. The most claimed for them was that they marked "a step in the right direction." For a while this claim seemed to be justified. During the year 1896, of thirteen candidates subjected to the prescribed tests, eight passed and five were rejected. One whose fitness was shown to be exceptional was given a more important post than that for which he applied. The qualifications of all of the suc-

cessful ones seemed to be of a higher order. When, however, the periodical reorganization began, in 1897, the examination was somewhat modified. The list of subjects set was further reduced. A candidate now is rarely required to answer more than twelve

or fifteen questions, all told, and these relate principally to the definitions of the duties of consuls, contained in the printed "Consular Regulations." A copy of this volume is furnished in advance, and the process of preparation is, consequently, a very simple one.

From March 3, 1897, to the corresponding date in 1898, one hundred and twelve candidates for appointment were examined at the State Department, and though several were given lower posts than those they sought, there was only one who failed. It will be seen that, as a measure of reform, the plan in question cannot be taken seriously.

The "clean sweep" certainly proceeds with as little interruption as in the past. During the first year of his second administration Mr. Cleveland appointed a greater number of new consuls than had Mr. Harrison; and Mr. McKinley, during the corresponding period, has appointed more than did Mr. Cleveland.

Since March 3, 1897, and up to November 1, 1898, the changes in the grades of one thousand dollars' salary and above numbered 238, in a total of 272; with 21, in a total of

48, in the grade below.

It should be borne in mind that the evils in our system are of long standing, that they have passed into custom, and that the responsibility for their existence cannot be laid at the door of one political party more fairly than at that of the other. It is apparent, however, that, as a consequence of the added importance that has been given to the question by the recent turn in national affairs, responsibility must be charged directly, in future, to whatever party in power shall fail to act.

The choice of measures will be, at any time, a simple matter. The President, fortunately, can put into operation such reforms as he may choose, through his own independent action. Congress may aid him with legislation, but in the absence of such legislation his constitutional prerogative is sufficient. His action would not necessarily be binding upon his successor, but there can be no doubt that a proper system, once instituted, would be supported so strongly by public opinion that its continuance would be assured. Certain it is that the party or the administration which shall first place the consular establishment of the United States on a footing with those of other great nations of the world will give to our commerce an inestimable advantage and win distinction.

THE CAPTURE OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

BY WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. V., Commander of the Expedition.



of the forces assembling at Tampa, Florida, I had almost year of service in the army. At twenty-six I had gone to

the Potomac as first lieutenant in the Seventh Michigan Infantry.1 That was in June, 1861. A year later I was wounded in the battle of Fair Oaks,2 and after I recovered was commissioned a major of the Nineteenth Michigan, raised under the new call for three hundred thousand men, and assigned to the West. Early in 1863, during the reconnaissance toward Spring Hill, I was captured by Van Dorn,3 and held in Libby Prison till May 5, 1863. I was then exchanged and promoted, commanding my regiment for a time as lieutenant-colonel. In April, 1864, I was made colonel of the Seventeenth United States Colored Infantry. My regiment was with Thomas at the battle of Nashville, Tennessee,4 in December, and took part in the pursuit of Hood's defeated army into the northern part of Alabama. It was mustered out of service February 15, 1865, at Nashville. After the increase of the regular army, in July, 1866, I was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-first Infantry. and sent to the Rio Grande, serving in Texas

the time I assumed command until 1879. I had command of the troops along the Mexican border during the troubles of 1877 and 1878, and made some acquaincompleted my thirty-seventh tance with the Spanish character and language. I was appointed colonel of the First Infantry in March, 1879, and served thereafter in the West until the army was concentrated in the East on the prospect of trouble with Spain.

When I took command at Tampa on May 2, 1898, I relieved General Wade, who was my junior in the regular army; but upon our appointment as major-generals eight days later, under the law which says that where officers have the same grade and date of commission the one who has served longest as a commissioned officer shall rank, he became senior to me and resumed the command. In the Civil War he had joined the volunteers two months earlier than myself. However, as it had been decided that I should lead the first expedition to Cuba, General Wade was transferred to the camp at Chickamauga, and on May 20 I was again in charge. Five days later my command was designated as the Fifth Army-Corps.

My selection for command had been made on the recommendation of the major-general commanding the army. In a conversation with General Miles he explained to me that

1 General Shafter was asked by the editor to outline his army experience as an introduction to his narrative of the Santiago campaign. It is proper to state that the following foot-notes, derived from the "Official Records" of the Civil War, have been added without his suggestion or knowledge.

These extracts are of interest as indicating the ground of his transference from the volunteers to a grade nearly as high in the regular service. - EDITOR.

² General Dana said in his report of that battle: "Lieutenant Shafter, Seventh Michigan Volunteers, in charge of the pioneers, who was slightly wounded, but kept the field, furnished beautiful exhibitions of gallant conduct and intelligent activity."—EDITOR.

3 The battle of Thompson's Station, March 5, 1863. Fourteen hundred men were captured by an overwhelming force under Van Dorn and Forrest. Colonel Utley of the Twenty-second Wisconsin, a part of whose com-mand retreated, said in his report: "It gives me pleasure to say that the officers and men of the Nineteenth Michigan behaved gallantly. I saw them repulse several charges where the enemy outnumbered them three to

one. All this time the Eighty-fifth and Thirty-third Indiana had been engaged in an almost hand-to-hand fight with a greatly superior force. . . . There never was a time after the battery and cavalry had deserted us that we could have broken from the hills without being cut to pieces, neither could those that escaped have done so if it had not been for the obstinate resistance of those they deserted." General Baird reported: "The bravery of the little band, surrounded and captured, was so conspicuous as to elicit the applause of the enemy himself, and we are informed that Colonels Coburn [in command] and Gilbert and Major Shafter of the Nineteenth Michigan were permitted on this ac-count to retain their horses and side-arms." In the Nineteenth Michigan, about five hundred strong, twenty men were killed and eighty-three wounded.-EDITOR.

4 In this battle Colonel Shafter's regiment, for the first time under fire, lost sixteen killed and sixty-eight wounded. Colonel Morgan, the brigade commander, reported: "Colonel Shafter, Seventeenth [United States Colored Infantry], acquitted himself well, is cool and brave, and a good disciplinarian."-EDITOR.

when he and the Secretary of War were in consultation with the President he pointed to my name as his choice of a leader for the contemplated movement. This was to be a reconnaissance in force to the southern coast of Cuba, in Santa Clara province, where I was to put myself in communication with General Gomez, supply him with arms and ammunition, and ascertain the number of his men and their positions, it being supposed that the insurgents could not show their actual strength until they had real support. There was a great lack of information about Gomez's forces, and our first effort was intended to develop the amount of dependence to be placed on Cuban cooperation. As we were to get off as soon as possible, I began preparations on taking command, and on May 4 asked that Generals Lawton and Kent be assigned to me, and directed that the transports be prepared for the reception of troops and animals. But that particular expedition was abandoned upon receipt of the news that Cervera had left the Cape Verde Islands, for all the ships of our navy would be required to look after the Spanish fleet, and none would be left to convoy us.

Meantime troops and material were arriving constantly; the volunteers were being drilled; and, on my order, facilities were created on the merchant transports for the greater convenience and comfort of the men. Even on May 21 some of the regiments were without arms or uniforms. Target-practice was ordered, it having been found that three hundred in the Seventy-first New York had never fired a gun. An attempt was made to place artillery on the transports for protection against attack, but the plan was futile. On May 24, in urging the requirements of the force, I expressed the belief that the first battle would probably be the decisive one.

promptly, it having been telegraphed from the headquarters of the army: "Admiral Schley reports that two cruisers and two torpedo-boats have been seen in the harbor of Santiago. Go with your force to capture garrison at Santiago, and assist in capturing harbor and fleet." This despatch, which, among other directions, said, "Limit the animals to the least number required for artillery and transportation, as it is expected that you will go but a short distance inland," was signed by General Miles, who left that evening for Tampa. During the loading and embarkation he and I were in daily consultation, our offices being under the same roof.

We were undertaking an offensive military expedition, by sea, against a foreign enemy -something that no officer in our army had ever had any experience with. Our facilities were limited, and our depot greatly congested, because the business exceeded by far the usual demands on the railroad. It was not a question of procuring everything that a theorist might say such an expedition ought to have. The emergency was there. I took what was at hand that could be got into the ships that were furnished me, selecting the material according to our prospective needs and the relative necessities. On June 3 I reported to the adjutant-general the non-arrival of the medical stores, and said: "In my opinion, the expedition should not sail without them." We did not go without them, but we were being urged to make all possible haste, which we were doing, and the next day I telegraphed in regard to the causes of delay in loading. The officers having the work in hand were not at fault. They were experts and did their work well. In shipping the artillery to Tampa, the parts had been so loaded that by a confusion of cars there was much trouble in assembling the parts: this, however, was done, and the artillery was run down to the port, where it was again taken apart and properly stowed on shipboard. It is not true that any of the artillery arrived in a confused state at Daiguiri.

There was not room for all the troops we wished to carry; therefore the transportation and animals had to be limited to the lowest point of necessity. General Wheeler's cavalry division was put on board without horses. They were trained troops, drilled to fight on foot, and much more effective than the volunteer troops I would otherwise have taken. Our main supplies were to be carried by pack-trains. I had never seen a good On May 30 we were called upon to act road in a Spanish country, and Santiago did not disappoint my expectations. Only a limited amount of artillery was taken, because I knew that the Spaniards in Cuba did not rely on that arm; and, in fact, their entire defenses at the city were armed with seventeen old-fashioned muzzle-loading bronze guns, eight short breech-loaders, two rapidfire Krupp guns, and, I believe, two machineguns landed with the detachment from Cervera's fleet. In my present opinion, we could have done without half the artillery we carried. The wagons were as few as possible, but they occupied so much room that when it came to ambulances it was a question which should be left behind. I decided to take seven ambulances with the first fleet,

and to rely in part upon wagons to carry the transport carried a naval cadet as signal-offiroads wagons could be made as comfortable for the wounded as ambulances, and that the wagons would do double service, carrying supplies to the front and the disabled to the rear. As a matter of fact, ten additional ambulances were shipped with the troops that sailed two days after our departure, and they arrived on June 26, so that we began the serious attack with seventeen ambulances, enough according to our expectations; but we did have more wounded than was anticipated. In the embarkation I had ordered that all the litters should be carried by the troops as they boarded the transports.

On the evening of June 7 I was ordered to sail without delay, but with not less than ten thousand men. For lack of transportation, General Snyder's division had to be left behind. General Bates's two regiments of regulars and one squadron of cavalry with their horses had arrived on transports from Mobile, and formed part of the expedition. The orders to sail were given on the 8th. I was on my way to embark on the Segurança, my headquarters ship, when I received a despatch directing the expedition to await further orders. A tug was despatched to recall some of the transports which were nearly out to sea. It was reported by the navy that Spanish cruisers had been seen in the Nicholas Channel. While it is supposed that the rumor arose from some of our vessels mistaking one another at night, I never doubted the wisdom of the halt, and would rather be at Tampa now than to have sailed with rash indifference to a reported danger. We waited a week, utilizing the time to shift some of the troops, perfect our equipment, and take on more forage and rations. It is not true that the ships were dangerously overcrowded, though of course there was some discomfort, or that the delay impaired the health of the men. In turn they were put ashore for exercise, and were given every facility for bathing, and most of the transports were kept tied to the wharves.

The actual sailing took place on June 14, with 815 officers, 16,072 enlisted men, about 1000 mules, and a similar number of horses. Captain Taylor of the battle-ship Indiana, in command of the convoy, had entire control of the sea management of the fleet, and each

¹ The French expedition sent to Santo Domingo in 1801 was still more disastrous. Napoleon himself, in speaking of it, says: "I armed thirty ships and sixteen frigates, which carried successively about twenty-five thousand men to Santo Domingo. . . . In the meantime yellow fever broke out among our troops, and in three weeks

sick and wounded. I knew that on muddy cer, as the cadets were well instructed. The decision as to what the transport fleet should do rested with me. To provide for the anticipated difficulties in landing the expedition, two barges and three tugs were taken. which were ample. One of the tugs, the Uncle Sam, I believe never left Tampa Bay. though why I have never learned; another tug, the Bessie, suffered a breakdown in her machinery and remained at Key West; and one of the barges, in tow, broke away in the night. Owing to these accidents, we arrived off Santiago with only one barge and one steam lighter, the Laura, and were seriously

embarrassed thereby.

Otherwise, everything went well on the voyage. A number of Cubans were with the fleet. On my ship was Dr. Castillo, a former surgeon in the navy, who was born and brought up near Santiago, on the very ground we were to operate on, and as a boy knew it well; there was also a civil engineer by profession, who had been reared in the city of Santiago; but neither of these men had been there for some years. The latter had done surveying over the ground and was practically familiar with it. They did not know the coast very well. I was frequently in consultation with them, and was constantly studying the situation. These men were familiar with all the conditions, topographical and climatic. I had a pamphlet giving a history of the English expedition against Havana, made at the same season of the year, in 1761; I knew that the same climatic conditions were to be found about Santiago that existed in Havana; and I had no doubt that very soon we should be confronted with all the diseases incidental to that climate, and my experience verified it absolutely. The English had the same difficulties to contend with in rains, diseases, etc. Of the expedition which besieged Havana from June 6 to August 12, 1762, it is recorded that "the loss of the English army and navy exceeded 1790 in men and officers. The greater part of them died of sickness which raged both on shore and aboard ship." The losses sustained from the same causes by the colonial troops, which formed part of the expedition, were also very heavy.

The description given in the "Journal of carried away two thirds of our fine army. Twenty thousand men were dead or dying in the hospitals. The new regiments lost half their number within twenty-four hours after landing. The crews of the vessels were also cut off, leaving the remnant of these brave men no means of escape."-W. R. S.

the Siege of Havana" corresponds very closely to the way in which the men of my own army were stricken down, though our losses were very much less, as may be seen by the following comparison: The English army numbered 14,000 men, our army 20,000. From the date of our arrival in Cuba, June 20, to August 24, at which time the last of the Fifth Corps left Santiago, 13 officers, 296 men, and 9 civilian employees died of disease; 24 officers and 226 men were killed, 83 officers and 1214 men were wounded, only 13 deaths resulting from wounds received in action.

We made quick work of it. The English were much longer and suffered proportionately. I estimated that the troops would have immunity for two or three weeks, and to be successful with my force it was to be a dash or nothing. I carried with me on the Segurança the foreign military attachés, together with a few of the newspaper correspondents, who in all numbered about a hundred. Lieutenant Miley of my staff had general charge of them. Personally, I came very little in contact with the correspondents. It is my opinion that newspaper men should not be allowed to accompany an army, but they all came with credentials from the Secretary of War, and I gave them passage. I recognize that, with a people like ours, it may be better to risk the injury their news even under censorship may do than cause the dissatisfaction their exclusion would give rise to at home. So far as my observation extended, most of them were disposed to do what was right; they used a wise discretion and obeyed the regulations. Two or three of them at the outset in Cuba were willing to instruct me in my military duties, but were not encouraged, and since then, with military intuition, have made more ado over my alleged shortcomings than the army did over its

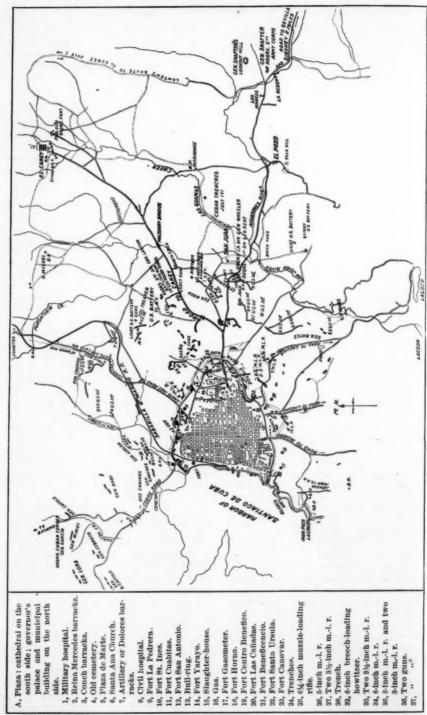
Proceeding without incident, we rounded the northeast coast of Cuba and arrived off Santiago about noon of June 20. Admiral Sampson met us, came on board my ship, and said that he was glad I was there. We arranged for the afternoon a visit to General Garcia at Aserraderos, west of Santiago. The admiral and I went in my ship, and off Aserraderos transferred to the Gloucester. Near the landing-place the admiral took me ashore in his boat. We each rode a mule up a trail for a mile and a half into the hills, where on a thickly grown height we found General Rabi's camp. The Cuban troops, such as they had, were turned out and lined

naked, but were well armed, and looked intensely interested over our coming. Their camp was a weird sight, composed of huts that could be put up in an hour and vacated in a minute. It resembled an Indian cantonment in disorder. I saw no pickets, but supposed there were such, for there was evidence

of discipline.

General Rabi received us, and sent in haste for General Garcia, who was back in the hills. He came in half an hour and greeted us warmly. He declared that he was profoundly grateful for the action of the United States in sending us there, and that he placed himself and his men at my disposal. He appeared to be considerably affected in telling how happy he was that we had arrived, and that he looked forward to the speedy delivery of his country. I explained that I had no authority to enter into any arrangements with the Cuban forces, other than to avail myself of their assistance when they chose to give it. I told General Garcia that I could assume no authority over him, and that he would be under me only so far as he chose to yield to my orders. He simply assented, and said that he was ready to do anything and everything in his power. I told him, however, that while he cooperated with me I would furnish him ammunition and rations, but that was all. I was favorably impressed by Garcia's earnestness and honesty of purpose. He was intensely interested, as well he might be, for he saw that the military as well as the naval power of the United States had come to assist in the deliverance of his people. All that Garcia said in that interview as to his troops and the disposition of the Spaniards proved to be accurate, and all his promises were kept to the extent of his ability.

As I was there to get information and advice on which to base my plans, we gathered in General Rabi's hut and talked for about an hour, from three to four o'clock in the afternoon, or thereabouts. I asked that a guard be placed to keep out intruders, and in the midst of the conversation had to ask Lieutenant Miley to remove a person who had edged in, and who proved to be a correspondent. Garcia advised me to land to the eastward of Santiago, on account of the natural conformation of the ground. could see for myself that eastward there were towns with some facilities for landing from ships, while westward there was nothing of the kind-a bold coast thickly wooded and covered with a dense underup on each side. They were in rags and half growth. We had only a rough, inaccurate



MAF OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF TROOPS IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE SIEGE.

of Santiago, and I questioned Garcia fully as to the roads and streams, and the character of the country. Our conversation related wholly to military questions. Immediately upon the conclusion of the conversation, I dictated to Lieutenant Miley a memorandum, given below, embodying my decision as to place of landing and attack. A copy of this was taken by Lieutenant Staunton of Admiral Sampson's staff, and the part to be taken by the Cubans was fully explained to Generals Garcia, Rabi, and Castillo. The information as to numbers was inaccurate, but it was given as the opinion of the Cuban officers, who had the best opportunities for knowing. Admiral Sampson listened to all the conversation and heard the memorandum read, but had no suggestions to make that I recall.

NOTES ON CONFERENCE BETWEEN GENERAL SHAFTER AND GENERAL GARCIA.

ABOUT 12,000 Spanish soldiers at Santiago and vicinity. Spaniards can concentrate at any moment about 4000 on the west. Proposal made of a feint of 3000 or 4000 men at some point west of Santiago de Cuba, and then land expedition at Daiquiri and march on Santiago. Plan proposed for General Castillo to have about 1000 men at Daiquiri, while navy bombards, and will capture escaping Spaniards. General Shafter then proposed a plan, that on the morning of the 22d he would have the navy bombard Daiquiri, Aguadores, Siboney, and Cabañas, as a feint, and land whole expedition at Daiquiri. About 5000 Spaniards between city and Daiquiri. General Garcia says Daiquiri is the best base, and General Shafter accepts it. The following numbers of Spaniards were then given by General Castillo: force at Daiguiri, near wharf, 300 men; at Siboney, 600 men; Aguadores, 150 men; Jutici, 150 men; Sardinero, 100 men. It was then decided that General Castillo will take on board the transports 500 men from Aserraderos, to be landed at Tajababo and joined to his command now there and 500 strong; with this 1000 men he will be at Daiquiri and assist at landing on the morning of the 22d. General Rabi will, on 22d, make a demonstration at Cabañas (to the west) with 500 men, while navy shells. It was then decided by General Garcia to bring his men, about 3000 or 4000 strong, from his camp near Palma to Aserraderos, and be ready to embark on the transports the morning of the 24th, and then be taken to Daiquiri, to join General Shafter. To-morrow (the 21st) navy will make transfer of 500 men to Tajababo, under General Castillo; 500 men under General Rabi will make demonstration on Cabañas on the morning of

The above plan, made at Garcia's headquarters, was put into action as arranged,

pencil-sketch of the ground and roads east two hours late in coming up behind the Spaniards at Daiquiri. We had no refreshment at General Rabi's headquarters except an excellent cup of coffee. Garcia said they were straitened for food, and I sent two thousand rations ashore immediately upon my return to the Segurança that night. Though they had a few beef-cattle, their main dependence was wild fruits and palm sprouts; they were virtually "grazing." General Garcia was very friendly in the leave-taking. We walked to the foot of the hill, mounted our mules, and rode to the beach. Rabi had his troops all out lining the road and presenting arms. There was a sequel to the incident of the eavesdropping correspondent. Later he approached Lieutenant Miley with an urgent request for an interview with me, claiming that if only he could lay before me information which he possessed I would change the plan I had formed for a better one. Lieutenant Miley asked, "How do you know anything about General Shafter's plan?" to which there was no response, whereupon Lieutenant Miley added that no interview could be had.

During the 21st, five hundred of Rabi's Cubans were carried by the navy east to Tajababo to join Castillo's five hundred, and the fleet got in position to make the landing the following morning. Some of my transports with General Kent's division went west to threaten a landing at Cabañas. Early on June 22d I wrote to Admiral Sampson:

I shall commence landing this morning. It is my intention to proceed from Daiquiri to Santiago as rapidly as I can and take some of my land transportation. The animals are in absolute need of some rest, and for that reason I may not get very far to-day. I request you keep in touch during the advance, and be prepared to receive any message I may wish to transmit from along the bluffs or any of the small towns, and to render any assistance necessary.

Soon after coming on board the Segurança, some of the naval officers suggested that, in their opinion, the first thing to do was to drive the Spanish troops from the Morro and Socapa batteries, thus enabling the navy to remove the mines in the harbor; but after my interview with General Garcia, and having seen the character of the shore on my way down to Aserraderos, I regarded this as entirely out of the question. My plan as announced at the close of the interview and in the above letter makes it clear that I regarded Santiago, and not Morro, as my true objective, the latter necessarily falling except that Castillo's thousand Cubans were with the former. There could have been no

misunderstanding as to my purpose. My instructions enjoined upon me, in the first part, to "capture garrison at Santiago," and the military situation would of itself have compelled that effort. It was reasonable to suppose that the Spaniards in the district, if given time, would concentrate to oppose me. In a dash for the city I had the advantage over most of the Spanish detachments. Nearly three thousand from Manzanillo got in on July 3, but thereafter I was between the environed garrison and the thirteen thousand at Holguin and San Luis; troops from the former place are said to have started for Santiago, but were discouraged by a Cuban attack. But on other grounds the idea of moving first against the Morro was not to be considered. It was protected by a rugged piece of country, devoid of water, densely covered with a poisonous undergrowth, and so impenetrable that the railroad running obliquely from Aguadores toward Santiago, and a trail, would have been the only means of making a circuitous approach. Two regiments were as many troops as could be utilized there in aggressive operations. In the operations against Santiago, General Duffield, with his troops at Siboney, was directed to guard against any movement from Aguadores on our base. On June 30 he was ordered to make a feint at Aguadores, to detain the Spanish troops in the vicinity. This movement was well executed. By capturing the garrison of the city, everything to be desired would follow, as in fact it did. When the fall of the city appeared imminent, Cervera's fleet was ordered to sea and was destroyed by Sampson's fleet. If he had stayed he would have had to surrender his ships or blow them up, surrendering his men. It is nonsense to say he could have kept us from occupying the city. He might have wasted his ammunition in pounding the town where his own people would have been, in case we had captured it by assault, but the ground was such that we could easily have protected ourselves and taken position to clear his decks with musketry fire, and even bring artillery to bear. He tried to help the defense, in the only practicable way, by having a thousand of his men ashore during the battle of July 1 and 2. He could not have kept me from completing the investment of the town, and then his doom would have been sealed, as Blanco well knew when he ordered him to leave, in the belief that the town must fall.

On account of the sending of the transports with a part of Kent's division to Cabañas, and the activity of the navy at different first American flag go up on a blockhouse

points, the Spaniards could not anticipate the real place of landing. On the second day ashore, the 23d, I telegraphed to Washington: "The assistance of the navy has been of the greatest benefit and enthusiastically given. Without them, I could not have landed in ten days, and perhaps notatall, as I believe I should have lost so many boats in the surf." This last referred to the fact that Admiral Samuson gave us the use of his small boats, manned by sailors, and his launches. Unfortunately, two men were drowned in the landing. They were thrown into the water at the Daiguiri pier, and were carried down by the weight of their ammunition-belts. This pier was of great use to us, but could be approached only by the barge and small boats, as the water was shallow, and not at all when the water was rough. It was put into condition to answer our purposes for the first emergency. Very soon a pier was extemporized at Siboney, which shortened the supply-route by eight or ten miles.

I had determined to land at both Siboney and Daiguiri, but as I had been led to believe that there was a considerable force at Siboney, and that Daiquiri, being farther away, naturally would have a lesser force, I thought I would disembark Lawton's and Wheeler's divisions at the latter place first and move them to the rear of Sibonev, thus forcing any Spanish troops at Siboney to leave. We approached the shore, the warships leading and keeping up a well-directed fire on the town, the hills, and up the valley. wherever anything could be seen, or wherever troops might be concealed. That there were troops there in some numbers is not to be disputed, from the fact that immediately upon our approaching the town flames burst out, beginning at the row of houses nearest the water, and extending toward the interior. The transports were brought in as close as possible, from a quarter of a mile to a mile and a half of the shore, and were concentrated as near the point of landing as safety to the ships would permit. The boats from each of the ships were lowered; the small boats that had been lent from the admiral's fleet were put in strings of five or six, with a steam-launch in front of them, and the men immediately filled them and were all ready to start for the shore upon the cessation of firing. When the signal was given, everybody started with eagerness, and in a very short time a large number of troops were landed and on the way toward the interior. From the deck of my ship I saw the

overlooking the bay. It was a little flag, where obtained or by whom raised I do not know. We had a few flags that I had secured in Tampa for raising in the towns, but we did not have them at the front until the day after Santiago fell. I borrowed a small flag from General Wheeler's headquarters to raise over the city. The navy thought it strange we did not at once raise a flag on the Morro, but we had none to raise until two days later. We were not carrying extra baggage. When we had occasion for the

flags, we sent for them.

The first day of landing was beautiful. In the morning the sea was calm, but there was some surf. I went ashore early, and was ashore every day to see that everything was going rapidly and systematically, while still having my headquarters on the Segurança. I knew the necessity for getting rations on land, especially as captains who had sailed on that coast told me that we were liable any day to have tornadoes. If a storm should arise without plenty of supplies ashore, great suffering would follow, and if the storm lasted long enough, disaster would ensue, as there were no supplies to be had in the country. For that reason I remained behind at first to attend to what I regarded as the only serious problem of the campaign, and it was not until I had on shore three days' supplies more than the daily needs that I considered my command safe. During that time I had no anxiety for the troops. Division commanders were required to make strong encampments and to guard well against surprise, and I twice rode out to the advance camps to inform myself by personal observation as to the situation. The landing of the two divisions of Wheeler and Lawton was completed on the second day, the 23d, when we began to unload the animals, all of them being landed at Daiguiri, as well as the greater part of the forage. The sidehatches were opened, and the animals were pushed out on a platform and into the sea. Men accustomed to handle mules know that they will always follow the bell-mare, usually a gray mare. Our men adopted the trick of walking up and down the beach, ringing a bell. The mules responded to the sound, and when a number were herded on the beach the mules could see them, and others getting out of the water, and headed for shore. Many were towed by boats until they were near the shore, and then were turned loose. The horses were taken off in the same manner, but with more difficulty, for they would not respond to the bell. The two thousand

mules and horses were landed in about two days, with the loss of only twenty animals, a success which I regarded as wonderful, considering that there was a heavy surf on

the second day.

From my experience in scouting, I knew something of the danger of putting animals in the water. Once, in Texas, when I had occasion to cross the Rio Grande into Mexico. I took the horses of four troops and rushed them down into the water, where the current immediately carried them against a bluff on the Texas side. The horses began at once to swim round in a circle, which is called "milling." There were three hundred horses in the water, swimming as close as they could get, and trying to get back to our side of the river. They would rise, throw their fore feet against the perpendicular cliffs, falling back into the water, and then join again in the milling. We had previously crossed two or three horses to a sand-spit on the Mexican side. Finally some of the herd, discovering them, started across, and the other shore was gained without the loss of an animal. But I was greatly concerned at the time, for, not long before, General Gibbon, in moving the Second Cavalry across a stream in Wyoming or Dakota, had drowned two companies of horses, and I thought I had lost my whole outfit when I saw them swimming in a current so strong that they could not get back.

The unloading of the wagons began immediately after the animals and three or four ambulances had been taken off. As soon as a load of wagons came ashore they were set up, teams hooked on, loaded, and started for the front. The transports were loaded and unloaded with great care and good judgment by Colonel Humphrey, one of the ablest quartermasters, who thoroughly knew his business and was indefatigable in his work, assisted by Captain James McKay, a shipcaptain of great experience. We had valuable assistance in the disembarkation from Captain C. F. Goodrich of the navy. A few vessels were sent back to the United States before they were unloaded, because they could make the trip and return with troops before the rations and forage they contained were needed. They were in effect floating warehouses utilized as troop-ships. A ship with fresh beef on board steamed back to New York, carried troops to Porto Rico, and returned to New York, still with a lot of beef on board which was in perfect condition. No stores were spoiled by reason of sending ships back. Ships having perishable stores were unloaded first, and we had more of that class

of stores than could be handled during the as fast as they could be cared for at the absence of the ships that were sent away. The unloading of the subsistence stores was in charge of Colonel Weston, who gave it his constant and personal attention, and who had the lighter Laura at his disposal, with orders that it should not be taken for any other purpose whatever. There was transportation enough to take stores away as fast as they could be unloaded, but it was ten days before we got three days' rations ahead at the front. One pack-train was assigned to each of the three divisions, one was reserved for the carrying of ammunition, leaving one for emergencies. As soon as the wagons were all on shore and a little surplus had been brought up, a portion of the wagons and about half the pack-trains (three additional trains having arrived) were kept at headquarters under Captain Plummer of my staff, to be used whenever they were needed, the other wagons being assigned pro rata to the divisions. In the latter days of the siege I was feeding 20,000 of our soldiers, 5000 Cuban soldiers, and 15,000 to 18,000 refugees, issuing about 40,000 rations daily.

Respecting the medical department of the army, a commanding officer never supervises a requisition for medical stores at military posts or anywhere else. That is purely professional. The medical officer makes all requisitions, and forwards them direct to the medical department or to the surgeon-general at Washington, a general in command in the field furnishing the means of transporting the medical supplies. At the disembarkation, I supposed that each regimental surgeon would take his medicine-chest in the boat with him; a few did, but the majority left them behind, and there was considerable trouble to get them ashore and to their owners. I directed that the first three wagons set up should be devoted to carrying these medicine-chests of the regiments to the front. The chief surgeon reported to me that at no time did he have as full a supply of medicines as he required, and on four separate occasions he reported that the medicines were virtually exhausted. On one of these occasions he recommended that the medical stores be taken from the Spanish military hospital. This I declined to permit, and I directed him to take from the drug-stores in Santiago such medicines as he could use. In moving the wounded and sick to the rear immediately after the battle I could have used more transportation, especially if there had been another road, but the disabled reached the rear

general hospital. Captain Plummer went every morning to the hospital to supply such transportation as was needed. I had a thousand men at work the greater part of the time on the road from Siboney to the front, and to prevent the road from becoming blockaded an order had to be issued, with a guard put on to enforce it, that wagons should not leave the front after nine o'clock in the morning, and at Siboney wagons should not be permitted to leave for the return trip until after eleven o'clock in the morning The wagons leaving the front before nine would reach Siboney before the start was made from there; this was necessary, as it was impossible in many places for wagons to pass each other.

My orders for the landing of the expedition provided that the men and material needed to take possession of the country should be put ashore before the non-combat-This did not please the enterprising correspondents, who had to obey the order to "remain aboard ship until the landing be accomplished, and until notified they can land." A writer who considered that his prominence entitled him to a special set of military regulations came to me and asked that he and two or three of his colleagues be excepted from the orders. I told him that all of the correspondents would be treated alike. He objected, stating that he and his friends did not belong in the general class; that their work was of a higher order and entitled them to the favor of being put ashore separately and in advance of the others who were on the Olivette. I replied that all the correspondents would be treated alike. While this interview did not disarrange the plan of march on Santiago, it was apparent later that such a trifling incident might have a marked effect on the course of military history.

After the army already landed was well advanced, that part of Kent's division which had remained aboard off Cabañas, as a feint, was landed at Siboney, but not until Young's brigade of the cavalry division had had its brush with the Spaniards at Las Guasimas on June 24. I had intended that Lawton should keep ahead, but in going into camp on the previous evening some of the cavalry had moved on in the search for suitable ground. They were in the lead, therefore, when the march was resumed, and in attacking the well-placed Spanish column of observation did so with a knowledge of its position and after proper dispositions had

been made. There was no ambush as reported. The engagement, though unimportant, had an inspiring effect on the army, showing as it did that the Spanish troops could not stand against us. It proved to the men that they could whip the Spaniards if they could get at them. When I received, on June 25, General Wheeler's report of this fight and of his subsequent advance beyond Sevilla, I at once wrote: "Keep your front thoroughly picketed, and also your right flank, and well in advance, but do not try any forward movement until further orders. From where you are now, or approximately there, I wish to advance in force, and will not move until the troops are well in hand. I will see you to-day there." Again I wrote him on the 26th: "I had expected to join you to-day, but there have been so many things that needed special attention that I could not do so. I mean to come to-morrow. Do not advance, but have the country to the right and left of the road carefully reconnoitered. I especially desire to know if there is a short cut to the right of Caney, as I believe it will be a good plan to put a division in there and assault the town on that road."

The same day I sent this message to Admiral Sampson:

I shall, if I can, put a large force in Caney, and one perhaps still farther west, near the pipe-line conveying water to the city, the ground in that vicinity being less brushy than that between the bay and the San Juan River, making my main attack from the northeast and east. If I can get the enemy in my front and the city at my back, I can very soon make them surrender or drive them toward the Morro. You will hear my guns, of course, and can tell about where the action is taking place. I will be obliged if you can prevent any reinforcements crossing the railroad at Aguadores, but without destroying the bridge, as I may need it. I wish to express to you again the many obligations the army is under for your assistance. I have not, as yet, as much forage or rations ashore as I would like to have, but cannot delay for them any longer.

On the 27th reinforcements were beginning to arrive, and I wrote General Wheeler: "I will not feel justified in advancing until I get them on shore. The government seems to be very solicitous about us, and it is possible they have information we know nothing about." I urged him again to learn if there was "any means of moving a division off to your right, bringing it at El Caney, a good point, from which I do not believe we will be expected." On June 28 I telegraphed the Secretary of War:

I have not yet unloaded the siege-guns, but will do so as soon as I can. I do not intend to take them to the front until we are stopped or need them. It is going to be a very difficult undertaking to get them up, and if attempted now would block the road. I have four light batteries at the front, and they are heavy enough to overcome anything the Spaniards have. If we have to besiege the town I will get the guns up. The advance picket is now within two and one half miles of Santiago. Officers making reconnaissances were within one and one half miles to-day and met with no opposition.

On June 30 we were ready to strike, and the last preparations were made. Our advance was strongly posted at El Pozo, where the road ran near and parallel to the Seco River, which supplied us with water. My headquarters were established a little way back near a creek, and not far from the junction of the trail which led north to El Caney. This made the position a convenient one during the battle, and as it could not be bettered at any time I remained there until the surrender. When we pitched our tents we were about a mile from the pickets, with the greater part of the army behind us. Between our position and San Juan there was a dense forest coursed by the river and by a branch running from El Caney. Colonel Derby of the engineers and his officers had been making a topographical study of the ground in our front. The result of their work was brought to me every night, and it amounted to a careful reconnaissance of the forest before the battle. Consequently we knew that the ground to be operated on was as difficult as could well be, since movement was hardly possible except by the road to San Juan and the trail to El Caney. The Spaniards had not tried to keep our scouts out of the forest, and from the start we had found no signs of an aggressive defense.

In the afternoon of the 30th the division commanders were summoned to headquarters, the cavalry division, owing to General Wheeler's illness, being represented by General Sumner, commanding in Wheeler's absence. I explained my plan to be to put a brigade on the road between Santiago and El Caney, to keep the Spaniards at the latter place from retreating on the city, and then with the rest of Lawton's division and the divisions of Wheeler and Kent and Bates's brigade to attack the Spanish position in front of Santiago. Both Lawton and Chaffee were of the opinion that they could dispose of the Spaniards at El Caney in two hours' time; therefore I modified my plan, assigning Law-

ton's whole division for the attack of El Canev. and directed Bates's independent brigade to his support, that there should be no lack of force, and directed them, after taking El Caney, to march by the road southwest directly on Santiago until they came up to the right of Sumner, who would be deployed between the San Juan and El Caney roads, with Kent completing the line to the left of the former road. They were experienced officers, who only needed to know the general plan, which was simple, and as Kent and Sumner both had to go forward by the single main road it seemed possible, if all went well, to suit the action of the latter to Lawton's progress; but, as events turned out, they were sent forward independently of him.

Lawton's division marched during the night by the trail toward El Caney, accompanied by Capron's battery and Bates's brigade. His fire was heard at about six o'clock, and when the two hours were up I began to feel anxious. From a hill half a mile north of my headquarters I had a good view with my glass of the Spanish position at San Juan, and could see the progress made by Lawton as indicated by the smoke. After another hour it was clear to me that Lawton had more work cut out for him than he had counted on, and I decided to send the main column forward, as they were already under They understood that they were to assail the Spanish blockhouses and trenches as soon as they could get into position, for there was no longer any intention of waiting until Lawton should come up on the right.

The field-telegraph had been extended to El Pozo, where Colonel McClernand, my adjutant-general, was stationed; Lieutenant Miley was with the advancing column; Major Noble was with me, employed in communicating with Lawton, to whom he made two trips during the day; Captain Plummer and Lieutenant Brooke had charge of the matter of getting ammunition and rations forward, and my other staff-officers attended to various duties. At ten o'clock Miley sent this message by courier:

Since writing last note have gone forward one quarter of a mile, about, and overtaken Colonel Sumner. Colonel Carroll's brigade is ahead, and Colonel Wood's brigade has its head with General Sumner. General Sumner has halted Colonel Wood and ordered Colonel Carroll to move to the front and attempt to turn to the right at the river. Where I am writing the earthworks are visible at one thousand yards, and it is feared that the fire of rapid-fire guns will be directed down this road. It is suggested that the light batteries at El Pozo at once open fire upon these

works with shell, and keep up the fire until the troops come into danger from our fire. Captain Howze has just returned, and says he has been about five hundred yards beyond the San Juan River. Colonel Carroll's whole brigade is across the river, he reports, and ready to turn to the right. General Kent is waiting with the head of his column one half mile to rear. Everybody is cool and determined. The two light batteries should be kept back to avoid confusion in the rear if a reverse is suffered.

McClernand, who first received the message, added, "Fire by battery ordered," meaning Grimes, who was at El Pozo, and forwarded it to me. The following message from McClernand to Miley indicates the situation at about half-past ten as seen from El Pozo: "Your message saying you are at crossing of San Juan received and sent to General Shafter. The rear of the infantry column is now here. I have told General Shafter we are complying with his order for Kent and Sumner to fight all their men if they can do so to advantage. From present firing I think Lawton is at it hard. Don't let him fight it out alone." Shortly afterward he added: "The troops should press on in front. The men standing along the road are being hit by bullets." There were sharp-shooters in trees, undoubtedly, to prevent our advance. I do not think that there were any sharpshooters in the rear of our lines. The Mausers have a range of more than two miles, and it was dropping bullets which gave this impression. Later I received this despatch from Miley: "While we seem to have a good deal of ammunition yet, a quantity must be pushed forward to the San Juan River at once. The heights must be taken at all hazards. A retreat now would mean a disastrous defeat."

From my position on the hill I could see every movement of the advancing column, the troops going into position, and men crawling back and forth in the grass. As the fight progressed I was impressed with the fact that we were meeting with a very stubborn resistance at El Caney, and I began to fear that I had made a mistake in making two fights in one day, and sent Major Noble with orders to Lawton to hasten with his troops along the Caney road, placing himself on the right of Wheeler. When the order reached him, the troops were in the act of making the final charge; nothing could stop them, and when that charge was over, the fight at El Caney was won. It was then near evening. Lawton advanced immediately down the Santiago road, and after crossing the San Juan River was attacked. It was

dark, and he could not know what he had run into, so he halted and sent word of the situation to me and asked what he should do. I knew the necessity of having him on the line at Wheeler's right in the morning, and sent a courier to him with orders to retrace his steps to El Pozo. During the halt his troops got a little rest, but after midnight they retraced the road taken the previous night, passing my headquarters, and moved to the front on the El Pozo road, and were placed on Wheeler's right. This movement was completed about noon on the 2d. Bates's brigade had been sent back earlier in the evening and had taken position on Kent's extreme left. When we consider that their rest on the night of June 30 had been destroved by the preparations to go to El Canev. and the march, that they had been engaged in battle all day, and then had marched eleven miles in the dark over rough, muddy ground, the fatigue of it can well be imagined. It was a most remarkable and arduous performance. The untiring qualities of Lawton's men were illustrated by an incident told by a correspondent, who, as they were coming in, observed a corporal of the Twenty-fifth Colored Regiment carrying one of the pets of the company, a little dog, in his arms. He said, "Corporal, did n't you march all night before last?" "Yes, sah." "Did n't you fight all day yesterday at El Caney?" "Deed, I did." "Did n't you march all last night?" "Yes, sah." "Then why are you carrying that dog?" "Why, boss, the dog 's tired.

We had met with such a stout resistance that I expected a fierce struggle on the morning of the 2d. The chief problem was to get Lawton on the line, and to intrench the posi-

tion we had gained.

Shortly after two o'clock of the afternoon of July 1 I received this message from McClernand: "If you have a troop of cavalry or a company of infantry to spare, they can do good work out here stopping stragglers. This does not imply any reverse at the front, but the firing was probably hotter than some like." Soon after, I received a cheering message from Miley, dated 2:05 P.M.: "Undoubtedly we have the heights. The artillery must be pushed forward at once and strongly intrenched by night. I believe the road is clear, unless Bates is in the road. The Gatling guns and the Hotchkiss guns have gone forward, likewise dynamite-guns. I believe they are on the hill now. Ammunition must be brought forward, and food for the men. We will

body in good spirits, determined and cool. General Wheeler is with me, and I have read this to him. Send forward intrenching-tools at once." Toward four o'clock came this, dated 3:20 P. M.

Our men are probably one mile from the river, pushing the enemy, and will certainly have taken everything on the hill. Captain Best's battery is now on the hill, and second battery must be rushed forward with all possible despatch. A train of 45-caliber ammunition has just passed, and caliber 30 ammunition must be pushed forward with energy. Also get food forward, and fresh troops, if any can be spared from General Bates's brigade. Our men are going to be too tired to dig much tonight. So far as I can learn our losses are not great.

When this passed through McClernand's hands, he ordered forward Grimes's battery, which had been held near him. I went to El Pozo, and McClernand advised Miley as follows:

The general was just here. By his order I sent directions to Kent and Wheeler to intrench at night-time and hold position. General has ordered Lawton to press the enemy; I hear him driving them, I think, near Ducrot House. He says he will send on ammunition and rations. I will send, by the general's directions, another battery.

I ordered Colonel Derby to gather up the intrenching-tools and attend to the distribution of them. He got them to San Juan Hill about midnight, and the men worked in relays until morning. There was plenty of ammunition still, but more was got to the front. Rations were scarce, for the men had generally taken off their haversacks in going into action, but pack-trains and wagon-trains of food were sent to the front during the night. During the evening of July 1 I sent the following despatch to Colonel McClernand:

I wish the four batteries put in position to-night where they can open on the town at about four o'clock in the morning and simply knock down those buildings in front of them. Ammunition, rations, and intrenching-tools, all that we have, I send up. Lawton has captured Caney and will join before daylight on the extreme right, bringing a battery with him. We ought to knock that part of the town to pieces in a short time. Communicate this to both division commanders.

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intermittently, and the strain from the heat, fatigue of battle, and loss of sleep was tremendous.

Garcia had been sent with his whole force round the city to the northwest to intercept the Spanish reinforcements. On July 2 he advised me of his position by courier, and I replied at once:

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your note of this date. General Lawton could not get through last night without returning by the road he went to El Caney. He is now in the right of the line near Santiago, and his right must be near you. General Pando is expected with five thousand men. He must be stopped, and you must do it. I believe the troops in the city will surrender very soon.

Learning during the day that, in the opinion of some of the officers, our position in case Pando's forces should arrive might be endangered. I sent for the division commanders to meet me at El Pozo. Wheeler, Lawton, Kent, and Bates came at about eight and remained an hour. I told them they were called to give their opinion of the situation in their front; that it was possible we might have to fall back; that if such a movement was made it would devolve upon me to take the whole responsibility; that I wanted their opinions to assist me in forming my decision. Beginning with the junior officer, each gave his opinion, and they did not all think alike. I expressed no opinion, but told them we would remain where we were for the present. I then mounted my horse and rode away. They hastened to the front, for as we were breaking up fierce firing was heard on Lawton's lines. It was the attack called the night sortie, but it did not amount to much, though there was wild firing in the

Early the next morning, July 3, I sent a despatch to the Secretary of War which expressed my great anxiety. We were maintaining a thin line of investment about six miles long, the tension was great, Garcia had reported the Spanish reinforcements from Manzanillo near at hand, and if they should join in sufficient force, and also the garrisons at Holguin and San Luis, numbering thirteen thousand men, the position of our army would be critical. In addition to this, the situation was made more serious by the fact that storms at sea might arise at any time, preventing the landing of stores, and the rains might make the road to the front impassable. I felt it my duty to forewarn the department that such a move was possible, so I said, in

We have the town well invested on the north and east, but with a very thin line. Upon approaching it we find it of such a character, and the defenses so strong, it will be impossible to carry it by storm with my present force, and I am seriously considering withdrawing about five miles and taking up a new position on the high ground between the San Juan River and Siboney, so as to get our supplies to a large extent by use of the railroad, which we can use, having engine and cars at Siboney. Our losses up to date will aggregate a thousand, but lists have not yet been made. But little sickness outside of exhaustion from intense heat and exertions of the battle of day before yesterday.

Even then I was preparing to push the siege, and at half-past eight in the morning sent this demand to the Spanish commander: "I have the honor to inform you, unless you surrender, I shall be obliged to shell Santiago de Cuba. Please instruct the citizens of all foreign countries, and all women and children, that they should leave the city before 10 A. M. to-morrow." This was sent to General Wheeler for transmission by flag of truce, and he was asked to inform the other commanders of its contents. Before the morning was over. Cervera had gone to his destruction, and I knew the Spaniards regarded the situation as desperate. This knowledge immediately changed the situation. It came to me first from Lawton's lines and under date of 1:45 P.M. I advised Colonel McClernand: "Lieutenant Allen, Second Cavalry, from our extreme right, where he overlooked the bay, states that Admiral Cervera's fleet steamed out this morning and engaged our fleet. The French consul, who came into our lines yesterday, informed General Garcia that Admiral Cervera said yesterday that it was better to die fighting than to sink his ships. Rush this information all around our lines at the front."

In the afternoon I asked Colonel McClernand to "send to the front and bring me news of flag of truce. I judge from the perfect quiet that matters are under discussion. believe that they will surrender now that the fleet has gone and that Pando cannot reach them." General Toral's reply was not received until 6:30 P.M. In it he said: "It is my duty to say to you that this city will not surrender, and that I will inform the foreign consuls and inhabitants of the contents of your message." The next day, July 4, I received word from Garcia that about four thousand Spaniards from Manzanille, under Escario, had passed into Santiago on the evening of July 3, by an unused road. They came in on the Cobre road, and Garcia

had failed to stop them. I decided to place no further dependence on him, and to complete the investment with troops I could control, for we were expecting a much larger body of Spaniards from Holguin. My reinforcements had been arriving since the 2d, and Lawton and Ludlow extended north until we touched the waters of the bay.

My extreme left (Bates's left) was in the air, so to speak, about a mile from the eastern shore of the bay, but did not command the road to Morro. I considered the right of the line of so much greater importance that I did not intend to weaken it by extending my left to the bay. Nothing would have pleased me so much as to have had the whole Spanish army march toward the Morro. I knew they had only a small force at Aguadores, and I took measures that it should not be forced from its position. With a greater army I might have invested the town, held everybody there by fear of an immediate attack, and detached a force to assail the Morro and open the way for the fleet; but with the force at my disposal the point of danger was on my extreme right.

At 8:45 P.M. of the day that Cervera went out, I telegraphed the adjutant-general in Washington:

Your telegram inquiring about my health just received. I am still very much exhausted. I have eaten a little this afternoon, for the first time in four days. The good news has inspired everybody. When the news of the disaster to the Spanish fleet reached the front, which was during a period of truce, a regimental band, that had managed to keep their instruments on the line, played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "There "Il be a hot time in the old town to-night," men cheering from one end of the line to the other. Officers and men, without even shelter-tents, have been soaked for five days in the afternoon rains, but all are happy.

When we embarked I considered myself in excellent health for a man of my age, sixty-three. I had never been on the sick-list for any length of time. On June 30 I was on my horse nearly all day, looking at the country and preparing for the battle next day. It was very hot, and I came near suffering a sunstroke. I was nauseated and very dizzy at first. During the battle of July 1 I felt very ill, though I kept on my horse most of the day; July 2 I transacted the business of headquarters, though for a time I found it necessary to lie down. As for four days I was unable to take food, I began to fear a serious illness. I never had any idea of giving up, and in reply to an inquiry of the Secretary of War, I telegraphed:

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I am not at present so much ill as exhausted from the intense strain that has been on me for the last two months. I am also suffering from an attack of gout, which prevents me from moving about. I have, however, the whole business in my hand, and am managing it through able staff-officers. When I do have to give up, I will, of course, follow your order, but I hope to be better soon.

But I feared that my illness was going to increase, and if it had, I should have had to give up and cast about as to my successor. Wheeler, the next in rank, had been very ill up to the morning of July 1, and on the night of the 2d we regarded him as a sick man; but he was improving, and we hoped he would get along, as he did. All the general officers were ailing more or less.

Physical strain and discomfort attend on every military campaign. The man who can carry lightly his responsibility for the lives of thousands of men is not fit to command. It is not an easy thing to say "Go ahead' when you know that human life is going to be sacrificed. Then there is always the uncertainty. You have to stake all on what you determine to do. The man on the opposing side is also doing something, and you never know what the result is going to be until it has demonstrated itself; and, until it has, there is intense anxiety. In addition to the responsibility for human life, and the risk to reputation, which by comparison is nothing, if you are making a mistake it may prove fatal to the cause for which you are fighting. As a matter of fact, men of an easy sense of responsibility never get to high command.

At the request of the foreign consuls and in the interest of the women and children, I gave notice that the threatened bombardment would not take place until noon of July 5. On that day I telegraphed to Washington that I should not open fire until I got Lieutenant Hobson and his men out of the city, and should not then if the taking of the place required an assault, as I considered that starving the enemy out was better.

Having a number of Spanish prisoners, I determined to effect the exchange of Hobson, if possible. On the 6th General Toral assented to my proposition, and Lieutenant Miley was sent to effect it. The commissioner appointed by the Spanish commander was Major Yrlés. The meeting took place under the broad ceiba-tree where the surrender afterward was made. About an hour was consumed in arranging the details. Three Spanish officers were taken out blindfolded. To Lieutenant Miley's surprise, the Spanish commissioner

the arm at the battle of San Juan, an acquaintance of his. We had intended to parole him if he had not been taken, and Lieutenant Miley had a paper in his pocket for that purpose. Seven Spanish soldiers were exchanged for the seven American sailors. Lieutenant Hobson was then brought within our lines, where he was enthusiastically

cheered by the army.

I had learned from the English consul that Hobson was confined in one of the large buildings nearest us. It was in plain sight, and from it floated the red cross. It was under rifle fire, and as it was a building full of windows I was afraid he might be in danger; gun fire would not have been directed toward it, but shots will go astray, especially rifle-shots. The fleet, which was bombarding eight miles away, would be likely to hit it. I was very glad to get Hobson and his men out of the way. The fact that they were released by the army has never been acknowledged by officers of the navy, who simply speak of the return of Mr. Hobson to his duty.

On the same day, June 6, Captain Chadwick came to see me to arrange about joint operations, in obedience to a telegram from the President. I accepted the proposition of Admiral Sampson that he should bombard the town from the sea, because he was not willing to come into the harbor, which after Cervera went out I thought was perfectly

feasible.

Small parties of men, women, and children had been coming out of Santiago continually from the time we reached Sevilla. In the main they kept on to Siboney. I did not think it right to fire on a city filled with women and children, if it could be avoided. I also knew that two thirds of the people in the city were our friends. In giving those people the opportunity to come out, I was aware that I was saddling my supply department with a great burden, for I knew the refugees could not bring out much food. I also knew that I relieved General Toral of the necessity of feeding them; but that did not weigh particularly with me so far as General Toral was concerned, as I knew the Spaniards were down to nothing but rice. The condition of the refugees was pitiable. While they were coming out, the truce, which was in the nature of a cessation of firing, did not prevent preparations on both sides.

During the advance and the fighting it was impossible to give my attention to the of a tendency at Madrid to sue for peace.

selected an officer who had been wounded in they liked, and some of them were wounded. After the great stress was over, I received a despatch from Washington calling my attention to the fact that a newspaper was reporting us in great need, -the men suffering for food and clothing, -and the situation desperate. The correspondent whose request to be put on shore before his fellows had been refused by me was mentioned as the author of the statements. I met him in the road, told him what had been telegraphed to me, and asked for his authority. He said that some of it he had seen, and the rest he had heard from others. I told him the statements were not true, and also advised Washington to that effect. I did not see his panicky despatch of July 3 until after he had been taken on General Miles's ship. bound for Porto Rico. If we had been fighting a stronger power it might have done us a great deal of harm, and if I had known the character of the despatch when I met him in the road, I should have placed him under arrest and ordered him out of Cuba, as an ordinary measure of protection to the army.

When I reminded General Toral on the 6th that the situation had changed so as to be still more in our favor, he asked for time to consult with Madrid. To facilitate that end, I allowed the cable-operators to return from El Caney, and also the British consul, who was useful in the negotiations. As a result, on July 8 General Toral offered to march away if he might do so with his arms and be unmolested as far as Holguin. I favored the acceptance of this proposition, and said so in my telegram to Washington. I took that position without consulting with any one. Later in the day I met some of my division commanders, and they all felt as I did. General Wheeler advised it strongly, and wrote out his views at his own suggestion. The retirement of General Toral would leave us in possession of all the intended fruits of the campaign, would save us the care of his army, and would obviate the great loss of life to follow from sickness and a possible assault. None of us felt that we were losing much, and the chance of getting the army away in good health, so that it might be useful elsewhere, was a strong incentive. All knew that sickness was upon us, and we still believed that Havana would be the scene of the last campaign of the war. But the Secretary of War said "No," possibly because the authorities possessed information correspondents. They were free to go where In my reply to General Toral I had prepared

him for an adverse decision. This finished

the first stage of the negotiations.

The truce was ended at 4 P. M. on the 10th, the Spaniards getting in the first shots, but their cannon were silenced before dark. Every few minutes the fleet dropped a shell into the city, firing from off Aguadores. This fire was continued on the 11th, and about noon the last gun of the campaign was fired. Early in the morning of this day I received the following telegram:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 11, 1898.
MAJOR-GENERAL SHAFTER: Should Spanish surrender unconditionally and desire to return to Spain, the United States government will ship them there direct at its own expense.

R. A. ALGER, Secretary of War.

I again summoned General Toral to surrender, telling him I was authorized to say that my government would transport his entire command to Spain, and this offer, as he informed me, he at once communicated to Madrid. Our troops were now fast succumbing to rains, exposure, and exhaustion, and a speedy termination of the siege was longed for, but the negotiations were too promising to warrant the losses of an assault.

At the time I told General Toral of the offer of the government to transport his command back to Spain at our expense, he asked me if the offer included his entire command, consisting of the Fourth Army-Corps, which included about twelve thousand more troops in the towns of the province. At first I thought the proposition was made only to gain time, that the interior garrisons were all coming down upon us, and that he was waiting for them. But in talking privately with Mr. Mason, acting English consul, I was assured that there was no double-dealing in the matter, and that they were in earnest about surrendering. I was then convinced, from the fact that General Toral said he was authorized by Captain-General Blanco to do this, that Spain had determined to quit. I turned to Lieutenant Miley, and said: "This settles it, and closes the war." Otherwise, why should they relieve us of the care of eleven thousand five hundred prisoners in Santiago, and give us twelve thousand more that could march toward Havana, or, at any rate, could keep out of our way? In my despatch to the President I said in the concluding paragraph: "In my opinion this closes the war with Spain." They thought in Washington that I was over-sanguine, and this part of the despatch was not given to the public until three or four days later, when the French minister called to inquire upon what terms peace could be had.

On the 12th I informed General Toral that General Miles, the commander-in-chief of the United States army, had arrived at my camp and asked for a personal interview. He consented, and it took place between the lines about noon of the 13th. General Miles. and Miley, Derby, and McKittrick of my staff, and Colonel Maus were with me. I conducted the negotiations with General Toral during the first part of the interview. Later, General Miles spoke with him in confirmation of what I had said as to our reinforcements and our strength, and in answer to some of General Toral's objections that his duty and his honor made it imperative that he should prolong the contest. I did not then, and do not now, regard it as any part of the official interview. At no time during his stay did General Miles give any orders as to the dispositions or arrangements I had made in reference to the siege. He asked me what I thought of sending some troops to Cabañas, west of the harbor entrance. I said I did not think it a proper place for an attack, and added that I had no troops that could be spared from the trenches for the purpose. He then replied that he would send General Henry, with troops that had come with him and that were on board transports, to land and make an attack toward the Socapa battery. General Henry steamed to Cabañas, but the troops were not landed.

During the interview with General Toral General Miles called me aside to say that they were talking to gain time, and that I had better break off and make an assault. I replied: "General, let's wait awhile and see. We can make the assault any time; but when we do, negotiations will stop, and I believe they are going to surrender." He said: "Well, then you had better break off tomorrow morning at daylight." I replied: "General, we might as well break off now as to-morrow at daylight." Mr. Mason, who was there as interpreter, had said to me that they ought to receive a reply from the Spanish government during that night, and it would be impossible to get a flag of truce out by daylight to inform us of its contents. I said to Mr. Mason: "Tell General Toral that he may have until twelve o'clock to-morrow to make an official answer." We then returned to our

lines.

Next morning at nine o'clock a flag of truce came out notifying us of the surrender. Immediately after that, an interview was

arranged with General Toral, at which General Miles was present, and arrangements were made for commissioners to draw the terms of capitulation, to meet at two o'clock that afternoon. I rode back to General Wheeler's camp, and designated Wheeler, Lawton, and Miley as our commissioners. They met at two o'clock of the 14th and had three sessions, the last session lasting until about one o'clock that night. Work was resumed at nine o'clock next morning, and continued without interruption until about 2:30 P.M. of the 15th, when the preliminaries of the

capitulation were signed.

Our commissioners went out with the idea that the surrender had been unconditional; but within half an hour they discovered that the Spanish commissioners were only empowered to draw up preliminaries, which were not to be binding until the approval of Spain had been received. On account of the trouble experienced in communicating with Madrid, they did not expect a reply inside of two or three days. Then we thought it a plan to gain time; but on talking with Mr. Mason, who was acting as one of the Spanish commissioners, we were led to believe they were acting in good faith and that the time demanded was reasonable. If they should surrender without the approbation of the home government, the officers feared that the army would not be permitted to land on the shores of Spain. Indeed, it has been reported that General Toral was mobbed when he arrived home, and was obliged to return on board his ship and go to another port.

Early on the 16th a letter came from General Toral saying that Madrid had approved the capitulation and that his commissioners were ready to make the preliminaries final. I replied that our commissioners would be ready at twelve, but General Toral answered at once that his commissioners would not be ready before two, at which time the commissioners met. By five o'clock the surrender was signed. General Toral was present on the afternoon of the 16th during the whole of the time that the commissioners sat. I appeared at four o'clock, and from that time until about six he and I were engaged in arranging the details for the formal surrender of the 17th. The meetings of the commissioners were held about midway between the American and Spanish lines, under the ceiba-tree where all the conferences had taken place. The commissioners sat on the ground and wrote with pencils, using a board resting on a camp-stool for a table. Two copies of the agreement were drawn until the translation was completed that he

up, in English and Spanish, on separate sheets. The English copy was first signed by the American commissioners and afterward by the Spanish; the Spanish copy first by the Spanish commissioners and then by the American. The Spanish commissioners took the Spanish copy and the American commissioners the English. In addition there were two unsigned copies, the American commissioners taking the Spanish copy and the Spanish the English copy. The Spanish commissioners were Colonel Escario, Colonel

Fontan, and Mr. Mason.

Earlier in the day I asked Admiral Sampson by message to send a representative to the formal surrender the next day, and about noon I personally invited General Garcia to be present. I never had an opportunity of asking Garcia about a letter received a few days later, purporting to come from him, in which dissatisfaction was expressed that he had not been invited to witness the ceremony. As I knew that it was not so, and that he knew it, I have always doubted the authenticity of the letter. The invitation was given in the presence of half a dozen members of my staff; it applied only to General Garcia and his staff, as did my invitation to my own generals. In reply, he asked me if he had been correctly informed that I was going to continue the Spanish civil officials in power. I told him that I so intended for the present. He then drew himself up and rather dramatically said he was sorry he could not go with me, but he could not go where Spain ruled. I replied: "Very well; I am sorry you feel that way about it, but for the present I know of no better men than those now in office."

As witnesses of the ceremony of surrender, I took the general officers with their staffs, and a guard of one hundred men. General Toral brought out with him his general officers and staffs and a body of troops of the same number. General Ludlow had given me the sword and spurs taken from the body of General Vara del Rey, who had been killed in the defense of El Caney, and requested me to give them to General Toral. During the interview prior to the declaration of surrender, I handed General Toral the sword, informing him of the circumstances and the request from the officer who had secured it that it be taken back by General del Rey's companions to his home in Spain, and given to his family. The presentation of these articles was entirely unexpected by General Toral, and as I spoke in English it was not

fully realized what I was doing. He then showed a great deal of feeling; in fact, he could hardly speak, as his emotions nearly overpowered him. He received the sword and spurs and handed them to one of his staff, all of whom were equally surprised and

gratified.

General Toral then made the formal declaration of the surrender. He placed himself in front of the hundred men that he had been permitted to bring out to represent the Spanish army, with his officers near him. Our detachment was drawn up in lines fronting them. Advancing to the front of the center of his troops, he drow his sword and presented arms, and said: "I surrender the Spanish troops under mycommand, and this place." I was about twenty feet in front of and facing him, and, causing mycommand to present arms, replied that I accepted his surrender in behalf of the government of the United States.

This completed the ceremony of the surrender so far as the troops were concerned.

I did not meet General Linares, who had been severely wounded, but I had many interviews with General Toral after the surrender. I found him fair and honest, always disposed to do what was right, and not inclined to make any demands that were unreasonable. At all times he exercised the greatest care for and control over his men.

We rode into the city after the surrender. and at noon the American flag was raised on the governor's palace by Captain William H. McKittrick and Lieutenant John D. Miley of my staff, and Lieutenant Joseph Wheeler. Jr., of General Wheeler's staff. One hundred mounted men from the Second Cavalry, commanded by Captain Brett, and from the Ninth Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Ewers, were drawn up on the plaza in front of the palace. The generals and their staffs were grouped directly in front of the flagstaff, and precisely at twelve o'clock the flag was hoisted. All the officers uncovered. arms were presented, and the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." This completed the ceremony of taking possession.

From this time on our troops had only to guard the prisoners and make themselves as comfortable as possible. The transports came at once into the harbor, and the unloading of all stores, tentage, etc., was pushed with all possible despatch. The sickness among the troops was increasing every day, a large number of the cases being reported to me as yellow fever. Very many of the men were also being taken down by malarial fevers,

the greatest number in one day, as I now recall, being about eight hundred and fifty.

Early in August I received a communication from the War Department suggesting, on the advice of the surgeon-general, that the troops should remain at Santiago until the danger of yellow fever was past. I was told that the dangerous months were August. September, and October. I did not believe it wise to send the men to the hills, as there was no place where the elevation was above the yellow-fever line, and the difficulty of feeding the men would be great-in fact, almost impossible, as everything would have to be carried on pack-mules. where they were then encamped, about the city, had less rainfall than any other part of the province, and I regarded it then, and do now, as the best location to encamp troops. I thought the matter over and determined upon a telegram to the Secretary of War. telling him that in my opinion it would be very unwise and would probably result in the death of thousands of men if they were required to stay in Cuba. At the time we all knew it was absolutely necessary for them to stay until after the departure of the Spanish prisoners. I wished to see how far I was sustained in my opinion as to the situation by the general officers of the command, and sent for them. When they assembled I read the opinion of the surgeon-general and asked for their views of the situation. Each expressed his views as to staying there and stamping out the disease in Cuba, or removing to the United States. One officer was decided in his opinion that it was my duty not only not to wait for orders, but immediately to take such ships as were in the harbor, load them with troops, and start them for the United States. I told him we would not leave until we had orders, if we left our bones there. But every officer at the meeting felt as I did, that the only salvation for the survivors of that army was to leave Cuba as soon as possible. I then said: "I am glad to see that you all coincide with my views." I bade them good afternoon, and as they were about to go General Bates asked: "General, would you not like to have us embody our views in a letter to you?" I replied: "It is a good idea, and I shall be glad to have you do so." He answered: "We will go out and prepare a letter." They went into the front room, and after a while came back with a letter which received the signatures of all the general officers, the paper that has been called the "round-robin." I understood later that General Wood drafted

and there was no particular secrecy about feeling among the general officers, or, so far it-some newspaper men obtained a copy, or as I know, among other officers; and I do were permitted to see it, and it was tele- not think a single man was court-martialed. graphed the next morning, or possibly that I also wish to call attention to the fact that night, to the public press. I regretted this in the history of this nation this was the very much, as it occasioned throughout the first time that an army composed almost whole land a great deal of unnecessary alarm, entirely of the regulars has fought a camand, I have no doubt, was very embarrassing paign. Heretofore in all campaigns the volto the government. Colonel Roosevelt was at the conference, and asked me if I had any objection to his telegraphing his own views to the authorities. I replied that if he chose to send anything over his own signature and on his own responsibility, he might do so.

The disposition of the surrendered troops toward our soldiers was remarkable for its friendliness. As a nation we had not been thrown much in contact with Spaniards, and I was astonished, the moment the surrender was made, to see the cordial relations that were immediately established between the troops on both sides. The behavior of the Spaniards was exemplary; they were delighted with the prospect of going back to Spain, and just before their departure I received a letter purporting to be from a soldier of the Spanish infantry, in which he expressed the kindly feelings of eleven thousand Spanish soldiers, their warmest gratitude, and their appreciation of the kindness that had been

In closing this article, I must refer to the spirit that animated the entire army under my command, from the time they gathered together at Tampa until their return home and dispersion at Montauk Point. They constantly showed a disposition to do all in their power to carry out the wishes of the commander and to promote the interests of the government. This sentiment pervaded officers and men alike. The good will shown toward me and toward one another in that

shown them by our army.

the letter. Their views coincided so strik- From the organization of the Fifth Cords ingly with my own that I forwarded the let- until its dispersion at Montauk, not a single ter with my message to the adjutant-gen- officer was brought to trial for any offense. eral. While they were preparing the letter— There was not the slightest friction or ill unteers, who of course are the bulwark of our nation, have many times outnumbered the regulars. In the War of the Rebellion the latter cut no figure at all except as to the officers. In the Fifth Army-Corps I had virtually the whole of the regular army of the United States. That was brought about by the fact that when I left Tampa the volunteer troops were just beginning to arrive. and I had but three regiments of volunteers, the Seventy-first New York, the Second Massachusetts, and the "Rough Riders," the latter a regiment which had been raised, as the regular regiments are, by enlistments from Maine to Washington Territory, and the members of which were nearly all inured to the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, and were in every respect perfect soldiers except that they were not drilled and disciplined as an organization.

Santiago has been called a soldiers' campaign. There is a great deal of truth in that, but the implication that any important movement or action was taken without orders or forethought is untrue. When the final attack was made on July 1, individual officers and men, and in fact most of the officers and men, distinguished themselves by gallant and intelligent performance of duty. They were intelligent American soldiers; each one was thinking of what he was doing, and not depending for all his thinking on the officers over him. In that respect the soldiers of the American army are supecampaign is remarkable in military annals. rior to those of any other army in the world.

THE ORATOR.

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

SAW him stand upon the Judgment-Day Who in his life all human wrath had braved, The appealing angel in his voice, and say: "If but one soul be lost, how is man saved?"



An Achievement and a Hope.

THE lack of sanitary precaution which characterized the late war in our home camps as well as in the campaigns of Santiago and Porto Rico, and the extraordinary suffering thus brought about, will long remain a surprise and remorse to us as a people. But there is another side to this dark picture which the country has a right to remember with peculiar satisfaction, and that is the heroic efforts put forth, when the situation was once thoroughly realized.

This has just been brought forcibly to mind by a privately printed pamphlet containing the report of "Auxiliary No. 3, for the Maintenance of Trained Nurses, to the American National Red Cross Relief Committee." Other agencies did noble service, but it is of the work of Auxiliary No. 3 that we

speak now.

Those who watched the work from the outside will remember that at the beginning there were doubts and difficulties not only as to the relation of the Auxiliary to the regular military authorities, but also as to the extent to which woman's nursing could be utilized in the emergency. Certain qualities of statesmanship were required on the part of the leaders of the Auxiliary to bring about cordial coöperation, and to open up those opportunities for usefulness which were only too well known to exist.

The story of the accomplishment of the Auxiliary is tersely given by Mrs. Winthrop Cowdin in this pamphlet. It is a record of enthusiastic and efficient service on the part of the women and men at home, and of the nurses in the hospitals, that can hardly be read without emotion. But there is a phase of the record that needs to be brought into especial prominence; it is the standing now given to the employment in army hospitals of trained women nurses. This is a permanent achievement in the interest of humanity.

To take an example, that of Chickamauga. There, by the consent of the authorities, a great experiment was made. The proposition, says the report, "of organizing a large field-hospital with women nurses was at first generally looked upon as impracticable. It was urged that it had never been done, that women could not endure the hardships of field life, and that they would be an embarrassment in the camps, and so it was altogether as an experiment that the nurses were allowed to begin their work at the Sternberg Hospital."

The success of the experiment, and the change wrought thereby in "the attitude of the surgeons toward the idea of women nurses in the field," are shown in a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Hoff, surgeon-in-chief at the camp, to the agent of the

Red Cross:

"I desire to express my sense of obligation to you and the society you represent for the generous offer made on the 2d of August to supply Sternberg Hospital with trained nurses and meetall their natural wants, which offer, with the approval of the surgeon-general of the army, I accepted on the 3d instant.

"A very short time after this you established a nursing service in this field-hospital which I venture to say is not surpassed in any hospital, and is equaled in few—a service which already has brought to our sick soldiers untold comfort, and is aiding materially in their restoration to health and strength. Certainly no nobler undertaking could be inaugurated and carried out by the women of our country, and none deserving of greater appreciation."

Major Giffen, the surgeon in charge of the hos-

pital, wrote as follows:

"The Red Cross Society for the Maintenance of Trained Nurses can truly say, 'Veni, vidi, vici,' for without their helping hand I would have been unable to have stayed the dread disease that has been raging in our camp. Their helping hand came in the hour of need, and the history of the future shall record each and every member of the Red Cross Society as the guardian angels of the Sternberg Hospital. My experience of years of hospital work has enabled me to judge of the abilities of nurses, and I am proud to say that this corps of nurses under the excellent supervision of Miss Maxwell has never before been equaled."

The sentiment with which Mrs. Cowdin closes her report will find an echo in every heart that looks for the advancement of mankind by other paths than those of wholesale carnage. "It is," she says, "a cause for devout thankfulness that we have been able in a small degree to mitigate the horrors of war; it would be an added reason for gratitude if the women of America had thereby created another influence in restraint of war itself."

A Little Epic of Kindness.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S saying that conduct is three fourths of life might well have had as a supplement that kindness is three fourths of conduct. With the emphasis which modern publicity gives to the evil side of things it is easy to forget that friendship and affection are the mainspring, the very breath, of social life. It is, indeed, this background of brightness which makes the sinister actions of mankind strike us so forcibly. It is doubtless as true of the tenements as of the most palatial homes that the benevolent forces of every day outweigh the malevolent as two to one. As goodness is centripetal and cohesive, while evil is

centrifugal and disintegrating, the very holding together of society argues the predominance of conservative influences. The cynic, when he is not an out-and-out poseur, has to shut his eyes tight or confine himself to a narrow circle of experience to escape taking notice of the supremacy of kindness

as a human motive.

One cannot but be struck with this fact in reading the chronicle of the Merrimac incident as related by Mr. Hobson in the three papers which we have now placed before the public; and the impression will be deepened by the not less interesting paper which is to conclude the nar-The whole story forms a little epic of kindness. Barring the hours of attack, from the moment when the work of fitting out the collier was begun to the return of the party through the American lines, Mr. Hobson was the recipient of a hardly interrupted succession of friendly acts. During the preparation for the perilous adventure (which nobody in the fleet expected would have a single survivor) the kindliness of his comrades was remarkable, while the reception after the return to the lines was something to stir the most tepid blood. And who can forget how, meantime, the whole country hung breathless upon every word of news concerning those eight brave men? Again, the relations of the crew and the commander were a model of thoughtful devotion to each other. Most surprising of all were the many courtesies received from the enemy. Beginning with Admiral Cervera, whose noble character has already become one of our national treasures, what could have been more touching than the conduct of the officers of the Spanish navy? Even General Linares, to whom at first the exigencies of military discipline seemed to dictate a harsher policy, softened into a kindlier attitude. The quarters of Mr. Hobson in Santiago de Cuba cannot be described as a cell, while the rations of both officer and men were better than those of the enemy. Beyond these, the courtesies which he received from General Toral and others make a proud record, happily rivaled by the treatment of the Spanish prisoners who fell into our hands. There remains another high light in the picture: the considerate and unceasing devotion to the Merrimac party by the British consul, Frederick W. Ramsden, the good Samaritan of Santiago, who literally gave his life to the work of humanity among the refugees. The American people should not rest until some appropriate memorial of his sacrifice has been erected by Congress in the city where he was beloved and honored.

Altogether it is impossible to put down this narrative without a higher estimate of human nature. Mr. Hobson speaks with unaffected disappointment of the failure of the manœuver, but there is no breath of failure upon the conduct of either commander or crew, and beyond their bearing in the event itself, it may well be a source of pride to this gallant and modest officer that the adventure was the occasion of showing anew that paradox of war, the love of enemies, the touch of

nature that makes the whole world kin. One thinks how little it would require to turn this great moral force into noble channels, and is persuaded. in Mrs. Wilcox's trenchant phrase, that

> just the art of being kind Is all this sad world needs.

Froebel and Dickens.

In the blitheness of spirit of the happy child, in his openness to the influences of the outer world. Froebel rightly set the genesis of education. As it is through the child's own activity that he gains the mastery over self, and so by degrees the mastery of the physical facts of his small world, Froebel made self-guidance the corner-stone of his educational system, and play the medium through which the child gains confidence in his own powers. But as even in play two sides of a child's character may be shown, one wholly arbitrary and selfish, the other feeding on helpfulness and grace, Froebel sought to formulate a system of education that would develop character and repress selfishness by the self-conquest of the child working through his own activity.

It was to this system of self-guidance under the influence of an almost perfect freedom that Dickens looked for a mitigation of the repression of every childish tendency that characterized the English school system-a repression that showed itself not only in the cheap schools of Yorkshire that Dickens pictured in Dotheboys Hall, but in English schools of all grades. To bend a child to an iron rule, to form him in an unyielding mold that recognized no individuality or gracious influence, that was the English ideal, as it was the ideal of the educator almost the whole world

over.

A perusal of the article by Inspector Hughes of Toronto, in the present number of THE CENTURY, will bring light to many of us who, reading Dickens without serious purpose, have carelessly concluded that he was a destructive critic and benefited English education merely by overthrowing what was unbearably pernicious in its system. He was far more. The first of well-known Englishmen to see the value of Froebel's work, his books are rich in definite conceptions of modern principles of teaching. In every portrayal of the deadening influences at work in the educational methods of his own time there are suggestions that ring true to the present hour. At the bottom of all his work for children lay his loving sympathy. That was the secret of his insight, that he knew and recognized the mother spirit as the most important element in dealing with them. Viewed in this light, as the work of a constructive critic of education, many scenes in his novels which have seemed sentimental, and meaningless blots upon the artistic value of his work, show a purpose beyond the mere desire to please or move the idle reader-show a perfected conception of educational methods that we have not passed beyond in nearly fifty years.



The United States Army Ration in the Tropics.

A SUGGESTION FROM EXPERIENCE.

HE number of killed during the few brief weeks of actual hostilities in the late war was, according to the report of the Secretary of War, 284, and wounded 1573-a figure not greatly in excess of the number killed and wounded in the first battle of the Civil War. On the other hand, the hospital records show appalling lists of sickness and death, the mortality from disease alone reaching 2626, or about ninety per cent. of all the deaths. As an illustration may be cited the experiences of the First Regiment United States Volunteer Engineers, of which it was my privilege to be the Major-Surgeon. In this regiment none were killed, and it escaped with less sickness by half than many of those of the regular and volunteer army who saw service in the West Indies. It was recruited from the Atlantic States, and was composed almost exclusively of engineers, tradesmen, and mechanics-strong, sturdy fellows selected from nearly six thousand applicants. An encampment of seven weeks at Camp Townsend, Peekskill, New York, where the regiment was mobilized and mustered, made it possible to eliminate, and return to civil life, every man who, after having been accepted, showed the slightest tendency toward physical weakness, whether that weakness was induced by the change in the manner of living or arose from defects that did not appear in the rigid physical examination to which recruits were subjected.

We embarked from New York, August 6, 1898, with 47 officers and 1097 men, a total of 1144, and arrived at Porto Rico on August 16, with every man in fine physical condition. On November 17 we reëmbarked from Ponce, Porto Rico, and reached New York on November 24, bringing with us 47 officers and 857 men, a total of 904. Of this number 102 were convalescents or in the ship's hospital, while a large proportion of the remainder were greatly reduced in weight and power of resistance. Of the other 240 who had gone with us to Porto Rico, 12 were dead, 61 were left behind in the hospitals of the island, and 167 had been returned to the United States as convalescents or as honorably discharged from the service. During the three months we were in Porto Rico, from August 16 to November 16, more than half the regiment had at some time-been under hospital treatment—a condition entirely unexpected, for the most stringent precautionary measures had been adopted to guard against disease. Camp sites were chosen with special regard to their sanitation, the highest and best-drained localities having been selected, except during the first week, when we were temporarily encamped at the Playa at Ponce, while engaged in unloading our equipment and impedimenta. The sinks were placed at remote distances from the camp, were deep, were disinfected three times daily, and were darkened by being inclosed with planks. Water for drinking purposes was procured from the purest available sources, and was boiled and filtered before being used. A thorough and rigid inspection of food and cooking-utensils was constantly enforced, and camp discipline so excellently maintained that there was little drunkenness among the men. Personal cleanliness was also required, bathing twice a week being obligatory, and there were no forced marches or undue exposure to the sun, engineering work and drills being suspended during the hottest portion of the day.

We had medical supplies in abundance, and my assistants were able, efficient, and conscientious in the performance of their duty. Yet hundreds of cases of serious forms of gastro-intestinal catarrh and fevers rapidly developed. With very few exceptions, the entire force suffered from some form of intestinal catarrh within a week after our arrival in Porto Rico, due either to a change in drinking-water, slight colds resulting from sleeping on the wet ground, or eating fruits to which the men were unaccustomed. Too proud to go at once to the surgeon, or believing the disorder one to be expected upon entering a tropical country, and that it would speedily right itself as he became accustomed to his new surroundings, the soldier often suffered a week or ten days in silence. But the disorder did not right itself, and under the circumstances could not, for the diet, which should have been rice or milk, or some other non-irritating food, proved a continual excitant to the disease. It consisted principally of fatty bacon, salt beef, canned tomatoes frequently in a state of fermentation, due to the intense tropical heat, and hardtack-the ordinary regular army travel ration. The result was an aggravation of the disease and a loss of weight to the soldier of from ten to fifteen pounds, or a total loss to the regiment during the first fortnight of fully ten thousand pounds, or five tons. This loss represented a great latent power, a reserve force which stood between the soldier and disease, which, when removed, left his system open to the invasion of malarial and typhoid fever and gastro-intestinal derangements of serious moment. His power of throwing off disease was gone, and germs found in him a fruitful culture-ground.

In such circumstances it was not surprising that the hospital was soon overcrowded, and the precautions taken had little or no effect in warding off disease. The most distressing feature was that the conditions were unavoidable. The government

had made no provision for furnishing the army with other than the regular United States army ration, and this was not only unsuitable, but was helping an unwholesome climate to make serious inroads upon the health of the command. For a temperate or Northern latitude it was a ration eminently satisfactory, its nitrogenous and heat-producing elements being in better proportion to the whole; but for Porto Rico and Cuba, where the temperature ranges between 80° and 95° F., it was totally unfit. No better evidence of this can be had than in the hospital records, wherein is shown that the best results in treatment were obtained, not by the use of drugs, but by placing patients almost exclusively on a milk diet. In a hospital near our camp where I was frequently called in consultation, there were one hundred and thirty cases of sickness, all of which were put on a diet of pure milk. In every case but two, and these were hopeless on admission, there was rapid recovery, a fact which demonstrates that if the army had been provided with a ration in which the carbohydrates were given a greater and the nitrogenous elements a smaller part there would have been far less recorded sickness and mortality. I am firmly convinced that had the American army been properly prepared for tropical service by being fed on a judicious diet prior to the invasion of Cuba and Porto Rico, and during its stay in the tropics, the amount of sickness and mortality would have been enormously lessened.

Congress should give most careful consideration to the ration of the troops to be stationed in the tropics. As at present constituted the meat component of the ration too greatly predominates over the cereals and the saccharine element, and if a proper substitution were made no serious objection would be raised by the American soldier, for in the tropics the appetite craves but little meat—indeed, there is a positive aversion to it.

A recent order of the Surgeon-General has happily allowed the sick in field and regimental hospitals sixty cents a day as commutation for rations, the same privilege as that enjoyed by division and general hospitals. But this allowance should be still further extended so as to include, at the discretion of the surgeon in charge, those men reported as "sick in quarters." These men are frequently in as great need of a change in ration as those actually in the hospital, and in many instances it would save them from eventually becoming hospital patients.

Having been detailed to look after a large convalescent camp in which there were many of the sick from the Nineteenth United States Infantry, the Second and Third Wisconsin Volunteers, the Sixth Illinois, the Sixth Massachusetts, and the Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, the opportunity for observation was extensive. I unhesitatingly assert that had the ration, which was a large factor in the production of disease, been promptly changed when its evil effects were first observed, transport after transport would not have been sent home loaded with emaciated, brokendown soldiers; there would have been compara-

tively little sickness, and hospitals would have played a minor part in the tragedy of the war. The hue and cry raised all over the country that medical supplies were insufficient was based upon false rumor. We had abundance—far more, indeed. than we could use. It was not drugs that the soldiers needed, but proper prophylactic treatment. diet, well-regulated diet, - and that could not be obtained during the months of August and September except through private sources and the Red Cross and relief societies. The milk that was so essential for our hospital patients during these two months was furnished by charitable individuals, while the food supplied by the Red Cross Society proved a veritable godsend, without which sickness and mortality would have attained even greater proportions.

While a large percentage of the sickness was due to the ration, it was still further augmented by troops sleeping upon the ground, an act which even the natives consider almost suicidal, and which the Spanish military authorities abandoned centuries ago. While appreciating the risk he was incurring, the American soldier had no alternative, and if later he became a patient it was through no fault of his. This could have been averted by putting the soldier in barracks or in roofed and floored houses. Many large warehouses and lumber-sheds were available which could have been seized and converted into barracks, and, if necessity had required, dwelling-houses might have been taken for the same purpose, as was done by the German army during the Franco-Prussian war.

The spreading of typhoid-fever germs through the agency of the myriads of flies that infested the camps was another element of danger, but it was one that could have been largely controlled. The darkening of the sinks by proper boxing is a remedy so simple and effective that it should be made compulsory in all regimental camps. The uniform of the troops also demands modification. But these matters are all of minor importance as compared with the change of ration and the proper quartering of the troops. The raison d'être of this article is not mere criticism of the past, but that our garrison troops may profit from our experience and escape needless suffering.

LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN, Major-Surgeon First Regt. U. S. V. Eng. December 20, 1898.

Cuba and Armenia.

LITTLE in our history prepared either observers or sharers in our national development for the outburst of national feeling which ended in the Spanish war. Much in our past diplomacy justly made men predict that such interference in the field of another sovereignty by the United States could never come. Now that the war is over, we are all aware how alien to the general trend and scope of our previous political thinking were the duties we have just assumed and are still discharging. Our origin, the organization of our Union,—"an indissoluble union of indestructible

States," whose internal rights are jealously protected, and to whose "coercion" we only came under dire need thirty-seven years ago,—and our own long and constant protest, backed by arms if need be, against any European interference in the affairs of any American sovereignty, had all worked to school us to an habitual regard for inherent sovereign rights, to a conviction that each people must in its own way and by its own efforts remedy its own wrongs,—

Who would be free themselves must strike the blow,-

and lastly to an habitual disavowal of international obligations or duties, except as derived from national interests. After the flash of enthusiasm for humanity in the Declaration of Independence, from the Constitution on, no government could have been managed more strictly on business principles. Even emancipation we conducted, not because it was a righteous necessity for human beings to be free, but because it was a practical, political, and military necessity for us to free them.

Yet after a century of this habit of international thought and this strictly legal view of sovereignty as final in its powers and local in its responsibilities, we drew the sword for Cuba, when Europe stood with sheathed sword before worse and more brutal deeds in Armenia. We were under no treaty obligations; Europe was (Articles 61, 62, Treaty of Berlin). We acted; Europe did not. Never was the training of national conscience and will more clearly due to the spectacle of a moral consideration publicly disregarded and rendered visible and convincing by this public disregard. From the Congress of Vienna on (to select a date convenient, but not necessarily excluding much before) organized Europe has claimed the unquestioned right to challenge the acts, to redistribute the territory, and to redress the internal wrongs of the sovereignties of which the "concert of Europe" is composed. When the Congress of Berlin deprived Russia of the fruits of fair fight, it went as far as such a body could go. For us, this doctrine of international responsibility was strange. The method of its action by direct interference with the internal affairs of a sovereign state, and, if necessary, by depriving it of territorial sovereignty when its legal rule grew to be a moral wrong, a crime against humanity, was equally strange, and in all our previous history had never been explicitly

For three years, from August, 1895, when the first Armenian massacre took place in Sasun, foreign despatches in American newspapers were a vast object-lesson in the moral responsibility of civilized nations for neighboring wrongs they could right. The reports and letters of American missionaries brought the wrongs of Armenia and the responsibility of Europe home to American churches. The moral sense of the nation was slowly but steadily informed and educated. The public mind, by daily discussion and example, grew familiar with the conception of international in-

terference and its moral application. Our hearts burned within us as we saw Christian Europe turning back from a clear duty for selfish reasons and a sense of the risks that might come from war, as if history knew any risk greater than unredressed injustice and duty disregarded.

This national training by every agency known to modern life went on for months, while the Cuban insurrection ran a course closely similar, though briefer, to the previous rebellion (1868-78). Then we looked on and felt no sense of moral responsibility. But the blood shed in Armenia was not spilled in vain. Heaven somewhere harvests all such precious seed, and on some threshing-floor the flail of divine justice falls, and in some land, distant it may be, the mills of the gods grind their grist of retribution for kindred oppression. The general decision grew and deepened that this land would have no unavenged Armenia at its doors and would not share the blood-guiltiness of Europe, which knew its duty to humanity and did it not. No comparison was more frequent through the months which preceded action. None was more often cited in debate and in editorial. To those who see things as they are, nothing was plainer than the great surge of moral feeling which, succeeding the calm statements of Senator Proctor's speech, tore the nation from the diplomatic moorings of a century, and launched it on a new voyage, with a new conception of national duty, discharged in

Nor was this felt alone by the American branch of the English-speaking race. Sympathy in any just war the two sister lands will always have for each other; but no one could follow the utterance of English sympathy last spring without seeing that the elder land, trammeled in its own duty and balked in its own moral impulses by European relations and the weight of an empire which is one vast hostage to fortune, saw with a tender joy that the duties undone in Armenia were discharged in Cuba by a younger member of the same great family, more favored in opportunity and sharing a common conception of moral responsibility in all national acts and relations.

This training, as unconscious as it was complete, has brought us to the public recognition of a new national duty and obligation, to wit:—that the American lands to the south of us shall never by our will be left in any inhuman oppression and wrong we can right. We have fought a war to vindicate our duty. We have before us as a more difficult and no less important part of the same duty to see to it that our action and administration in peace shall be worthy of the righteous impulse of the Spanish war.

Talcott Williams.

Concerning Corn and the Trans-Mississippl Farmer.

WITH regard to the planting of forty acres of corn in a day, as mentioned in my article in the October Century, it is not absolutely impossible, as my critics assert. I have referred the question

to the highest authority, namely, the veteran Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wilson, and he assures me that he can "find a man and a team capable of putting in forty acres of corn between

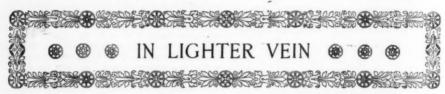
daylight and dark."

As respects the other statement, namely, that in the cultivation of corn one man might, as a possibility, cover sixty acres in a day, my statement as it stands was misleading, because it had real reference to the exceptional achievements of an exceptional machine—the large four-row cultivators, that are not in common use. Mr. Wilson again assures me that, under conditions not at all difficult to find in the regions about which I was writing, it is entirely possible, with one of these four-row cultivators, going through a field for the third time, to cover sixty acres in a long day.

The general impression that I meant to convey

was that the use of machinery has been the vital factor in trans-Mississippi farming, and that machines for planting and cultivating corn, as well as for raising wheat and other standard crops. enable one man to till a surprisingly large acreage. My argument is in no way benefited by making that acreage any larger than it actually is on the average, and I was laboring under no temptation whatever to exaggerate. The ability of the ordinary Western farmer to use machinery distinguishes him from farmers of all other countries; and nobody can understand American progress who fails to perceive the essential importance of that fact. My remarks were intended to give emphasis to this wonderful mechanical capacity, the chief American endowment, as I believe, - and not to describe Western farming in a technical

Albert Shaw.



Bunk-Shanty Songs and Tales.

The bunk-shanty of a lumbermen's camp in the great pine forests of Wisconsin is hardly a fertile field for poetic suggestion; and yet, with supper over, and the healthy, big-muscled, good-natured lumbermen gathered about the fire of pine logs, stretched on the long deacon-seat or lounging in the bunks, given over to rest and comfort, "and not workin' at nothin' else," breathing the pungent odor of the burning resin, telling stories and singing boisterous songs, there is presented a side of human nature and a view of human experience not seen in another community, and which may perhaps be worthy of versified record. For the benefit of the unsophisticated, it may be well to add that the "skidway" is a sort of heavy bench or platform from which the logs are loaded upon the sleighs, and that "skidding" by the "skidder" is the process of placing the logs upon this plat-form. The "deacon-seat" is a bench of split logs, rather higher than an ordinary chair, extending along each side of the bunk-shanty, just in front of the beds; and the "wonegon-box" is a large chest containing the supplies of clothing, etc., which "the company" keeps at each camp to sell to the workmen. "Laregans" are snow-boots.

THE BOSS SAWYER DISCUSSES POLITICAL ECONOMY WITH A PLATONIC SWAMPER.

AFTER eating, every night,
He 'd climb on the wonegon,
And stick his laregans out on
The deacon-seat, and strike a light,
And say: "Now, I 'll be Sockertees,
And you be Glaucon,—er you please
Be Adimantus, I don't care,—
And we 'll swamp out the underbrush

And estimate the stumpage where We 're to build a blamed good sight Better gover'ment, I swear, Than this one is." And then he'd rush Through the dead'nings, piling down Windfall arguments aroun' Theories of a nation which, Coming through a second birth, Run along without a hitch; And everybody owned the earth, With no one poor, and no one rich; And everybody went and eat At a public cook-house, set Up there by the gover'ment; And no one ever paid a cent, And not a snitch of work to do. Only just to loaf aroun', And take a day to go to town When our public duds was due.

Somewhere there I 'd up and say I was minded of the way I took out my paytent-right On a wheel constructed so, Once it started, had to go—Wa'n't no stopping, day or night. Polished up and painted gay, Right in principle and build, Just was perfect every way; Spite of all, though,—I don't know,—The blamed business would n't go.

THE SKIDDER'S CHORUS.

When the logs go down in the spring, Sow-meat and dough-god, good-by! When the logs go down in the spring, We'll fodder on turkey and pie, And we'll order the best at the Falls, When the logs go down in the spring. Our scores we will square with our gals, When the logs go down the river in the spring.

When the logs go down the river,
We will tangle in the jam
Till we feel the bundle shiver;
Then we'll break it with a slam—
When the logs go down the river in the
spring.

When the logs go down in the spring, We will visit our girls at the Falls; When the logs go down in the spring, We 'll do up the bars and the balls, And our wages will go up the flume, When the logs go down in the spring; But we 'll strike a new job at the boom, When the logs go down the river in the spring.

When the logs go down the river, We will draw a six months' pay; What we 've earned in all the winter We will blow in half a day— When the logs go down the river in the

> STORY OF AN ACCIDENT. Related by the Wood-butcher.

ME and Bill was hunting pine Over on the other fork. Tramping good, and weather fine; Snum! I never pulled a cork On better liquor than we fetched. Red leaves falling, curled and ripe, Crackled under every step. Kind of mixed wood bottoms stretched Off toward Chippewa, excep' Here and there they run a stripe Of solid pine and balsam fir, And wintergreen a-growing thur,-Enough to essence all the State,-And elm, and butternut, and beech, And wild grapes hanging out of reach. And one night, when 't 'uz growing late, I led a bee-line, cutting straight Through snags and briers and alder-brush And haw-bush thickets, in a rush, To find the crossing to the camp Before dark come; but Bill, the scamp, Hed kerless tied the driftwood float That we had rigged up for a boat, And it had grounded on a stump Some furder out than we could jump. Then we was stumped; but pretty quick I seen the way to do the trick: We clum a sapling on the shore, Bout fifty foot, or less or more, And our two weights jest bent it out Until my feet hung down about Five foot or so above the raft; I dropped, and landed on the craft.

Two-fifty is my honest weight; But Bill he don't weigh nothing great— Bout ninety-five would be my say On what the little rat would weigh. When I dropped off—why, then, you see, That sapling, being rid of me, Sent Bill a-flying toward the sky, So far before he turned that I Was scart to death; but Bill, I bet, Thinks I done it a-purpose yet!

Doane Robinson.

THREE POINTS OF VIEW.

DRAWN BY MARY BAKER BAKER.



I. THE MAN'S STORY.



II. THE BEAR'S STORY.



III. THE TRUE STORY.

A Child's Primer of Natural History. TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD.

(FOURTH SERIES.)



The Chim-panzee.

CHIL-DREN, be-hold the Chim-pan-zee: He sits on the an-ces-tral tree From which we sprang in ag-es gone. I'm glad we sprang: had we held on, We might, for aught that I can say, Be hor-rid Chim-pan-zees to-day.

A Problem.

'T was 'bout the time that dogwood blooms An' white-faced bees go hummin' Acrost the paster, buzzin' roun' Ter tell yer summer 's comin';

An' redbud shoves its crimson through The yaller sas'fras bushes, An' peach-trees keep a-gittin' pink Like Cynthy when she blushes.

We 'd druv—that 's Cynthy Ann an' me— Down roun' by Pruden's Corners, Ter ford the creek jis whar it turns Ter run the mill at Horner's.

We'd got midstream—the creek was high
(It alluz is this season)—
When old Booze tuck it in his head,
Jis like he had a reason,

Ter stop an' drink—thar never was
A horse like Booze fer swillin';
Yer might 's well try ter move a rock
An', leastways, I was willin'.

Thar, with the water "chuncklin'" by,
The sun gittin' low an' lazy,
An' a mock-bird co'tin' down the creek,
An' goin' cl'ar plum crazy,

"T was kinder nice ter set, right thar,—
Her sleeve breshed 'g'in' my shoulder,—
An' know I could—that 's ef I dared—
Jis slip my arm an' hold her.

Of co'se I loved her,—alluz had,— An' yit had never spoke it. Each time I tried, thar 'd somethin' come Up in my throat an' choke it.

I 'd'lowed I 'd tell her, though, that day—Yes, ef I bruck a trace, sir;
But, Lord! no man knows what he 'll do
Tell he gits in my place, sir!

She 'd turned her head an' give ter me
The back er her sunbonnit
('T was pink, I re-collect, with bows
An' little fixin's on it).



A Penguin.

THE Pen-guin sits up-on the shore And loves the lit-tle fish to bore; He has one en-er-vat-ing joke That would a very Saint pro-voke: "The PEN-guin's might-i-er than the SWORD-fish"; He tells this dai-ly to the bored fish, Un-til they are so weak, they float With-out re-sis-tance down his throat.

An' ter see her little foot go pat, Her little shoulders heavin', Why, all the sense I ever had,— An' that war n't much,—'peared leavin'.

I could n't tell ef 't was the creek Or my heart went "chuncklin'-chinkin'"; An' thar I sot, an' thar she sot, An' Booze he kep' on drinkin'.

All 't wunst she jerked that bonnet off; Her ha'r was kinder yaller— The crinkly kind, with little rings That sorter temp's a feller.

She give a sigh, an' whirled right roun':
"Oh, Jim," sez she, "I'm thinkin'
How dreadful, awful it would be
Ef, while old Booze was drinkin',

"You was ter kiss me—here—right so!
I could n't teck to swimmin'—
I could n't run"—she ketched her breath,
An' raised them big eyes, brimmin',

An' that red mouth er her'n—so clost
The trim'lin' mischief in it—
Well, stranger, 't ain't much use ter say
Jis what I did that minute;

Nor how ole Booze drunk nigh a tun Afore I 'd got her answer. It 's three years sence—three years er joy—

Joy 'nough fer any man, sir.

An' yit—an' yit,—Lord! men is quare,—
When these same days keep comin'—
These days when dogwood starts ter bloom,
An' white-faced bees is hummin',

My thoughts go roun' an' roun', jis like The clown at Rahl'y circus, A-studyin' out ef Cynthy knowed, An' said them words a-purpose.

I 'd like ter think she loved me 'nough Ter have the spunk ter do it; An' yit, ag'in, I 'd like ter think She 'uz innercent cl'ar through it.

Sometimes I'm sho' she was—the times She eries when I start chaffin'; An' then, ag'in, I ain't so sho' When Cynthy gits a-laffin'.

It 's pesky business studyin' girls,—
I reckon 's best ter teck 'em
Jis as they be, an' thank the Lord
Fer any way He 'll meck 'em.

Ednah Proctor Clarke.

A Tonst.

QUICK, for this hour is a vision! E'en now it is going; 't will pass With the dying away of our laughter, With the wine in the glass! Drink! to the heart's high exulting! Drink! to the light on the brow! What do we know of the morrow? Drink to-now!

What do we know of the morrow? Never for us, it may chance, This thrill of the lips, this enchantment Of love in the glance! Never again such a flower! Ask why it blossomed, or how? Breathe not-the bloom 's on the petal! Drink to-now!

Catharine Young Glen.

The Village Coward.

"'FRAID-CAT, 'fraid of a snake! Hold the fence an' scream; Fraid of the noise the toad-frogs make An' the log acrost the stream!"

"'Fraid-cat, 'fraid of the dark! Cross your heart an' die If ever you run past dead man's park, Then break your word an' cry!"

"'Fraid-cat, 'fraid of the girls, Little Sammy Sim-Baby eyes an' sissy curls-Stick your tongue at him!"

"'Fraid-cat"-every one laughed When he marched away; Many 's the "stay-at-home" that chaffed At Sammy Sim-that day.

"'Fraid-cat, 'fraid of the girls," But not of blood or shell. And the men that followed the tumbled curls Shrank not in the fire of hell.

A volunteer for a daring deed, A cheer in the face of death, A laughing word for his wounds that bleed, A smile with the failing breath,

And a shaft of marble above the sod, Is all that tells of him, But if ever a brave boy found his God It's little Sammy Sim!

Mary Berri Chapman.

A Popular Model.

If you want to write a novel on an ultra-modern

Here 's a recipe that 's always sure to please. Take a very faulty mortal, let him be a clergyman. And then show up all his errors at your ease.

He must be both young and handsome; he must have "compelling" eyes; He must worship beauty quite as much as good;

He must have ideas uncommon in the parish he He must suffer when he is n't understood.

There must be a dashing damsel with a slow and wondrous smile.

In her manners and her maxims rather free: She must have a knack of dressing in a most bewitching style,

And a face 't would make Rossetti daft to see.

There should be an humble sweetheart or a patient little wife,

That your hero may neglect in every way: For the damsel who is dashing is to dominate his

And of course the very mischief is to pay.

Then you add some cynic statements and an epigram or two, And some pages in a high, poetic line,

With a dash of allegory, just to help the matter

And to make the public think it really fine.

The world and flesh and devil must all have a part to play:

Lay the scene, of course, in London; spice it well; This seems to be the model that is popular to-day, And you'll find you have a book that's sure to

Beatrice Hanscom.

Valentine

NEW-YEAR'S of Love's year falls to-day! For, as the old-world stories say, This is the hour when Love was born And conquered chaos, ere the morn Had known Apollo's ruling ray.

So still Love rules the young and gay; No Calendar but his know they; New Suns arise but to adorn New Years of Love:

Love still can make the months obey, The days go by, the decades stay; Old kill-joy Time may plead or warn, Love laughs his sophistries to scorn! Then, love, be all our years for ay New years of love!

Curtis Hidden Page.

GENERAL LIBRARY, UNIV. OF MICH. MAR 8 1899



"THE GOLDEN GALLEON," BY ROSS TURNER.